CULINARY
JOTTINGS FOR MADRAS.

Kenney-Herbert

B. Viall

CULINARY JOTTINGS FOR MADRAS.

A TREATISE IN THIRTY CHAPTERS

ON

REFORMED COOKERY

FOR

ANGLO-INDIAN EXILES,

BASED UPON MODERN ENGLISH, & CONTINENTAL PRINCIPLES,

WITH

TWENTY-FIVE MENUS

FOR LITTLE DINNERS WORKED OUT IN DETAIL,

BY

"WYVERN."

MADRAS:
HIGGINBOTHAM AND CO.
By special Appointment to H. R. H. The Prince of Wales,
and Publishers to the Madras University.

1878.

2219976

MADRAS:
PRINTED BY HIGGINBOTHAM AND CO.,
165, MOUNT ROAD.

WELLCOME INSTITUTE LIBRARY

Coll.	welMOmec
Call	
No.	QT

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

WHEN I first began to write about Cookery I flattered myself that I had undertaken a very easy, and pleasant task. I thought that my jottings would be composed *currente calamo*, and that I should be able to carry out my project with satisfaction and success. But at the hour of launching my frail shallop from the shore, I am compassed about with grave doubts concerning its seaworthiness. Alas ! :—

> " My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
> And every tongue brings in a several tale,
> And every tale condemns me for"

a very Icarus. Lo ! the wings of my ambition have melted, and I have fallen into the sea of blighted hope. I am only conscious of failure. I undertook much, what have I performed ? Whilst, however, I frankly acknowledge my many shortcomings, I derive some consolation in trying to believe that, though I have left undone much that I ought to have done, there

may nevertheless be a few things recorded in the pages of my book which will be found useful. If this hope be realised, and if the LADIES OF MADRAS—to whom, in all humility, I dedicate the first fruits of my labours—discover here and there a word of assistance when perplexed about their daily orders, I shall be bountifully rewarded, and the winter of my discontent will indeed be made glorious summer.

I have to tender my acknowledgments to the past and present Proprietors of the *Madras Athenæum and Daily News* for the permission they have kindly given me to republish my culinary articles which appeared originally in that journal; I have to express my gratitude for the hints I have received from friendly *savants* in the science of cookery; and to own that I have obtained the most valuable aid from the writings of Jules Gouffé, and the "G.C."

WYVERN.

MADRAS, *1st November 1878.*

CONTENTS.

PART I.

Chapters.		Page.
I.—Introductory	... ...	1
II.—The Menu	... ...	5
III.—Concerning the Cook and his management		8
IV.—About certain kitchen requisites	...	13
V.—In the Store-room	... ...	19
VI.—On Soup-making	... ...	24
VII.—Soup-making, *continued*	... ...	32
VIII.— Do., *concluded*	... ...	37
IX.—Regarding our Fish	... ...	43
X.—Hints about Entrees	... ...	49
XI.—Entrees, *continued*	... ...	54
XII.— Do., *concluded*	... ...	59
XIII.—About Sauces in general	... ...	64
XIV.—Sauces, *continued*	... ...	70
XV.— Do., *concluded*	... ...	75
XVI.—Roast and boiled	... ...	81
XVII.— Do., *continued*	... ...	86
XVIII.— Do., *concluded*	... ...	91
XIX.—Our Vegetables	... ...	97
XX.—Vegetables, *continued*	... ...	103
XXI.— Do., *do.*	... ...	109
XXII.— Do., *concluded*	... ...	116
XXIII.—Rechauffes	... ...	124
XXIV.—The Savoury Omelette	... ...	132
XXV.—Our Luncheons	... ...	139
XXVI.—Fritters	... ...	148
XXVII.—Salads	... ...	155
XXVIII.—Hors d'œuvres	... ...	162
XXIX.—Eggs, Maccaroni, and Cheese	... ...	169
XXX.—Camp Cookery	... ...	180

PART II.

Twenty-five Menus worked out in detail.

Menu			Page.
I.—For a party of eight		...	195
II.—For a dinner of four		...	199
III.—For a party of eight		...	203
IV.—	Do.	do. ...	207
V.—	Do.	do. ...	211
VI.—	Do.	do. ...	215
VII.—	Do.	do. ...	220
VIII.—For a party of six		...	224
IX.—	Do.	do. ...	228
X.—	Do.	do. ...	231
XI.—	Do.	do. ...	235
XII.—For a dinner of four friends		...	238
XIII.—	Do.	do. ...	242
XIV.—	Do.	do. ...	246
XV.—	Do.	do. ...	249
XVI.—	Do.	do. ...	253
XVII.—For a little home dinner		...	257
XVIII.—	Do.	do. ...	259
XIX.—	Do.	do. ...	261
XX.—	Do.	do. ...	264
XXI.—	Do.	do. ...	267
XXII.—	Do.	do. ...	270
XXIII.—	Do.	do. ...	273
XXIV.—	Do.	do. ...	276
XXV.—	Do.	do. ...	278

To preserve meat by sulphur fumigation ... 280

CHAPTER I.

Introductory.

"The subject of Cookery is worthy of study, and one to which English people would do well to give their attention. If that man is a benefactor to his race who makes two blades of grass grow where only one did before, the art must be worth cultivating that enables a person to make one pound of meat go as far, by proper cooking, as two by neglect and inattention."—*Dr. Lankester's "Good Food."*

WHILST reform slow, yet sure, has of late years been creeping into our style of living in India, the want of a hand-book on culinary science—locally considered—of a more modern description than that time-honoured and, in its day, excellent work "*Indian Domestic Cookery*" must have been long felt by the busy housewife of Madras.

Our dinners of to-day would indeed astonish our Anglo-Indian forefathers. With a taste for light wines, and a far more moderate indulgence in stimulating drinks, has been germinated a desire for delicate and artistic cookery. The molten curries and florid oriental compositions of the olden time—so fearfully and wonderfully made—have been gradually banished from our dinner tables; for although a well-considered curry, or mulligatani,—capital things in their way,—are still very frequently given at breakfast or

at luncheon, they no longer occupy a position in the dinner *menu* of establishments conducted according to the new *régime.*

A little treatise on cookery, then, showing the reader how to accomplish successfully, with the average means at his disposal in this country, some of the many tasty dishes spoken of in the modern English and continental books upon the subject, will, I am sanguine enough to hope, be received with kindly toleration, if not with cordiality, by those who consider it worth while to be interested in matters culinary.

Thirsting for some instruction of this kind, I remember buying, some three years ago, a little book which had just then been published at Madras, and which promised by its title to provide the thing needful. Alas! how sorely disappointed was I with my purchase, for the work had assuredly been written for the Anglo-Indian in England rather than for the Englishman in India. There were fifteen pages devoted to receipts for "curries," "pillaw," and "ketchree," whilst four were given for "sambal," and four for fresh "chutneys." There were also directions recorded for the concoction of "cocoanut oil," "pish pash," "conjee water," "ghee," "buffado," "chepatties," "ding dong," "country captain," "ramakin toast," and "washerman's pie!"

As long as the authoress confined her instructions to dishes purely oriental, and to compositions requiring peculiar Indian condiments, her information was, I dare say, to those who needed it, somewhat useful; but surely it must have been a spirit of gentle banter that prompted her to describe in all the stern reality of type "a mutton cutlet as made in India," "a spiced cutlet in paper," "brain cutlets," "French meat balls," and (O! horror) "crumb chops!" Reading these receipts with a too lively recollection of the fabrications themselves, I concluded that the intention of the writer had been to bring before the retired Anglo-Indian sundry painful visions of the past:—of days of jolting travel and the

dishes that were presented to him at the "public bungalow;" or of quondam visits at the Presidency and a happy day at a Madras hotel!

I shudder still when I remember the desecration suggested in this treatise of "passing a sole through water in which turmeric powder had been mixed," of degrading the kingly salmon to the level of "tamarind fish," and of even 'un-spratting' the toothsome sprat in order to make it taste like "the nethelee fish of India!" As is often the case in cookery books, several dishes were introduced called by unintelligible names. "Rumbled eggs," we all know, for instance, to be Ramasámy's barbarous term for "buttered eggs," and "ramakin toast" for "Welsh rarebit,"—not, if you please, to be for one moment confounded with the veritable "ramakin" or dainty *fondue* of cheese *en caisse.*

Well, with the exception of dishes of purely native origin, little or no instruction worth following was given to the Madras housewife, whilst there was much dangerous counsel proffered which should be most carefully avoided. The most reprehensible customs were, in point of fact, laid down over and over again as precepts for imitation, concerning which I will say nothing now, for I propose to devote a separate chapter to the important subject of the cookroom, and the besetting sins of our native cooks.

The book to which I refer has not, as far as I am aware, been followed here by any fresh work, and from the brief sketch I have given of it, I think, my readers will agree with me when I say that at any rate its pages scarcely contained the sort of instruction we look for now-a-days. In taking upon myself, therefore, the task of humbly ministering to the reformed taste of the hour, I am encouraged by the reflection that I am, so to speak, a breaker of fresh ground.

I propose to carry out my scheme in a series of letters commencing with cookroom experiences, the judicious

management of the cook, and some general remarks on the equipment of the store room and kitchen; then to take the salient features of a dinner one by one, and when I have discussed soups, fish, *entrées*, &c., &c., to submit a number *of menus*, worked out in detail, adapted to our resources in this part of India. I know full well that to several accomplished disciples of Brillat Savarin at Madras I can impart nothing new. On the contrary, it would better become me to sit at their feet and listen, than to rush in where they have hesitated to tread. To this talented *coterie* I appeal for forbearance. I entreat them to be merciful inasmuch as they are very strong. I feel indeed that in their presence I may truly say with Ramasamy, that I am "a very *poor* man,—I beg your pardon." No, I address my jottings to the many who yearn to follow reform, but who cannot discover the method of doing so; who to quote the words of a very hospitable friend, "like nice things better than nasty things," yet have hitherto failed to penetrate the secret of success; and who view with daily sorrow the lamentable parody of dinner which it seems good to their cooks to place before them. I shall treat of cosy sociable little dinners of from two to ten people, rather than of the elaborate banquets of the great; and the main object before me will always be to study economy in conjunction with the system I advocate.

WYVERN.

CHAPTER II.

The Menu.

ALL who have studied the reformed system of dinner-giving will, I think, agree with me when I say that the *menu* of a dinner anywhere, but in India especially, should be reduced to the smallest compass possible. An hour at the outside should suffice for the discussion of the daintiest of bills of fare, so to ensure this we should strike out of it all unnecessary encumbrances. Let the little card be clothed in the white garb of simplicity and completeness, and I am prepared to declare that *all* our lady guests, and a majority of the men we entertain will rejoice at the result.

A cosy dinner to be perfect should be, it seems to me, a highly finished cabinet picture with every atom of detail carefully worked out, rather than a large pretentious canvas with any amount of color expended in order to produce a satisfactory impression. Every line of the little *menu* should therefore be written with a loving hand, and both lights and shadows should be considered, for our guests must e'en partake of each dish we offer them.

Soup, fish, two well contrasted *entrées* served separately; one joint only; game, and a dressed vegetable; one *entremet sucré*; an iced pudding, cheese with *hors d'œuvres* and dessert; will be found, if thoughtfully composed, ample

fare for even the most hypercritical *gourmand* we could bid to our table. In the studied completeness of such a dinner as this will repose its chief attraction:—in good wine, no lack of ice, the brightest plate, snowy linen, well toned light, and tasteful adornment of the table; with all minutæ remembered—from *des petits pains* in the deftly folded napkins, to the artistic salad which in all modern *menus* is not expressed yet, like salt, understood to be present.

You cannot make your dinner too simple in detail, and the fewer servants you employ to carry it out the better. How distressing it is to see a herd of attendants, mobbing each other like a scared flock of sheep, at a time when everything should be as orderly, and quiet as possible. To ensure calm service, pare down the number of your dishes to the fewest possible, and for eight guests never allow more than four servants, besides your butler, to attend the table.

If these remarks be correct, as far as a small dinner of eight is concerned, how much more do they apply to large banquets? I remember two official entertainments during the season of 1875-76, especially one of them which was given in honor of the departing Commander-in-Chief, where the success of the dinner was marred by the very indifferent service. The indirect cause of this was an over-crowded *menu*.

With a great many guests it is, of course, necessary to call in a quantity of waiters who have never worked together before, and an undisciplined crowd of native servants is thus assembled that will ruin the best dinner that ever was cooked, unless you reduce the work they have to perform to the best of your ability.

At such dinners as these I would never give more than two really good *entrées*, served separately, and without *any* dishes of vegetables accompanying them; then a white

vegetable with potatoes for the turkey, and French beans with potatoes for the saddle: nothing more.

You sometimes see turnips, cabbage, cauliflower, French beans, and potatoes (occupying five waiters) going round together. For the Anglo-Saxon delights in quantity, and his soul loveth display exceedingly. Masses of diet like this may be necessary at a yeomanry festival, or after an Agricultural Show at the county town; but educated people who have travelled, and who have had opportunities of forming refined notions of human nature in general, and of food in particular, ought surely to be better satisfied with a little, really well considered, than with abundance inartistic in its arrangement, and indifferently served.

CHAPTER III.

Concerning the Cook and his Management.

AFTER some years of observation I have come to the conclusion that if you want to put nice little dinners upon your table, you must not only be perpared to take an infinite amount of trouble, but you must make a *friend* of your *chef.* Unless amicable relations exist between the cook and his mistress or master, the work will never be carried out satisfactorily. There will be a thousand and one annoying failures, your mind will never know what repose means, and, in the end,—utterly wearied with the daily struggle against petty larceny, carelessness, ignorance, stupidity, and an apparently wayward desire to thwart your desires to the utmost, you will resign the *bâton* to your butler, and submit in sheer desperation to that style of dinner unto which it may please him to call you.

I do not allude to people, happy in the possession of a butler absolutely capable of composing, with very little aid, a fairly good *menu,* and able to direct the cook in the manipulation thereof. There are, I know, a few estimable men of that kind to be found—in point of fact I am acquainted with three or four—but alas! they are rare to meet, and even the cleverest of them requires a little diplomatic supervision, or he will drift into a groove of dinners, and tire you with

repetitions. Are not the accounts, also, of the erudite *maître d'hôtel* full often prone to cause,—even at the pretty writing table of the cosy *boudoir*,—great searchings of heart? In other words, must you not *pay* for your luxury, and even murmur not in the presence of the artist who spares you so much trouble?

Those who are not gifted with patience, those who are not physically strong, those who have important calls upon their time away from home, and, of course, those who do not feel capable of directing culinary operations, cannot do better than entrust the management of their kitchens to alien heads, but all who are equal to the task should take the helm in their own hands, remembering that ancient canon,—"if you want a thing well done, do it yourself."

I place those who have not patience first on the list of persons whom I deem incapable of managing their cooks. I do so advisedly, for of all failings inimical to the successful direction of a native servant a hasty temper is the most fatal. The moment you betray irritation and hastiness in your manner towards Ramasámy, he ceases to follow you: his brain becomes busy in the consultation of his personal safety, and not in the consideration of the *plat* you are endeavouring to discuss with him. In this matter I, of course, address my readers of the sterner sex: ladies, I know, are *never* angry, and even when a little put out, do they not contrive to veil their feelings with a sweet subtlety which men can envy yet never hope to acquire?

Once upon a time I knew very intimately the Mess President of a Regiment (not yet forgotten I fancy at Bangalore) who possessed to an eminent degree the qualities necessary for his difficult position. He was an acknowledged connoisseur in wines, excelled in the composition of a *menu*, and rejoiced in a bountiful development of the bump of management. Long association, however, with one of the best Messmen a Regiment ever had in England had spoilt my friend for

the up-hill task of managing Ramasámy. The consequence was that the ordering of a dinner with him was generally productive of a very stormy morning. I remember one special day hearing my friend's voice raised to its highest pitch; presently the door of the little room he occupied as an office flew open, and out rushed the cook followed by his preceptor violet in the face with wrath. The unhappy menial, in a state of hopeless mental aberration, had taken down that he was to *boil the Pâté de foie gras, and ice the asparagus!* I was called in as interpreter and peace-maker, and many a morning after that did I convey my friend's orders to the mess cook. I was obliged, however, to demand an empty room, for even during my interpretations the President's patience would evaporate, and the walls would ring with language that was fashionable when George the Third was King.

There are two ways of imparting the details of a *menu* to your native cook:—one through the medium of your butler, the other by conversation with the man himself. For many reasons I advocate the latter plan. Some cooks do not care for the butler's interference, and in many establishments the cook and butler do not pull. Butlers again are prone to conceit, and often pretend to understand what you want done, rather than confess their ignorance. One remembers the same failing in one's munshi who never admitted himself puzzled by the most intricate passage in English that you could place before him. So I prefer to get the cook alone, and talk to him very gently in his own *patois*. I encourage him by a bland demeanour, and if obliged to speak retrospectively of a failure, I strive to do so with a smile. You will soon get round Ramasámy when he finds that you never indulge in "very bad 'busing:" he then gains confidence in you and learns rapidly. Between ourselves too, surely an artist who can actually compose a "*Vol au vent à la financiére*," a "*kramousky aux hûitres*," or a "*supréme de volaille*," deserves *some* consideration at our hands. The *patois* is easily acquired and you will soon find yourself interpreting the

cherished mysteries of Francatelli or Gouffé in the pigeon English of Madras with marvellous fluency. You will even talk of "putting that troople," "mashing bones all," "minching," "chimmering," &c., &c., without a blush.

There can be no doubt that in Ramasámy of Madras we possess admirable materials out of which to form a good cook. The work comes to him, as it were, of its own accord. But we should take heed lest he grow up at random, clinging affectionately to the ancient barbarisms of his forefathers. We should watch for his besetting sins, and root them out whenever they manifest themselves.

Mint as a flavouring agent save in certain wine "cups," and in *boná fide* mint sauce, is one of the banes of the cookroom; its use, and that of any parsley, except the curled English variety, should be considered absolutely penal. The very smell of "country" parsley is assuredly sufficient to warn the unwary, and yet many Madras cooks bring it home daily,—the weed has been called "parsley" ever since they can remember, and they fail to appreciate the wide difference between it, and the real herb. All native cooks dearly love the spice box, and they all reverence "Worcester Sauce." Now I consider the latter far too powerful an element for indiscriminate use in the kitchen, especially so in India where our cooks are inclined to over-flavour everything. If in the house at all, the proper place for this sauce is the cruet stand where it can be seized in an emergency to drown mistakes, and assist us in swallowing food that we might otherwise decline; but it should be preserved from Ramasámy with the same studious care as a bottle of chloroform from a lady suffering from acute neuralgia. Spice, if necessary, should be doled out in atoms, the cook ought never to have it under his control.

Does every housekeeper appreciate sufficiently the invaluable trimmings of meat, skin, and bone which remain, say, after a number of tasty choplets have been prepared for the

grid-iron from a neck of mutton? Do all know that Ramaámy's domestic curry often gains, whilst we lose, the nice savoury gravy which should have accompanied our *entrée*; but then, if "missus din't give arder for using bits all," can Ramasámy, a child of this world, be blamed? In the various receipts which I hope to give, you will always find a few lines reserved for the treatment of the scraps, and as each bad habit of the cookroom occurs to me I will endeavour to expose and explain it to the best of my power.

CHAPTER IV.

About Certain Kitchen Requisites.

ALLOWING then, that our native cooks are by nature adapted to their calling, and that by judicious treatment we can develope the talent which they possess, one of the next things for consideration is our kitchen equipment, and the kind of utensils which will be found best suited for Ramasámy's use, bearing in mind the sort of dishes we shall hereafter call upon him to prepare.

In introducing novelties of European construction to the Indian cook-room it is, a *sine quâ non* to proceed with caution. Ramasámy is intensely conservative, and a sworn foe to innovations. Perchance there are amongst my readers some who can look back with a sigh to sundry patented culinary nick-nacks brought out, in happy anticipation of grand cook-room reforms, to Madras, which, misunderstood from the first, were either soon cast aside as worthless from barbarous treatment, or diverted to uses which would drive the inventors crazy to think of. I call to mind having observed an instance of this kind when staying once with a friend on the Hills :—the water for my bath was brought, I noticed, in the outer vessel of a "Warren's patent cooking pot." "Yes," said my host sorrowfully when I mentioned the occurrence, "I could never prevail upon my fellows to use the thing in the kitchen, so they do what they like with it: the inner vessel *makes a capital tom-tom for beating a sholah.*"

Left entirely alone, with articles of his own selection around him, the native cook is, however, a singularly ingenious creature. All men who have been accustomed to a nomad life under canvas—far from the busy hum of cantonments—will, I think, agree with me in this. Given a hole in the ground, and a couple of stones for her range, with a bundle of jungle sticks, a chatty or two, *perhaps* a dekshaw, and a fan, wherewithal to prepare a dinner, can you picture to yourself the face of Martha, the "thorough good cook" of an English household?

An amusing episode happened some five years ago which struck me at the time as illustrative to a degree of Ramasámy's opinion of the British system of cookery. I happened to be with a Regiment at Secunderabad which, for reasons connected with the antiquated barracks it occupied, was ordered to move into a standing camp. Our Colonel, an exceedingly young and fortunate officer, was a rampant soldier of the new school. His brain was ever busy with new ideas: it was even reported that he slept with "Wolseley's soldier's pocket-book" and "The rules for Signalling in connection with Outpost duty" under his pillow. The order to march into camp delighted him. After issuing his orders concerning the geometrical lines in which he wished the tents to be pitched, not even forgetting the whitewashing of the tent pegs, he turned his attention to the kitchens. Here was an opportunity for practically establishing a "Wolseley's field kitchen." Two Officers who had recently passed successfully through the Garrison course of instruction were accordingly sent for, and, as a personal favour to the Commanding Officer, requested to go out to the camping ground, and lay out a series of broad-arrow kitchens for the Regiment. The work was done, and we marched into camp the next day. Whilst the men were busy at stables, the Colonel rode about inspecting everything; presently he came upon the neatly excavated kitchens, but, to his astonishment, found them deserted! Not a cook was to be seen! Orderlies flew to find out where on earth the men's breakfasts were being cooked, and in a few minutes the whole

corps de cuisine was discovered squatting at work *more suo* in a dry nullah hard by. The Colonel furiously demanded why the proper kitchens had not been used, and "all this abominable mess prevented?" Presently a cook of greater daring than his colleagues replied "What sar! that bad sense kitchen, sar, I beg your pardon: too much firewood taking: see sar this prâper kitchen only." In the face of so irresistible an argument, the Colonel (albeit irritated beyond measure) was constrained to abandon his cherished project.

When presenting Ramasámy, therefore, with novel utensils, let us guard against his denouncing them "bad sense." We must patiently show him how to use them, proving, if we possibly can, by practical illustration the satisfactory results, saving of time, and so forth, to be gained by their means. Anything complicated should be avoided.

As far as my personal experience goes I can recommend the introduction of that invaluable utensil a "*bainmarie*," or long shallow trough, which, filled with hot water, and kept over a low fire, affords a hot bath in which the various little saucepans containing sauces, etc., can be set, and so kept hot without deterioration. You can have one made to order to fit your saucepans in copper, iron, or block tin; the first will, of course, outlast the other two.

Native cooks take readily to the mincing machine, and I find that my *chef* fully appreciates the vegetable cutter, root-knife, dishing up fork, gravy strainer, wire sieve, hair sieve, colander, mortar, wire-frying basket, "Warren's fish kettle and vegetable steamer," and the larding needle, which he can use easily. Larding is one of the branches of the cook's art which comes naturally to a native; as a rule also I think that they surpass Europeans in boning poultry, an operation which Martha rarely attempts.

The digester is a vessel that may be given to Ramasámy without hesitation; and he is keenly alive to the value of the stew pan. In frying-pans he is not hypercritical: I

do not think he perceives the difference between a *sauté* pan and an *omelette* pan. He dislikes anything heavy, and generally asks for a small iron-pan. I feel disposed to agree with a friend in Madras, whose experience in culinary matters is great, who advocates a heavy iron frying-pan,—steady over the fire on account of its own weight,—for all real *sauté* work, and, of course, a handy vessel for *omelettes*. The large pan he recommends can be made in any Indian bazaar, and, when used in conjunction with the frying basket, I should think it would be found most valuable. Like many English cooks, the native is apt to discard the grid-iron and take the frying-pan for many things which ought invariably to be cooked in the former vessel: this tendency requires watching, for, in many of the receipts I hope to give, broiling is essential.

I hesitate to pronounce any opinion upon the metal best adapted for kitchen utensils, for upon this point different people think differently. Copper is, we all know, universally recommended on account of its durability. You see nothing else in the kitchens of restaurants, clubs, &c., and in all establishments where the demands upon the *chef* are frequent and elaborate. If treated with ordinary care, no evil should result from its use. Enamelled iron ware looks nice when new, but the slightest carelessness destroys the enamel, and when once cracked it may be considered done for. Plain wrought iron vessels, tinned, are serviceable, and block tin for certain utensils is not to be despised. In my own kitchen I have a mixed collection which answers its purpose well enough.

With regard to the equipment necessary for an ordinary establishment I can safely recommend :—four stew-pans of sizes, six sauce-pans assorted, one large sauce-pan with steamer, an iron three-gallon digester, one braising-pan, two frying-pans, (one heavy and one light,) one *omelette*-pan, a fluted grid-iron, a tin fish kettle, an ordinary iron kettle, two spits of sizes, and one *bainmarie* capable of holding four or five small sauce pans.

In addition to this,—the heavy portion of the equipment, —the cook should have :—three iron spoons of sizes, three wooden spoons, a basting ladle, a fish slice, a set of skewers, a set of larding needles, a meat saw, a chopper, a dishing-up fork, two common forks, three cook's knives in sizes, a root knife, a mincing knife, a toasting fork, a block tin colander, two tin gravy strainers, a wire sieve, two hair sieves of sizes, a wire-frying basket, three jelly moulds of sizes, two pudding moulds, a cake mould, two border moulds, a wooden slab, (or marble if you can get one) for pastry, with rolling pin, a pestle and mortar (stone or iron best for India; I have lost two Wedgwood mortars broken through careless use on a stone-paved floor,) a flour dredger, a sugar dredger, a pepper box, a bread grater, a set of vegetable cutters, a paste jagger, a set of pastry cutters, a dozen patty pans, half a dozen mince pie pans, a baking sheet, two baking tins, two bread or cake tins, a set of freezing utensils complete, a coffee mill, a mincing machine, and a tin box with divisions for a small supply of pepper corns, salt, ground pepper, sugar, &c.

I strongly recommend that every cook should have at least four common earthenware bowls, two of them with lips, for setting stock, gravies, &c., &c., and it will be found as well to give him a few cheap crockery sundries for exclusive use in his kitchen, otherwise portions of your breakfast and dinner sets will find their way to the cook-room, and the list of killed, wounded, and missing will become alarming. I think the following sufficient: one jug, two cups and saucers, a wine glass for measurement, six plates, two dishes, two small basins, and three wire covers to protect meat, &c., from flies: these articles may obviously be of the commonest ware or of enamelled iron. A rough box fitted with a lock and key should be given to the cook for the safe custody of the many small articles I have enumerated.

It is hardly necessary I hope for me to point out the intense importance of cleanliness in the cook-room, and in all utensils connected therewith. If you cannot go to the kitchen yourself, it is essential that you should hold

weekly inspections of all your cooking utensils, which should be spread out on a mat in the verandah for that purpose. Give out *washing soda,* for you cannot keep things clean without it; and be very particular about the cloths that are used by the cook. There is a horrible taste which sometimes clings to soups, sauces, etc., which a friend of mine specifies as "dirty cloth taste." This is eloquent of neglect, and dirty habits in the kitchen. Sieves will do for many things, but there are some compositions which must be strained through cloths, we cannot therefore be too attentive with reference to that part of our kitchen equipment.

CHAPTER V.

In the Store-room.

ON visiting the vast collections of tinned provisions, sauces, &c., at some of the large establishments at the Presidency, I have often wondered how a lady, commencing house-keeping, is guided in selecting the things she requires for her store-room. A majority no doubt of the fair *châtelaines* of Madras do their shopping at their boudoir writing tables, filling up lists at the dictation of the butler at their elbow; for few, I take it,—very few, care to go to the fountain head for what they want.

Now a butler's ideas about stores are on the whole very mixed: he worships "Europe articles" and delights in filling the shelves of the store-room with rows of tins; of which some may perhaps be useful, but many need never be bought at all at Madras, and so remain for months untouched, lumbering the shelves of the cupboard. It has struck me, therefore, that having satisfied ourselves concerning the equipment of the kitchen, a few words regarding the choosing of stores may be acceptable.

I have long come to the conclusion that the fewer accessories you use in the way of hermetically sealed provisions in the cooking of a dinner the better. In Madras we have all the materials for soup making at hand, we have excellent fish, very fair flesh and fowl, good wild fowl and game,

when in season, and vegetables from Bangalore, and the Neilgherries, in addition to the standard produce of the country. If, therefore, we concentrate our attention sufficiently upon what we can get from market, our demand on tinned food should be very small indeed. Take now for instance a tin of the ordinary preserved mushrooms,—those made you know of white leather,—what is the use of them, what do they taste of? Yet people giving a dinner party must needs garnish one *entrée* at least with them, and the Madras butler would be horrified if his mistress were to refuse him that pleasure. The stewed "black Leicestershire" are the best preserved mushrooms to be had, but even between them and the fresh fungus there is a great gulf fixed.

A few years ago I met an officer of the Artillery, who after having served in various parts of the world had just been appointed to a command in this Presidency. Conversation happened to turn upon cookery, and the Colonel soon proved himself to be a man who had for years studied the science *con amore*. He had had little or no experience of Indian life, and he expressed himself agreeably surprised, rather than otherwise, at the style of living to which he had been introduced. "But," he said, "preserve me from your dinners of ceremony." He had arrived, he told me, quite unexpectedly a few evenings before, and had been at once invited to the mess; the dinner,—just the ordinary daily one,—was, he thought, excellent, and so it was the next day, and the day following, but on the fourth day he was formally invited to dine as a Mess guest, and that was a very different affair. Considerable expense had been gone to, he observed, on this occasion in tinned provisions, but with the worst possible result. There was a dish of preserved salmon hot, and sodden; the *entrées* were spoilt by the introduction of terrible sausages, and mushrooms; and the tinned vegetables were ruined by being wrongly treated by the cook. "There are few men," the Colonel went on, "who have had more to do with preserved provisions than I have, but until I attended this big Indian dinner, I never

saw such things actually regarded as delicacies, and put upon the table to the exclusion of the good fresh food procurable in the market." This is the proper way of looking at this question. There will be times and places, when and where you will be obliged to fall back upon Messrs. Crosse and Blackwell, and be thankful; until those evil days come upon you, however, do not anticipate your penance, but strive to make the food you can easily procure, palatable and good by scientific treatment.

I look upon tinned provisions in the hands of Ramasámy as the cloaks of carelessness, and slovenly cooking; he thinks that the tin will cover a multitude of sins, so takes comparatively little pains with the dish that it accompanies.

There are many ladies who when giving out stores for a dinner party, have no hesitation in issuing tins to the value of many rupees, but if asked for extra cream, butter, and gravy-meat,—the true essentials of cookery,—begin to consider themselves imposed upon. The poverty of our cookery in India results almost wholly from our habit of ignoring these things, the very backbone, as it were, of the cook's art. If an English cook, surrounded with the best market supplies in the world, be helpless without her stock, her kitchen butter, and her cream and eggs, how much more should Ramasámy be pitied if he be refused those necessaries, for his materials stand in far greater need of assistance.

Unless you have practically tried to find out what can be done with the fish, flesh, fowl, and vegetables of India by studious cookery, you will scarcely believe the extent of your power, and how independent you really are of preserved provisions. It is absolutely annoying to those who have worked the subject up to read an article like that headed "Curry and Rice" in a recent number of *Vanity Fair*. The writer wrecks on the rock upon which many drift, who, with a little knowledge of the peculiarities of some particular part of the country, sit down with impudent confidence to treat of India generally, quite for-

getting that the peninsula is a large one, and that the manners and customs which obtain in one district, may never have been heard of in other parts of the Empire. The article is not applicable to any part of the Madras Presidency, and judging from the writer's suggestions as to the cookery of a tin of beef with yams, and worse still, the fabrication of soup *from the fowl bones you picked and left at luncheon,* I should say that *Vanity* had picked up not only an ignoramus, but an uncleanly ignoramus, as a contributor. Our friends at Home are told by this audacious man that no dinner is complete in India without a burning curry, and that none is successful without "Europe tins." I think that, as we go on, I shall be able to prove that at Madras, at all events, we can do pretty well without either.

Although I am strongly against the use of tinned things to the extent that many allow, there are nevertheless many articles which you *must* have in the store-room:— pickles, sauces, jams, bacon, cheese, maccaroni, vermicelli, vinegars, flavouring essences, the invaluable truffle, tart fruits, biscuits, isinglass, arrow-root, oatmeal, pearl barley, cornflour, olives, capers, dried herbs, and so on. Grated Parmesan cheese (sold in bottles by Crosse and Blackwell) should never be forgotten, the salad oil should be the best procurable, and no store-room should be without tarragon vinegar, anchovy vinegar, French vinegar, and white wine vinegar. Amongst sauces I consider "Harvey" the best for general use; Sutton's "Empress of India," is a strong sauce with a real flavour of mushrooms; "Reading sauce" is very trustworthy, and there are others which no doubt commend themselves to different palates, but I denounce "Worcester sauce" as too powerful an agent in the hands of the cook. Sutton's essence of anchovies is said to possess the charm of not clotting, or forming a stoppage in the neck of the bottle. I have a deep respect for ketchup, soy, and tomato conserve. Then as special trifles we must not forget caviare, olives *farcies,* and anchovies in oil.

The cook should be carefully shown the use of flavouring essences, and also the manner of mixing dried herbs. He ought also to be taught never to run out of bread crumbs. Stale fine crumbs should be made every now and then, and kept corked down in bottles for use when required. The very unsightly appearance presented by fish, cutlets, etc., crumbed with fresh spongy crumbs should warn us, for stale bread is never to be had when you suddenly want it. Red currant jelly is very useful; the store-room should never be "out" of it. I shall treat of tinned vegetables hereafter in their proper place: *macédoines, petits pois,* and *asperges,* are of course excellent, and the dried *Julienne* will be found admirable for soups. Preserved fish is not required at Madras, and we can get on without tinned meats, soups, and potted luxuries, for we can make better things at home.

In sweet things, however, we are not so independent, and jams, jellies, tart-fruits, dried and candied peel, currants, raisins, ginger, &c., &c., must all have room in the house-keeper's cupboard. Of tinned butters, I shall speak in a future chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

On Soup-Making.

WITH a keen appreciation of the importance of the subject, and of the difficulties with which it is surrounded, I proceed to-day to place before my readers a little collection of hints and wrinkles about soup-making which I have gathered from time to time from a variety of sources:—Some by practical experience gained by *boná fide* work in the kitchen, some given to me by friends, and some picked out of different works on the culinary art. In my extracts from books I shall endeavour to record, as much as possible, such advice only as I have tested myself, and I shall try to make my gleanings simple and concise.

To begin then; there are, we know, three distinct classes of soups:—the clear, the thick, and the *purée*. We recognise clear soups in the *menu* under different names: for instance, we meet *consommé de volaille*, and *potage à la printanière*, but whereas the word *consommé* is invariably applied to clear soups we find *potage* frequently used for thick also, to wit:—*Potage à la Reine, potage à la bonne femme, &c.* Let us distinguish between thick soups and *purées* in this way:—The former owe their consistency to the addition of some artificial thickening, such as flour, arrowroot, &c., the latter on the other hand derive their thick characteristic from the ingredients that compose them being rubbed

through a *tamis*, or through a wire sieve, and communicated to the stock in the form of a thick pulp, as we find in *purée d'artichauts, purée de legumes, purée de gibier, &c.* A soup partaking of the character of a thinish *purée*, helped up by artificial aid in the way of thickening, is called by some writers a *potage à la purée.* The *bisque* again is a *purée* strictly speaking of crayfish (*aux écrevisses*) or of lobster (*de homard*) but it can be made successfully with crab, prawns, and shrimps; indeed a nice *bisque* can be made with any fish.—So much for names.

Let us now turn our attention to the *consommé*, for we may regard it as the foundation upon which nearly every soup is based.

"Stock," says a capital writer on cookery, "is to a cook what the medium or the water is to the painter in oils or in water colours. It may be defined generally speaking as a solution in water of the nutritive, and sapid elements contained in meat and bones: salt and spices added to it to make it savoury, and if to this you add the flavour of various vegetables you have soup." We must remember, however, to start with, that soup in India must be made in one day. We cannot fall back upon the never-empty stock pot of the English kitchen: our's must be made daily, and, to guard against waste, only in sufficient quantity for the day's consumption. In saying this I have, of course, mainly before me the climate of Madras, and of the plains of Southern India. At the hill stations and during the cold weather in the northern part of the country, the method obtaining in British households may, no doubt, with care, and slight modification, be followed.

Our soup, then, being actually an ephemeral production we should proceed as follows:—"For the type of all stock making," says the G. C. "there can be no better recipe taken than that of the French *pot au feu*," let us therefore take his advice in this wise:—"Put a piece of soup meat (say of four pounds weight—the recipe can, of course, be followed

by adding or reducing as you may require) tightly bound with a string, and the bones and all with it into a digester pot filled with water, so as to completely cover the meat. Put the pot by the side of the fire and let it become gradually heated. As this takes place a scum will form upon the surface which must be carefully removed as it rises. The clearness of the soup will depend upon all the scum being taken off, and upon the water being kept from boiling point until it is all removed. This done; have the following vegetables carefully cleaned and cut up in small pieces, which you put into the sauce-pan a few at a time, viz. :—a couple of onions, a *clove* of garlic, (not a whole bulb please) three or four carrots, two or three turnips, and a leek (if you can get one) one head of celery, a bunch of curly parsley, and a couple of tomatoes. Then put in, tied up in a piece of muslin, some thyme, marjoram, a handful of whole pepper, and allspice, a little cinnamon, a blade of mace, and two or three cloves. A tea spoonful each of dried thyme and marjoram will be found enough. The exact proportions of these things cannot be fixed arbitrarily; the flavour of no one of them should predominate; and to attain this, taste and practice are necessary: You can next put in an ounce of salt, a dessert spoonful of sugar, a tablespoonful of Harvey sauce, and two of mushroom ketchup; when the *pot au feu* is, so to speak, thus completed, it must be left to simmer slowly from three to four hours. Then, or before, if, by tasting, the soup is found sufficiently flavoured, the muslin bag must be taken out. The soup is now strained into a basin and left to cool, so that any remaining fat may be effectually skimmed off. The clear liquor is then warmed and served with maccaroni, bread sippets, or vegetables, &c., according to the kind of soup you wish to have."

This is, to my mind, the simplest recipe you can follow to achieve a bright clear *consommé*. It is, of course, imperative that you proceed exactly as described. First, the meat covered with cold water, and brought very slowly to the boil, being very carefully skimmed the while. Next, when the skimming is completed, the vegetables,—the little

bouquet of sweet herbs and spice,—the salt, sugar, and a small allowance of sauce and ketchup. Now a period of three hours to simmer, followed by straining: the liquor you have after this is actually *consommé* or strong broth quite clear and pale. Removing the fat whilst the simmering is going on is obviously a very important stage which cannot be too patiently manipulated. The fat so obtained is invaluable for frying purposes. It should be melted, and strained through a piece of muslin after it has settled.

It may so happen that owing to insufficient skimming in the early stage of the proceedings, you find to your sorrow that the *consommé* is not as clear as you could wish:—you must therefore clarify it. There are two good ways of doing this:—the simpler, and I believe, more efficacious of the two is to put into the cool broth some very small fragments of raw beef, free from fat, put it on the fire again till it boils, then strain. Perhaps, however, you may not have saved a bit of meat for this contingency, so you must attain your object with the white of an egg, thus:—Break an egg, and throw the white and the shell together into a slop basin,—be careful not to let an atom of the yolk go in,—beat the white and shell up to a stiff froth, and mix it, flake by flake, very completely with the cool soup, put it on the fire, stirring well till it boils. Take it off immediately, cover it close, let it stand for a quarter of an hour, and then strain it off through the *tamis*, or hair sieve.

Let me here point out the cause of another misadventure in the satisfactory appearance of a clear soup,—one that often occurs in *consommé* with maccaroni, vermicelli, and pearl-barley: You have got your stock as bright and clear as sherry, but after adding the ingredients just mentioned "a change comes over the spirit of your dream,"—the soup turns cloudy. The reason is this: all preserved farinaceous food of the maccaroni class contains dirt,—dirt that you do not perceive, and which can only be removed by parboiling. Accordingly, whenever you intend to add it to *consommé*,

you should *boil* it independently in plain water in order that the outside dirty part may be washed off by becoming dissolved—plain washing in water is not enough.

There is another feature in a clear soup which I have reserved for special attention, and that is the *colouring.* Now an idea prevails amongst numbers of English people that a soup to be good and strong must be dark-coloured. Old-fashioned people speak of your modern *consommé* as a weak washy composition only fit for foreigners. But if you take the very self-same liquor and brown it with a lot of burnt onion, and thicken it with flour, they are perfectly satisfied. Did you ever make jugged-beef tea for a sick friend, the strongest possible essence of raw lean beef, was not the liquor so obtained as clear as sherry, pale-coloured, with a quantity of granulated particles of the beef floating in it? Well, when strained that would have been *consommé* without the flavouring produced from vegetables and the bouquet of sweet herbs, and surely strong enough for the veriest John Bull that ever talked nonsense about cookery. Now if you desire to impart a golden brown tint to your clear soup, or a darker tint (which the gods forfend), you must achieve your object by a browning *(Caramel)* made thus:—put a gill of water into a small frying pan, with a quarter pound of white sugar, and half an ounce of butter; set it over the fire, and stir it till it reaches the brown tint you want: add half a pint of water to it—boil, and skim it, let it get cold, and then bottle and cork it down for use. A little of this should be put into the soup prior to the three hours' simmering stage, if a golden brown be the tint desired.

If you can beg, buy, borrow, or steal (for that would be almost pardonable in such a case) a small bottle of French-made *suc colorant,* you need not trouble your head about the colouring, for a little of that exquisite preparation will colour and also slightly improve the flavour of your *consommé.*

Grated *Parmesan* cheese should always be handed round with clear soups, for it improves many of them. Chilli vinegar in minute particles is considered by some a great improvement. I strongly advise any of my readers who write to England for their stores, not to forget to ask for a little bottle of American "*Tabasco*" or quintessence of cayenne sold by Messrs. Jackson and Co., Piccadilly, priced half a crown: each bottle is furnished with a patent stopper to enable you to shake out a drop at a time; two drops in each basin of soup is generally found enough, and the flavour is very good, quite superseding chilli-vinegar.

The next important feature for consideration in soup-making is the adding of wine, which, I think, may be regarded as very essential. Madeira is better than sherry for most soups—a rich, full, fruity wine, inexpensive for want of age, and scarcely to be recommended for after dinner drinking,—is the class best adapted for kitchen use. If sherry be preferred, it ought to be a fruity one, and sound, not a cheap extraordinary compound composed of molasses, washings of sherry casks, and the most villainous brandy, but honest sherry, lacking age, perhaps, yet *bonâ fide* wine. "There is a good saying," observes an author on cookery, "that is appropriate here:—"It is no use spoiling the ship for the sake of a ha'porth of tar,"—it is, I think, no use spoiling a good soup for the sake of a spoonful of wine." Be careful, however, not to over-do the *soupçon* of wine that you add to a *clear* soup; a good table spoonful is, to my mind, enough for a tureen filled for eight persons. Thick soups, especially those made of game, mock turtle, giblet, kidney, and the like, take a larger share of wine: hare soup requires port or burgundy, wild duck and teal soup also, whilst *potages* of snipe, partridges, quails, junglefowls, &c., are, I think, better enriched with Madeira.

I will conclude this, my first Chapter on Soup-making, with a code of general rules on the subject:—

1. Take care that your sauce-pan, stew-pan, or digester, is thoroughly clean before you commence operations;—a good

scalding with hot water in which a lump of washing soda has been dissolved, will make matters certain, and take away that smoky taint which all our utensils get in India owing to our wood fires, and chimneyless ranges.

2. Use soft water in preference to hard.

3. One shin of beef is enough for two persons, two shins ought to suffice for six, and so on.

4. Remember that *slow* boiling, and retarding actual boiling as much as possible, are important points to start with.

5. Don't cover up your pan too closely, the steam should evaporate to assist the strength of the soup.

6. Skim frequently during the early stage of your proceedings,—a cup of cold water thrown in causes the scum, or albumen, to come up quickly.

7. Use a wooden spoon.

8. Put in your vegetables *after* the skimming is finished.

9. It will take four or five hours to extract the essence from a few pounds of beef, so begin as soon as you can, and don't hurry work.

10. Water in which fowls, mutton, and fish have been boiled is actually weak stock, it becomes very useful if you let it reduce by simmering with the lid off.

11. Wash your vegetables very carefully before adding them. It is better to season too little than too highly.

12. Put fresh soup-meat into cold water: hot, not boiling, water should be poured round meat and bones that have been previously cooked.

13. A quart of water to a pound of meat and bone is said to be the outside you can allow in England, but a smaller proportion will be found advisable in India—a pint and a half to a pound for instance.

14. As soon as the vegetables which are put into the *pot au feu* are done, they should be removed.

15. There is nothing to be gained by keeping the meat simmering when once it is thoroughly done. The *consommé* is at it's best when the meat which made it is done to a nicety.—Boiling "to rags" is a useless proceeding.

Have these rules, and the recipe for *pot au feu*, written out in Tamil by your butler and pasted upon card board, to be hung in the cook-room for Ramasámy's edification.

CHAPTER VII.

Soup-making—continued.

IN my last Chapter, I purposely omitted saying anything concerning the treatment of the meat and vegetables of which a *pot au feu* is made, being anxious to keep strictly to the subject which we were just then discussing—the cookery of a clear *consommé*. Before I go on with soup-making to-day, however, I beg *par parenthése* as it were to turn back to that period in the preparation of the soup when we strained the *consommé* from the meat and bones which had made it.

In the Madras kitchen the soup-meat is regarded, I believe, as the perquisite of the *cook's maty*, which, being interpreted, may be understood to mean really that of the cook himself. Whether this custom be susceptible of reform or not, I hesitate to say, but there can be no doubt at all that, by giving way to it, we often deny ourselves a dish which would be exceedingly nice for a change,—one which on the continent is sent to table as a matter of course.

In small establishments, or for the quiet dinner alone, I can strongly recommend a trial of home-made *bouilli*, which should be treated in this way:—let us assume that the recipe for *pot au feu* has been strictly carried out as far as the straining stage, and that all the vegetables, or as

many of them as were procurable, have been used: now place the meat on a dish, remove the string that bound it, and serve it surrounded by maccaroni previously boiled till tender, and a *purée* obtained by rubbing all the vegetables through the wire sieve, moistened with a little of the *bouillon* or *consommé*.

Don't rush away with the Anglo-Saxon idea that there is no "goodness" (Martha's word) in soup-meat. "There is," says the G. C., "as much nutriment in it as there would have been, had it been roasted; and much more than if it had been converted into salt junk, as it is the English custom to do with the silverside of beef." You can vary the *bouilli* by tomato sauce, any piquante sauce, or even *soubise*. The soup-meat with maccaroni, and *purée* of tomatoes is the favourite "*manzo guernito*" of the Italian dinner.

Talking of soup-meat, does everyone know that the potted meats so largely exported, and commonly appreciated in this country, are made from the meat of which the tinned soups are composed? It is a fact nevertheless, and every atom of meat is thus turned to account by the preserved provision dealers. The potted meat you see in a confectioner's window at home, neatly capped with melted butter, is made from the beef which produced the stock of the mock turtle (I bet anything it is "mock turtle,") he advertises at a shilling a basin—enterprising man! I tested this myself. Having before me a large piece of soup-meat apparently full of nutriment, I determined as an experiment, to make potted meat of it. Martha, my cook, looked sourly on—(I little knew that I was robbing her of the price of that meat from the nearest pastry-cook) and called it, for her part, a "hawful mess," but we, who ate it, found it delicious. In London, and all large towns in England, a regular private trade in soup-meat, bones, and fragments, is carried on between our cooks and the keepers of refreshment rooms, which both parties regard as perfectly legitimate.

To return to the subject of soups:—having, I hope, mastered the difficulties of the *consommé*, or foundation of

most soups, we will now consider a variety of little things which, I refrained from attempting in my first chapter. Regarding clear soups again: an idea prevails with some people that these require to be assisted with gelatine, or isinglass, to give them a sort of glutinous consistency. Ramasámy has discovered a very pernicious sort of starch which he produces from a raw-potato, and by this compound the soup in many houses I know is ruined;—the potato imparts a crude, inky flavour to the *consommé* which is hard to describe on paper, but is fatal in its effect upon the palate. Ramasámy should be cautioned on no account to use what he calls "potato-thickening" again, under any circumstances whatever, and, once for all, let me observe *that clear soups require no isinglass.* The *consommé* cannot be too bright and clear.

"Country parsley," (to my mind) spoils any soup, our natives are very fond of it, I have interdicted its use in my kitchen under pain of a fine. Tarragon is the best flavouring herb you can use in clear soup, but we have only the vinegar in India, not the plant itself, and a leaf or two is, what we desire in soup. I brought out some dried tarragon leaves from England which I have found highly satisfactory, and can safely recommend others to try. Unfortunately tarragon is not included in Crosse and Blackwell's dried herb list, so you must write, if sufficiently enthusiastic, to a friend who has a large kitchen garden, and beg him to fill a bottle or two with tarragon leaves carefully dried for you. In London any green-grocer can comply with this order from June till the end of October.

Now about thick soups, apart from *purées*:—these are perhaps more popular with the majority of English people, than the thin clear. There is an expression of richness and of strength in them which cannot fail to captivate the Briton. He, therefore, that would gratify his countrymen must frequently offer them a soup which is in itself a meal.

I made the acquaintance of a little French woman in London whose husband kept a pastry cook's shop and was

a *chef* indeed. Asking one day in a hurry for any clear soup they could give me, Madame Grégoire arched her eyebrows and said "Ah! *m'sieur* it would not pay us to make for our customers the *consommé:* Oxtail, mock turtle, and *purée de pois* we have ready; for a clear soup we must have notice of a few hours," and we exchanged our regrets that Englishmen could not appreciate, even in the midst of July, a *potage à la printanière.*

Still I confess that a thick soup is acceptable at times:—In cool weather; when you return as hungry as a hunter from some physical enterprise; or when you have a little cosy dinner of only a very few items to discuss—a soup, a slice of a joint, a dressed vegetable, and your cheese,—but I hesitate to recommend soups of this class for a Madras dinner party,—to be placed before men whose labours all day have been sedentary, and ladies who have lunched well, and passed their day in graceful repose. And it is mainly for them, be it remembered, that I compose what a friendly critic terms my "*menus mignons.*"

There is one feature about thick soups which is worthy of attention, and that is that you need not be so scrupulously careful in the making of the stock, or in selecting the materials of which the stock is made, for you have not to think of that clearness which is the salient feature of your *consommé.* Thick soups can therefore, be made of the bones of cooked meat, and scraps that would never do for *potage à la Julienne* for instance.

Let us take as a type of a really good thick soup that called *potage à la bonne femme*, which says the G. C., is made in this way. Prepare a quart or more of stock, and keep that by your side, now:—"Cut up a good sized (Bombay) onion into very thin rounds, and place them in a sauce-pan with a good allowance of butter. Take care not to let the onion get brown, and when it is half done, throw in two or three handfuls of *sorrel*, a little lettuce, and a bunch of parsley, all finely cut: add pepper, salt, a little nutmeg and keep stirring until the vegetables are nearly done. You then add a tablespoonful of pounded

loaf-sugar, and half a cupful of the stock, freed from fat, and not coloured. Let the mixture reduce nearly to a glaze, when you throw in about a quart of the stock; and after the soup has given a boil, it can be put aside until the time of serving. You now must prepare about a dozen pieces of bread cut very thin about two inches long, and an inch wide, taking care that there is crust along one of their long sides, and you must dry these thoroughly in the oven. When it is time to send up the soup, you remove the superfluous fat from it, then set it to boil, and when it boils, stir into it—off the fire—the yolks of two or three eggs beaten up with a quarter of a pint of boiling cream or even milk. Pour the soup over the slices of bread, and serve in three minutes:" this would be enough for six basins.

This leads me to an important feature in most thick soups, and *purées*, and that is the addition of cream, or milk with the yolks of eggs. It will be sometimes found in recipes for these soups that *boiling* cream is ordered to be added. The distinction is important: not merely is the risk of curdling avoided, but the flavour imparted to the *potage* is different. All know, for example, how different is the taste of coffee that is made with boiling milk, from that to which cold milk has been added. When therefore you add cream to soup, boil it beforehand separately. Milk is a substitute for cream especially if a yolk of an egg be added to it, but be careful in adding the yolk lest the soup be curdled. To do this, boil the milk first attentively, and pour it through a strainer into the soup; next make the tureen hot, and just before serving the soup, throw into it the yolk of the egg, take a spoonful of the soup, and work it well with the yolk, and add more soup, spoonful by spoonful, mixing thoroughly; lastly, pour in the remainder of the soup which should, of course, be as hot as possible.

CHAPTER VIII.

Soup-making—concluded.

THICK soups may be divided into two classes—the white, and the brown. The principles followed in both are very similar; the main difference, of course, consists in the sort of meat used, and the addition of brown, or white *roux*, as the case may be.

Roux is simply melted butter, with flour added to it, according to the quantity of soup you want to thicken. The butter must be melted first, the flour being dredged in by degrees, and stirred vigorously at the bottom of the sauce-pan until thoroughly incorporated, and velvety. If required for a brown soup, you can allow the *roux* to colour: but if for a white, you must commence adding the soup to it as soon as the flour and butter have been sufficiently worked together.

In making these soups the utmost care should be taken not to over-do the thickening. In the case of a white soup this error is more fatal than in a brown: you might as well offer your guest a basin of arrowroot "conjee," or any nice gruel, for the savoury flavour of the soup is easily overpowered. A little practice will teach a cook how much flour, or arrowroot, is necessary to obtain the desired consistency of a thick soup, and he should bear in mind that the full effect of the thickening does not assert itself until the soup, which has been added to it, comes to the boil.

4

Observe that you add the soup to the *roux*, not the *roux* to the soup. The adding should be done by degrees, if you want the soup to be smooth and creamy. I have given several recipes for thick soups in my *menus*, and if the few general rules I have given be carefully noted, I think that my readers will experience very little difficulty in carrying them out satisfactorily.

And now we come to the *purée* which, to my mind, is perhaps one of the most important features of the whole study of cookery.

In India this form of preparing our meat and vegetables ought to be much more generally understood and practised than it is. In a *purée* we can work into a palatable and wholesome condition, meat, that from its poverty or toughness, would be sorry fare indeed if boiled, or roasted. An ordinary little dish of neatly trimmed mutton-chops (nicely grilled over a clear fire) becomes an artistic *entrée* if served round a nest of mashed potato, containing a delicate *purée* of vegetable, such as celery, peas, asparagus, tomato, spinach, &c., whilst common onion sauce, thus treated, is promoted to the dignity of *sauce soubise*.

Old partridges and jungle fowl, the remains of cold poultry, and of all game, can be turned to capital account in a *purée*. Even an ancient, and extraordinarily tough "*moorghee*" may be thus rendered fit to eat. For the sick, and for those suffering from tooth-ache, food cooked in this manner is invaluable, whilst there can be no doubt that it must be good for children.

In order to be able to accomplish all *purées* satisfactorily you must possess a strong pestle and mortar, a large hair sieve, a wire sieve, and a mincing machine. If you desire to make a *purée* of meat of any kind an immense amount of labour is saved by first using the mincer, the work in the mortar is then reduced to a minimum, and the pounded meat will soon be ready to pass through the sieve. In using

the sieve, by the way, caution your cook that he must always put whatever he wishes to pass through it, at the *shallow end,* placing the sieve over a large bowl, or dish, big enough to receive it, and rubbing the *purée* through it with a large wooden spoon: from time to time he must invert the sieve, and scrape off the portion of the *purée* which always adheres to the reverse side of the hair, or wire. A cook must be patient in the use of this utensil, and achieve his object by perseverance, rather than by boisterous work. If you bear too heavily on the hair, your sieve will soon bulge, and ere long the hair will part company with the wooden cylinder to which it is attached.

Purées, as soups, are prepared in this way:—You first must make as good a basin of stock as you can from bones, meat, scraps, (bones of ham and bacon especially valuable) sufficient for the number of people you have to cater for. Let it get cool and remove the fat that rises to its surface. You should flavour your stock to the best of your capabilities with dried sweet herbs, onion, parsley, a carrot or two, celery, &c., or such vegetables as may be available, with salt and pepper to taste. The better your stock, or foundation, the better your *purée.*

Suppose, now, that you want to make *potage à la Crécy,* which in plain terms is carrot *purée*:—boil as many carrots as you think will suffice for the quantity of soup you have to make, in salt and water, or broth if you can spare it: when thoroughly done, drain them, and pass them through the sieve. Now mix the pulp so obtained with sufficient of the stock to make a *purée* a little *thinner* than you wish your soup eventually to be. Melt a piece of butter at the bottom of a sauce-pan, and work a little flour into it, gradually adding the *purée,* and stirring without ceasing till the soup comes to the boil, when it will be found of the proper consistency. Skim if necessary, and serve.

The pith of this recipe, and of all receipts for *purées,* lies in the melted butter and flour which *must* be worked into the

soup as described, and at the period indicated. Why ?—well, have you ever noticed carrot, or pea-soup, which, when sent to table, instead of looking the creamy red, or green *purée* that you desired, presented the appearance of a thin gravy soup, with a quantity of the vegetable pulp at the bottom of each basin—the stock and the pulp not having amalgamated ? This result was caused by the omission of the process I have described which is necessary to blend the two together.

Crécy soup should be served with bread cut into dice and fried in butter; or crisped on a buttered tin in the oven after having been soaked in a little of the stock. *Croûtons*, treated in this way, should accompany all vegetable *purées*.

Purées of celery, Jerusalem artichokes, (Palestine soup) onion, and turnips, if the stock be kept free from colour can be served as white soups, and cream, or the substitute I described in Chapter VII, will be found an improvement to all of them.

"*Potage à la reine*," a very old white soup, is really a *purée* of fowl, and an excellent white *potage*, very like it, can be produced from a rabbit. That artistic *entrée* "*crème de volaille*" is merely consolidated *purée*. The *quenelle* again, is only meat worked to that condition, and bound with bread crumb, or paste, and eggs.

The *purée* of chestnuts is a well-known delicacy at elaborate banquets at home and abroad, whether in the form of soup, or as a sauce to accompany white *entrées*, and (especially) the turkey. The Indian nut commonly known as the "promotion nut" makes a capital *purée* if carefully treated, and I daresay that the "ground nut" would well repay the trouble of a trial, in the same way.

All green vegetable *purées* derive enrichment in appearance by the judicious addition of "spinach greening"

which is in itself the liquor obtained from spinach boiled and worked through the sieve, and then squeezed through a piece of muslin. I have seen people quite deceived with a soup made with dried peas and coloured with "spinach greening" in imitation of *purée de pois verts.*

The enterprising cultivators of asparagus at Madras ought now and then to indulge their guests with that excellent soup "*purée d'asperges,*" which, I take it, ranks next however to the still more artistic "*consommé aux points d'asperges.*"

You can make a capital green *purée* any day at Madras with French beans, and with one tin of *petits pois* (thoughtfully assisted with spinach greening if the peas have lost colour) you can produce a very perfect *purée* of green peas for about eight people. A very inviting-looking soup of bright colour can be made from tomatoes, following exactly the receipt for "*Crécy*" and substituting tomatoes for carrots.

Brown *purées* are, of course, those made of game such as hares, partridges, snipe, wild duck, teal, etc. In this way you can always advantageously dispose of tough old birds. A good *purée de gibier*, of hare, or of any game bird, is, without doubt, soup which is with justice widely popular. It is essentially the soup of the hungry man. A basin of it, to use a homely phrase, "goes a long way." It carries your thoughts back to winter fires, to old fashioned, yet generous fare, and to the glorious appetite with which you spread your napkin before you after a day with the hounds, a trudge after wild partridges, or a long drive through the keen frosty air of some by-gone Christmastide!

These soups are what housekeepers call "rich," for in their composition you must employ port, or madeira, red currant jelly, cream, yolks of eggs, &c. One of the greatest cooks of the age propounds half a bottle of old port for his hare soup! and all game soups take a goodly share of wine.

The points to observe in the making of these *purées* are, first, to get every atom of flavour you can out of the bones, scraps, and giblets, which is done by simmering them watchfully in stock; then to work all the meat you can pick from the birds to a stiff paste in a mortar (having first minced it in the machine) and pass it through the sieve to get rid of fibre, gristle, and so forth; next to blend the pulp of the game with the stock in the way I have previously described; and lastly, to follow with accuracy whatever recipe you have taken as regards the flavouring elements—don't leave out anything if you can possibly manage it. Dried sweet herbs, (thyme and marjoram) are as necessary in game soups, as is basil in turtle; and red currant jelly is indispensable. Spice is also required in judicious proportions.

As I intend to give detailed instructions for game *purées* in their turn in my *menus*, I will not pursue the subject any further in this chapter. Neither will I discuss the treatment of tinned soups just yet, for I shall reserve that branch of Indian soup-making for consideration hereafter in a chapter devoted to "Camp cookery." I therefore consider our debate upon the general principles of soup-making at an end, and in my next I shall introduce the subject of fish.

CHAPTER IX.

Regarding our Fish.

"FISH, under skilful hands, offers," says Brillat Savarin, "inexhaustible resources of gustatory enjoyment; whether served up entire, in pieces, or sliced; done in water, in oil, or in wine; hot or cold; in all cases it receives a hearty welcome." We who live at Madras, on a coast which yields a perennial supply of good fish (to borrow a well known figure of speech) should surely lay these words to heart.

With a market as fairly well supplied as ours, we ought never to be at a loss for variety, or for scope to exercise our cooks' ingenuity. The fair hostess should always be able to soothe herself with the reflection that with the fish, at all events, her guests will be well satisfied. Now, do we avail ourselves, as we ought to do, of the many opportunities we undoubtedly possess of turning Madras fish to a good account? I certainly think not: indeed I fear that only a few of us appreciate the true value of this most valuable article of our daily food.

At the ordinary Madras dinner party, you may rely almost for certain on having boiled seer fish, with a sauce, and a few slices of cucumber and beetroot on the side of your plate. Or the fish may be pomfret, similarly served.

"*Tartare*," "*hollandaise*," and melted butter with essence of anchovy, compose apparently the whole *repertoire* of sauces within reach of the local *chef*.

Now without wishing for one moment to question the sterling merits of the plain-boiled fish to which I have alluded, I confess that for a dinner party I strongly advocate dishes of a more artistic nature. There are so many easy recipes for cooking fish nicely, that an effort to produce a little novelty in this feature of the *menu* could scarcely result in failure. In England where you have many varieties of fishes, and some of the best of them only to be seen in the market during their especial seasons, a little sameness in the style of cooking may not perhaps strike you. You may boil and fry plainly every day in the week, if each day you are able to present a different fish. Not so with us in Madras. Our supply is good enough, but it lacks diversity; and it is on this account particularly that I am anxious to direct the attention of my readers to a few easy ways of relieving the monotony which I have pointed out.

It may be urged that your fish is brought home from market too late in the evening for the successful accomplishment of studied effects, and perhaps your butler will take pains to thrust that fact before you. Regard such an excuse, please, as a mere evasion, for, in point of fact, fish takes so short a time to dress thoroughly, that an hour should suffice for the most elaborate recipe. I always bear in mind the *time* which is necessary for the production of the dishes I select for my *menus*.

Again, many people hesitate to offer their guests a dish of dressed fish, fearing that it might be considered too rich. This is absurd, for there are plain, as well as rich methods of varying this branch of cookery; and, in composing your *menu*, you should select one in harmony with the soup which precedes, and *entrée* which is to follow it. Thus: if your soup be of a thick creamy kind, and your first *entrée* (say) a *vol au vent*, let the fish be served in aspic

iced, and with *sauce ravigotte* or *tartare.* But if you give a clear *consommé* delicately flavoured, and order an iced *entrée* to succeed the fish, you can indulge in a "*matelotte aux champignons,*" or seer "*à la crème de crevettes.*" A thick soup, fish with lobster sauce, followed by an *entrée* with cream in its composition, would form, for instance, a combination of good things obviously inartistic in design, and one which few could enjoy with impunity. As I observed in an early chapter of my "jottings," the charm of a dinner according to the new *régime* consists in the harmony of its lights and shadows.

Fish, we all know, I hope, may be boiled, fried, baked, stewed or grilled; and by every method can tasty dishes be prepared. I will begin with the principles to be observed in boiling fish, and take the other styles of cookery in the order I have named.

After having thoroughly cleansed, and wiped the fish, rub it over with a little vinegar, and place it on the strainer of the fish-kettle, so that when done it may be lifted out without risk of breaking up. Put plenty of salt, and a dessert spoonful of vinegar, into the water in which the fish is to be boiled. Let the water be cold, and in sufficient quantity to cover the fish. Place the kettle on a brisk fire, and boil the fish as fast as possible. Skim off all scum that rises, and take care to suspend operations, the moment the fish is done. Over-boiled fish is nasty to eat, and ugly to look upon: under-done fish is unfit for human food. The cookery books allow ten minutes per pound as a fair average of the time required for this operation; but so much depends upon the thickness of the fish to be boiled, that the cook should test it now and then with the point of a skewer, and as soon as the flesh parts easily from the bone, let him decide that it is ready.

Never let your fish, after it is done, remain soaking in the water in which it has been cooked; drain it at once, or

it will become what cooks calls "woolly." If ready too soon, let it rest on the drainer over the hot kettle, and cover it with a napkin.

If you have no fish-kettle, put your fish on a dish, tie a napkin round it, and boil it: when done you can then lift the dish out of the pan without spoiling the appearance of the fish. Be very particular to drain every drop of water from the fish before you serve it, or the sauce you send up with it will be ruined.

Connoisseurs in the art of fish cookery recommend that it should be boiled in a "*Court bouillon*," in which case the process is thus described by the G. C. "Having placed the fish in the fish-kettle with enough cold water to cover it, add a glass of vinegar, some slices of carrots and onions, and a clove of garlic; then sweet herbs, and spices tied up in a muslin bag, with pepper, salt, and parsely or celery. The proportions of all these must depend upon the quantity of fish to be boiled, the skill of the cook, and the taste of the company." When done, lift the fish drainer from the fish-kettle, drain it, and keep it hot over the kettle till the moment of serving. A mixture of wine and water, or milk and water in equal parts may be used instead of the vinegar and water.

The art of frying fish consists in being prodigal in the use of the medium which you employ to cook with. The fish should be absolutely immersed in a bath of boiling fat, or oil, which should be carefully tested so that you may be convinced of its temperature. "If your fat be not sufficiently heated," says the authority I have already quoted, "the fish you want to fry will turn out a flabby and greasy mess, instead of a crisp, appetising dish." For nearly all fish-frying the frying basket is an invaluable utensil, used, of course, in conjunction with the deep-sided *sauté* pan.

Fish, fried in the English fashion, is generally egged, and bread-crumbed; the Italians, who are perhaps the best 'fry-

sters' in the world, either flour their fish, or dip it in batter; both methods are, to my mind, vastly superior to the bread-crumbing process. If, however, you *must* use crumbs see that they are stale, and well sifted; not the pithy lumps, both great and small, too often set before you, because Ramasámy will not look ahead, and rarely, if ever keeps a bottled supply of stale, well rasped bread in hand.

Under the head of baking we come to that very excellent method of treating fish which is familiar to most of you as "*au gratin*." The cook can, in this way, produce very pleasant results, with very little toil. You can commence as plainly as possible, and go on to the most elaborate and fanciful dishes, the principles in all being similar. The fish, to begin with, should either be whole, in fillets, or slices. The pie dish should be well buttered; tomatoes, maccaroni, mushrooms, truffles of course, finely-minced parsley, shallot, lime peel, and such *fines herbes* as you can command, should be used for the more elaborate compositions, whilst parsley, shallot, and butter alone with fine bread-crumbs will suffice for the plainer dish for ordinary occasions. A gravy made from the bones and trimmings, with a few pepper corns, a minced shallot and a glass of any light white wine, like chablis, hock, or sauterne, may be gently poured round your dish when it is packed ready for the oven: but the liquid, ought never to come up to the level, quite, of the top layer of the fish in the pie dish.

In connection with maccaroni and tomatoes, you should try a dusting of grated parmesan. Olives *farcies*, rolled anchovies, and prawns, form, with truffles, and mushrooms, the most appropriate garnish for an artistic "*au gratin*," and cream is often judiciously introduced to enrich the combination.

Fishes baked whole, and carefully stuffed are generally nice: it is a method very well suited to fresh water fish, and a delicious way of cooking a Madras mullet, or a dish of whitings.

The best dish of stewed fish is the *matelotte* which, strictly speaking, should be composed of eels, but may, I think, be equally well followed in dressing any firm fleshed fish. As I shall speak of this dish in my *menus*, I need only say *en passant* that it is rich, vinous, spicy, and consequently generally appreciated by the muscular Christian.

Broiling fish sounds simple, but under this head there are a few toothsome recipes not to be despised. Let a good cut of seer be divided into nice cutlets, parboiled in the morning, and set to *marinade* all day in salad oil, minced shallot, parsley, vinegar, a clove of garlic, a few whole pepper corns, and a little lime peel: take them out, wrap them in well-oiled papers, broil over a fast clear fire, and serve with a nice sharp brown sauce like *sauce Robert*. Take care that the bars of your grid-iron are well oiled, for they are apt to burn delicate morsels like fillets of fish *en papillotes*.

Having thus sketched the various ways of preparing fish for the table, I must request my readers to note the recipes I have given in my detailed *menus*, remembering that my object has been to suggest dishes, which, in my humble opinion, will be found more pleasing than the ordinary plainly boiled lumps of fish, which, with certain stereotyped concomitants, too often greet the diner out in Madras.

CHAPTER X.

Hints about Entrées.

NINE persons out of every ten with whom I converse on culinary matters seem to be more exercised in their minds regarding their *entrées*, than about the whole of the arrangement of their dinner put together. The really presentable side-dishes that the average Ramasámy can master may, as a rule, be counted ; I am told, upon the fingers of one hand : and these are generally so well known that a lady is oft times at her wit's end to compose her *menu*. So precious, indeed, has the knowledge of a new *entrée* become, that the happy mistress of a novelty might be fairly excused were she to refuse to divulge the secret to her dearest friend. It must be a humiliating sensation, I admit, after having eaten oyster patties with your friend on Monday, to be forced to bid him partake of the same dish with you on Thursday ; conscious perhaps, that the pastry at your house is not a whit better than that which you thought so indifferent at his. The oyster patty by the way is one of Ramasámy's few art studies.

Now I cannot but allow that the apprehension with which this part of the bill-of-fare is so generally regarded, is well founded and natural. There are, of course, *entrées* and *entrées*. Though a few may be easy, some are beyond our reach in this country owing to a variety of reasons ; and many, owing to the ambiguous wording of cookery book

receipts, seem equally inaccessible. Then the task of ordering dishes from works composed for people with English cooks, kitchen ranges, and the best market in the world at their disposal, is far from easy. Even those who fancy themselves to be pretty good cooks find, every now and then, in the pages of their pet author, knotty points which require much consideration to settle. But if you will patiently follow me, not rushing to the conclusion that I only write for the benefit of a few enthusiasts like myself, I firmly believe that I shall be able to smooth down much that appears rugged; and help you towards the selection and accomplishment of many tasty dishes, which if neither elaborate, nor very scientific, will still be found certainly practicable, and generally worthy of a second trial.

First, let us divide *entrées* into three distinct classes:—the plain, the half-rich, and the fanciful. In the first class I would place such dishes as the mutton cutlet (neck chop) grilled or stewed; the *epigramme;* fillets of meat, turkey, fowl, rabbit, or pigeon; *grenadins;* and all *entrées* of meat plainly cooked, accompanied by carefully devised sauces, or really good *purées* of vegetable. For class the second, I would reserve all compositions of meat requiring the mincing machine and the mortar,—delicate combinations which demand attentive flavouring—such as *croquettes, croustades, quenelles, boudins, timbales, rissolettes* and mixed ingredients *en caisses.* Whilst in the superlative class should be entered, I think, the *suprême,* the *vol-au-vent,* the *kramousky,* the studied *ragout,* the artistic *salmi,* and any *entrée* out of class the second when raised from its ordinary form to a higher level by treatment *à la financière, à la reine, à la Périgueux,* and so on.

Quite in a special parenthesis by themselves ought to be kept all *plats* which can be served cold, such as the *chaud-froid,* the *chartreuse, petits galantines,* truffled cutlets, &c., for in a climate like this an iced *entrée* cannot fail to attract attention, whilst for providing contrast, and other reasons I shall speak of presently, it is invaluable.

Having thus arranged the various dishes which come under the head of *entrées* in a systematic form, the task of selection therefrom must be governed by the sort of dinner you intend to give, the different items that compose your *menu*, and the capabilities of your cook. As a rule, you should generally, for the sake of contrast, select one dish from class one, and the other from either class two, or three; or an iced *entrée* followed by one from either of the two richer classes.

Never attempt to give more than two *entrées*, be your dinner a banquet for forty covers, or a party of eight friends. The *menu* of the best mess dinner I ever attended in India (given to a late Governor of Madras whose taste in culinary matters was proverbial) contained but one iced, and one elaborate *entrée*. These were of course served separately, and to provide against delay, there were (for forty guests) four dishes formed of each composition.

In ordering your *entrées* you should carefully consider the amount of work your cook will have upon his hands at the critical time of serving them, and bear in mind that the more he has to do *then*, the more likely will he be to make mistakes. How can it be expected that a cook can serve equally well two hot *entrées* demanding attentive manipulation up to the last moment? Select, therefore, for one of your side-dishes something that can be prepared beforehand and easily heated when required, so that your *chef's* attention need not be distracted from the other. On these grounds the iced *entrée* is a grand invention: it can be made early in the day, and then set in the ice-box, ready to follow the fish without delay, and the sauce can also be similarly treated. Dishes that merely require heating in the oven are a godsend to a cook, for he can compose them at his leisure during the afternoon, and put them aside till within a few minutes of the time when they are wanted, keeping their sauces nice and hot in the *bain-marie* pan. But the unhappy man who has (say) to turn out a delicately grilled dish of cutlets *à la Maintenon*, with *kramouskys aux*

huîtres to follow—independently of game, joint, sweets, &c., all needing a watchful eye—is surely to be pitied.

There is another point to watch when choosing your *entrées*, and that is their general relationship with each other, or with the other dishes that compose your *menu*. Artists in ordering dinners go as far as to say that nothing should be repeated: you must not give, for instance, a *consommé de volaille* and presently follow it with *croquettes de volaille*, or even fowl as a joint: mutton appearing in a side-dish must not be seen again in any form. Two white meats ought not to be introduced side by side. Though following this maxim to the best of our power, we cannot always rely on being able to carry it out thoroughly in Madras. The market supply is too meagre, at the present time especially, for us to pick and choose as we might wish. Why, I have even heard of a lady in tears for want of a turkey, and of another sighing in vain for a pair of young ducks!

To return to our class list of *entrées*, I cannot too strongly urge you to go in for dishes from class one more than you do. Can anything be more acceptable than a nice juicy little chop from a *neck* of mutton, on whose sides the marks of the grid-iron are plainly visible, reposing against a circle of really well-mashed potatoes, or of savoury rice, holding in its centre a *purée* of celery, *petits pois*, or *sauce soubise?* The grid-iron is invaluable: the chop comes to table full of gravy, yet not underdone; it has, to use a kitchen phrase, "seen the fire" (browned) in places, and is absolutely free from grease which so often mars a dish of chops cooked in the frying pan. For the little Club-dinner this class of *entrée* is always popular. I noticed that a plain cutlet such as I have described, or a plain fillet of beef, figured in almost every Club *menu*, I had the pleasure of discussing at home last year. Endless variety can be secured by the cook if he will change his sauce or his *purée*. Choose the *neck* chops for these *entrées*.

The fillet of mutton is that tender strip of meat which runs down the inside of the saddle under the kidney. If of

sufficient thickness, this delicate morsel, broiled over a clear fire, is worthy of Lucullus himself. It is *the* thing for an invalid, or one coming round after an illness. The fillet of beef is the undercut of the sirloin, which the butcher will cut out for you in the market here if you wish it, but I have found good fillets produced thus:—buy a really good joint of the ribs of beef, and cut out length-ways the good tender meat near the end of the bone, with any fat there may be attached to it. Bones, and flap, and trimmings can be counted in the allowance of soup-meat, and the tender meat you have cut out will trim into capital fillets *for entrées* or cook whole as a *filet de bœuf, piqué* with anything you like, as a joint.

Fillets of fowls and game are formed by cutting off neatly the whole of the breast meat right down to the wing joint; this you can divide into fillets according to the size you require. The hare and rabbit fillet is produced by cutting out the long strip of good meat which runs down either side of the back bone: well larded with fat bacon, and cooked grenadin fashion, with *Espagnole or sauce soubise*, you may do worse than present a dish of these fillets to your best friend.

CHAPTER XI.

Entrées—continued.

WHETHER your *entrée* be a fillet of beef or mutton, of fowl or of game, or the neatly trimmed neck chop to which I have alluded; and whether you intend to grill to stew, or to fry it, you will find it vastly improved by being set *en marinade* from early morning until the time draws near for cooking it. I shall use this word frequently in my *menus*, let me therefore explain its meaning as applied to the process which I now take the opportunity of noticing.

The word *marinade*, as you all know, really means pickle, but viewed in the light in which we now regard it, it would be better to describe it as a mixture, the component parts of which can be varied at pleasure, in which meat should be soaked for several hours before it is cooked. Its immediate effect is to preserve the outside of the meat which has "felt the knife" moist and juicy, to prevent its "turning" and to lend that subtle flavour to it—so hard to describe—but which just makes the difference between our ordinary cutlet, and that which we remember having eaten at some restaurant abroad, or at the table of a friend who possessed a really well educated cook.

The common form of *marinade* for beef and mutton is composed of salad oil and vinegar in the proportion of four of the former to one of the latter, with an onion and two

cloves of garlic chopped up, some whole peppers, a few cloves, a tea spoonful of salt, a couple of tea spoonsful of dried thyme or marjoram, a table spoonful of minced parsley, and a strip or two of lime peel. This mixture can be preserved for daily use, with slight additions from time to time, and the flavour can be modified by changing the sweet herbs, or withdrawing them.

The taste of game can be imparted to mutton by placing the meat in a *marinade* of vinegar, portwine, and walnut ketchup—(a wine glass of each)—in which a table spoonful of red currant jelly has been dissolved; with a pinch of ground spice, some pepper corns, salt, a chopped onion and a dessert spoonful of marjoram and thyme blended. A hash of cold-mutton collops that have lain a few hours in this preparation is very like that of venison, and the fillets of an Indian hare, (a little underdone in the roasting) similarly steeped all day, are really excellent. In this particular instance you must strain the *marinade*, and add it to the gravy in which the hash or fillets have to be simmered. *Marinade* need not be made in extravagant quantities; it should cover the bottom of the dish on which you place the meat, your object being gained by occasional turning, and basting. When wanted, the cook should lift the meat from the dish, let it drain a minute or so, and then proceed to business.

Independently of the method in which you purpose to cook them, a great deal depends upon the careful trimming of a dish of mutton cutlets. How uninviting do these miniature chops look when they have been cut anyhow from the joint to which they belonged? First, saw off the ends of the row of bones level, and cut off the outer flap; now take a very sharp knife, and divide the row of cutlets down to the bone with *one* clean decided cut between each of them, and, lastly, sever them with a single stroke of the chopper. Now lay them on your board, and give them a few strokes with your cutlet bat, trim them into shape, and then place them in the *marinade*. The hungry man may be able, no doubt, to eat the cutlets his cook may send

him, "rough hew them as he may," but for an *entrée* we *must* study appearance.

A cutlet to be grilled should be dipped at once in a little melted butter, or salad oil and broiled over a clear fire. If to be stewed, it should be first browned by being turned frequently in a pan with a little melted butter; the previously prepared gravy should then be added, in which the cutlet should simmer gently till done. The whole success of a stew depends upon the simmering. If the cook carelessly allow the pan to come to the boil, the cutlets (or anything else) will be done for. How often are hashes, and *réchauffés* of cold meat sent to table as hard and tasteless as leather, simply because the cook permitted them to boil? Hashes and *salmis* of cold meat and game may be defined, properly speaking, as carefully composed sauces in which meat is placed cold, and then gradually heated until sufficiently hot to serve. My own rule with a *salmi* is to take it off the fire as soon as the steam rises freely from the surface, to turn it immediately into a silver dish heated with scalding water, and send it up.

The process of bread-crumbing a cutlet deserves far more care than a great majority of cooks bestow upon it. To do this really nicely (for an *entrée*) you should proceed in this way: lift your cutlet from the *marinade*, drain it a moment, then dip it into the following composition:—two eggs, one dessert spoonful of salad oil, one dessert spoonful of water, well beaten together, and turn it over and over in a plateful of fine, stale bread-crumbs which have been dried in the oven pounded, and thoroughly sifted; it should then be laid aside for half an hour, after which it should be dipped again, and again rolled in crumbs. Amongst the crumbs may be sprinkled some finely minced parsley and shallot, with some *powdered* dried sweet herbs. The frying should be conducted in *abundance* of boiling fat, and the colour of the cutlets should be a pale golden brown.

All thrifty cooks should carefully save the scraps of trimmings, the outer flap, and the ends of bone which were cut

off in shaping the cutlets, for from them the basis of the sauce which is to accompany the dish can, with a little assistance, be composed.

Having thus discussed the general methods of cooking cutlets, and fillets, we ought next to consider a few good sauces to accompany them, but as I have resolved to devote a chapter to that branch of the cook's art, I must ask you to follow me now in a brief *resumé* of wrinkles regarding the higher classes of *entrées*.

Under class the second we come to that very useful style of *entrée* which I have called the "half-rich." For these "made-dishes" you begin to call to your aid the mincing machine and mortar, and, unless your experience be above the average, success will almost wholly depend upon your following with accuracy every line of the recipe you may select. A well-flavoured *rissolette, croquette, boudin,* or *quenelle,* if nicely cooked, and served with a good sauce a *purée,* or a *macédoine de legumes,* is worthy of a place in any *menu;* but the slightest slovenly work is fatal.

Our good friend Ramasáwmy has been taught to believe that *cutlets* must be composed of *chopped* meats, so he is wont to send to table pretty often under that title a dish of *rissolettes,* with a fragment of bone inserted in each of them. I need hardly remind my readers, for instance, of the dish of "*chicken cutlets*" which form the standing *plat* of the Madras Hotel. I know that some cookery books describe as *côtelettes* certain artistic mixtures of meats, with bits of bone introduced to make them look like true cutlets, but I would prefer calling such dishes by their proper names, for they undoubtedly belong really to the tribe of *croquettes, rissoles,* &c., &c.

Chicken, ox and sheep's tongues, tender mutton, ham, bacon, oysters, pigeons, turkey, rabbit, the livers of all poultry, of rabbits, and game,—whether previously cooked or not,—provide materials out of which these *entrées* can be made. It is in the judicious blending of two or more

of them together, in the thorough pounding and incorporation thereof, in the selection of the condiments he employs to improve them, and so on, that the skill of the good cook can be detected.

If you preserve your own ox tongues in this country, and keep one generally ready for use, you will have a very valuable thing to fall back upon for "made" *entrées*: cured sheep's tongues, too, are very useful, and a little *lamb's* liver is sometimes a good thing to have at hand in case of need.

Calves' liver cut into dice, and fried with some shallot in the pan in which some fat bacon has been melted, then set to get cold, and pounded in the mortar, forms the well known minced meat which surrounds a *pâté de foie gras* and all French *pâtés*. The frying-pan should be rubbed with garlic before operations are commenced and some minced onion should go in with the liver: if you add to the mixture when pounded the minced trimmings of any truffles you may have been using, the flavour will be exactly that of the *pâté*. A little jar of this composition, made at home, will be found well worth the trouble it costs to make, when you are preparing (say) a dish of *croquettes de volaille* and want to improve the flavour of them.

The same hints I have given regarding the bread-crumbing of mutton cutlets, hold good with reference to the crumbing of *croquettes*. If possible, indeed, you should be more particular in preparing your crumbs. Bread crisped in the oven and then pounded in the mortar produces the *chapelure* used by French cooks. The sauces of this kind of *entrée* require the utmost study, and will be treated of hereafter.

Touching the highest class of *entrées* it is impossible to say very much in the way of advice. You must go in for a little more expense than you did in classes one and two. Butter, cream, truffles, mushrooms, special gravy meat, &c., must not be shirked, but be given to the cook with a liberal hand. As your Gouffé bids you, so must you proceed without a murmur.

CHAPTER XII.

Entrées—concluded.

WE do our utmost to give our guests, here in sultry Madras, a *vol au vent,* when we should know quite well that it is impossible to produce the exquisitely light puff pastry from which the dish derives its name. The best attempts present the appearance of layers of talc laid one over the other in an oval shape and baked a pale brown. Now, I maintain that it would be better to give up our fruitless efforts, and employ one of the ornamental earthenware dishes made specially for this purpose, and to be had of all good dealers in glass and crockery in London. Small ones for dishes *en caisses* are also sold. We could then send up our *ragout à la financière,* or *à la reine,* without misgivings, in a pretty dish becomingly garnished, and bury the unhappy memories of the puff paste we never could achieve.

Whilst thus proposing to abandon as fruitless our attempts to place before our guests a true *vol au vent,*—conquered by the climate in which we live, and not through carelessness or want of culinary skill,—I by no means wish to say that we should cease to bestow our attention upon *entrées* which can be made of pastry of a less volatile nature. There are some Madras cooks, I know, who can turn out very good light *pâté* pastry. To such men you can entrust, of course, *petits pâtés, timbales, salpicon bouchées,* and those artistic *croustades* for which pastry is

employed instead of the easier substitute of hollowed-out rolls. The knack of making nice light pastry is, however, far from common. Neither reading, nor even practical demonstration, will teach it; so unless you are certain that your cook possesses the gift, never permit him to waste good materials in idle experiments. An *entrée* of pastry, if not unmistakably good, is a blot upon the face of your *menu*.

In nearly all recipes for high class *entrées* contained in good works upon cookery, the use of butter is unsparingly advocated, and cream is also very frequently prescribed. In an early chapter of my jottings, I mentioned that I would far sooner recommend a little extra expense with regard to these items, than in the distribution of elaborate "Europe stores," I repeat the opinion emphatically now. The dinner cooked with an adequate allowance of cream and butter, requires but little aid from Messrs. Crosse and Blackwell. Unfortunately, however, for those who desire to follow this precept at Madras, our supply of milk is meagre in quality and quantity, and absurdly expensive.

The only way to obtain a little butter fit to eat, if you do not maintain a dairy of your own, is to have a cow milked at your door, and to set the milk so obtained for cream in your own larder. I have never tried to find out the exact cost of a pound of butter thus made, but, approximately speaking, it may be stated that five measures of milk at one rupee (the current rate) will not yield more than a good *third* of a pound, so your pound of butter will cost you nearly three rupees! There will be a slight difference if the milk be rich; in my estimate, I speak, of course, of the average country cow's milk purchased at the door.

There is a terrible preparation which milkmen sell to our cooks under the title of "kitchen butter." To add to its attractiveness, it is generally *smeared upon a leaf, and carried in the hand!* It looks like the compound used for

greasing the wheels of Railway carriages in England, which a porter once told a friend of mine was "*mostly made of ingredunts, and stuff as we makes up a'purpose.*" I fear that our so-called "kitchen butter" might be equally vaguely described.

What, then, can people of moderate incomes do? For, I take it that even wealthy folk at home would hesitate to pay six shillings a pound for the butter used by their cooks! The most economical remedy for this evil is to use preserved butter; the "Copenhagen" (cow brand), "Normandy" and "Denmark" at one rupee fourteen annas a pound-tin, are especially free from brine, or taint of any kind, and can be thoroughly recommended. For this invaluable wrinkle, I am indebted to a friend who is well known at Madras as an accomplished cook. One tin, carefully used, ought to suffice for the cooking of a dinner for eight persons, (assuming even that the *menu* contain a full amount of dishes requiring butter in their composition) and, in my humble opinion, the result will generally be found to justify that amount of extravagance.

Before I pass from the consideration of side dishes to that of the sauces that should accompany them, I feel it incumbent upon me to point out that *vegetables ought never to be handed round with the entrées.* This quaint practice of our forefathers has been long since abandoned by those who give dinners of the reformed type.

The modern *entrée* is, of course, presumed to be a *plat* complete in itself, and perfectly independent of other assistance. When stated in the *menu*, a vegetable may, of course, accompany an *entrée*, but it should be deftly associated with the composition it accompanies, and be moulded in the same dish. A great many *entrées* require no vegetables. Who, for instance, could possibly eat potato and cauliflower, with a *kramousky* or with a *petit pâté à la financière?* The crisp batter in the former, and the pastry

in the latter case, supply the necessary accompaniment of the delicate composition each contains.

Apart from its being palpably inartistic, there is another reason which prompts the abolition of sending round vegetables with *entrées*, and that is the time that is wasted in doing so, and the complication it adds to the service. Whilst the matter of fact objection to the practice is, that by the time they are really wanted for the joint, they are certainly mangled and cold, if not wholly expended; for few people prepare relays of potatoes, &c., to follow those sent up with their side dishes.

Lastly, let me say a few words about the garnishing and helping of *entrées*.

As a general rule, our native cooks, assisted I dare say by the butler, are much given to the ornamentation of their side dishes. Now, whilst fully prepared to pander as much as possible to the "lust of the eye," I warn you to be careful lest these efforts to make things look pretty be overdone. Slices of raw cucumber should be severely interdicted, for they impart an inky flavour to the *entrée* they may be trimmed round; and funny devices cut out of vegetables, and dotted about a dish, should be forbidden, for they suggest to the hypercritical mind an idea that perhaps *fingers* have been busily employed in arranging them. Pray do not permit your cook to garnish a *rissole* with a *raw spring onion*, (the green stem stripped and curled, and the bulb thrust into the *rissole*). I have seen this done at Madras, and once upon a time barely escaped eating *the onion*, which would have been a sad catastrophe, seeing that I had a most agreeable companion by my side. Let the arrangement of your *entrées* err on the side of simplicity rather than otherwise.

Dishes that require careful helping ought certainly never to be handed round at a dinner party. I have observed that ladies frequently refuse an *entrée* on account of the difficulty of helping themselves. A fair patroness of mine

here, whose *ménage* is worthy of her artistic skill, tells me that she has made up her mind (and rightly, say I,) never to permit her admirable *mayonnaise à la Gouffé* to be *handed* round to her guests again. One person, she says, would take a little of the aspic, the next some of the salad, the third—engaged, perhaps, in pleasant chatter, with a pair of bright eyes full upon him—might absently secure a fragment of the *garnish!* and so on, all in heart-rending ignorance of the science and care bestowed upon the dish.

Under any circumstances I strongly recommend that all iced *entrées* be helped from the side table, with a portion of the sauce upon each plate, and passed round to your guests without delay; for, however firm the mould may be when it is presented to guest number one, by the time it reaches number eight, liquidation is certain to have set in. Speedy helping at the side table will prevent this.

I even go as far as to say that all *entrées* might be thus served with manifest advantage. The *menu* card in front of you tells you what is coming, and in this way you would be spared, at all events, the unpleasantness of having a hot silver dish with its savoury contents thrust in between you and the lady you have taken in to dinner; conversation would never be annoyingly interrupted; pretty costumes and dress coats would be less liable to be baptised with hot gravy, whilst much valuable time would be saved.

CHAPTER XIII.

About Sauces in general.

THE consideration of sauces may certainly be regarded as the most interesting part of the study of cookery: so much, indeed, is to be gained by this branch of the art, that I might almost call it the most important. Whether for fish, for flesh, or fowl, the assistance thus contributed is invaluable. Without penetrating very deeply into the mazes of elaborate cookery, if you once master the broad principles of sauce-making, you need never be at a loss for variety in your dishes; you will be able to improve good meat, and make that which is indifferent palatable, whilst with cold things you will rarely fail to turn out little *réchauffés* which will be at once tasty, and economical.

Now I do not consider it a difficult thing to teach a native cook the fundamental rules of this part of his work, for they are simple. The labour is so slight that, if sufficiently devoted to your task, you can select a recipe and absolutely show the man step by step how to carry it out. For a demonstration of this kind you must, of course, order all the ingredients you may require beforehand, and have a fire made in a sheltered verandah, or spare room. The trouble this may cost you will, in nine cases out of ten, be amply repaid, for with the native mind practical proof is far more effective than theoretical discussion.

For sauce-making in general you must possess three small sauce-pans in sizes, a *bain-marie* pan to set them in, two

wooden spoons, a flour dredger, a couple of earthen ware bowls, a block tin perforated strainer with handle, a wire sieve, a hair sieve, and a mortar. The materials you will call into play from time to time will be :—butter, flour, eggs, pepper, salt, onions, limes, a few cloves of garlic, mixed spices, the contents of your cruet stand, say :—"Harvey," and mushroom ketchup; anchovy, chilli, tarragon, and French vinegars; and mustard, with pickled gerkins, capers, and red-currant jelly. Made gravy, or stock, will occasionally be wanted, for which special provision must be made, but for ordinary sauces you can generally manage to make enough broth from scraps and trimmings. In doing this you have the consolation of knowing that there is nothing wasted. Sundry spoonsful of wine will be necessary now and then, and if you wander beyond the rubicon of moderation to the realms of high art, you will naturally ask for truffles, cocks-combs, cream, mushrooms, and olives.

Of all writers upon cookery none has dealt more clearly with the subject of sauces than Jules Gouffé. His work may appear difficult to understand in places, and his recipes may seem frequently composed upon too large a scale to be useful to mistresses of small establishments, but in the system he has adopted with regard to this important feature of kitchen work, he has hit the right nail upon the head. He classes as fundamental sauces,—from which nearly the whole category may be said to have sprung,—those well known names *Espagnole*, *Velouté*, *Allemande*, *Béchamel* and *Poivrade*; and even of these the first two may be considered as the parents of the rest. There are nevertheless several standing sauces which may be spoken of independently; for instance, melted butter, *Hollandaise*, *soubise*, *mâitre d' hôtel*, bread sauce, *mayonnaise*, *tartare*, *remoulade*, *ravigotte*, *Robert*, *piquante*, &c. Let us take these first, for they are perhaps more simple, and oftener in request than *Espagnole*, *velouté*, and their various descendants.

Failure in the composition of melted butter *(sauce blanche)* is so common, that I will commence with a few hints with

regard to that homely preparation. The pith of this sauce consists in melting your lump of butter *first* at the bottom of your sauce-pan, then to add the flour, which soon amalgamates with the melted butter, and then the water, or milk and water (boiling) with a pinch of salt. Work this well with a wooden spoon till it is soft and creamy to look upon, and, as you serve it, *add a pat of fresh butter* the size of a rupee, which will, of course, melt of its own accord, and give that 'buttery' flavour which you desire—not that 'flour-and-watery' one so suggestive of the composition you would employ for fixing scraps in an album. From this *sauce blanche* you can work out several tasty recipes given by the "G. C." as follows:—

Beat up the yolk of an egg, and the juice of a couple of limes; strain and add to your melted butter, just before serving; *off the fire mind*, or the sauce will curdle.

Beat up the yolk of an egg with a table spoonful of cream, and add in the same way.

Throw in just before serving some minced parsley, fennel, or chopped capers, and you will have:—*sauce au persil*, *sauce au fenouil*, or *sauce aux câpres*.

Stir into it after it is made, a dessert spoonful of anchovy, Harvey, ketchup, or any sauce you like.

Flavour a little milk by boiling up in it some minced onion, a tiny bit of garlic, a few cloves, a blade of mace, and some parsley: when well flavoured, strain the milk through muslin and add it to your melted butter. A squeeze of a lime may be judiciously added to this *sauce aux fines herbes*.

N.B.—Fillets of pomfret, or any fish that you can fillet nicely, boiled gently in milk thus flavoured, with the *same* poured over them when done, are excellent.

Small rings of sliced gerkins added to plain melted butter form the *sauce aux cornichons* you remember abroad; a tea spoonful of tarragon vinegar should accompany the rings.

Melted butter for sweet *entremets* such as cabinet pudding, *et hoc genus omne,* should be made exactly in the same way with sugar instead of salt, with milk, or milk and water, and an egg beaten up in brandy or sherry.

Maître d'hôtel is butter plainly melted with a bountiful supply of finely minced parsley, a half pinch of grated nutmeg, finished with the yolk of an egg, and a squeeze of lime juice.

Maître d'hôtel butter, I may add *par parenthèse* is made thus:—To two ounces of fresh butter, add the juice of one lime, a dessert spoonful of chopped parsley free from moisture, a little white pepper, and a pinch of salt. Form it with your butter bat, and set it in the ice box. A nice juicy, grilled chop, or a little grilled fillet of beef, served with a piece of *maître d'hôtel* butter melting over it, is a French method of captivating the appetite.

By adding broth or stock to *sauce blanche* you produce *sauce blonde* which forms the basis of several useful sauces.

The pulp of some well boiled Bombay onions passed through the sieve, and worked into *sauce blonde* (with a spoonful of *cream* for high days and holidays) gives you *sauce soubise.*

Equal portions of boiled carrot, French beans, turnip or knolkhol, peas, asparagus points, and a little beetroot, cut into dice, and gently heated in *sauce blonde,* form that charming assistance to a dish of grilled cutlets or any plain *entrée,* called *macédoine de legumes.* Be careful not to *mash* the vegetables, so do not overboil them in the first instance.

Here is a delicious variation of *sauce soubise:* cut up two parboiled Bombay onions, and put them into a sauce-pan with a good sized pat of butter, a pinch of sugar, and a pinch of salt; add a table spoonful of previously boiled rice, or pearl barley; let them cook slowly, and when the onions are done, add a table spoonful of finely grated mild cheese (Parmesan for choice), stir the mixture, pass it through a

sieve, and mingle it with a little rich *sauce blonde*, or with boiling *cream* for your birthday, wedding day, or the christening day of your first baby.

There is no sauce more popular with judges of good food than *Hollandaise;* in perfection it is a grand sauce, and not very easy to make. In its homely form it may be described as *sauce blanche,* to which a few yolks of eggs have been added, and a squeeze of lime juice;—in its more elaborate treatment it becomes a custard of yolks of eggs, water, vinegar or lime juice, and butter:—Some are in favor of vinegar, others prefer lime juice, which they work thus: —Beat up the yolks of three eggs in a little water in which some pounded allspice has been dissolved, add salt to taste, and about three ounces of fresh butter. Put this mixture into a small sauce-pan, and plunge it into a *bain marie* pan, or stewpan large enough to receive it, full of boiling water: steam your mixture in this way till it thickens, and stir in your lime juice to finish with. Gouffé's recipe may be condensed in this way:—reduce two table spoonsful of vinegar, with a little salt and pepper added to it, till about a tea spoonful remains:—strain, and add to it two table spoonsful of water, two yolks of eggs; put this on the fire and heat it thoroughly, stirring it well with a wooden spoon, add your butter (four ounces by degrees,) with a little water now and then to prevent its curdling: this process had better be carried out in a *bain marie* pan, for you thus obtain the amount of gentle heat which is necessary to preserve the sauce in a velvety condition.

Those capital compositions Mayonnaise, Tartare, Remoulade, Ravigotte, &c., are better known as cold sauces, but there are *hot* forms of preparing Tartare and the two last named not often presented. They are descended from *sauce piquante* which is simply made in this way:—Fry in melted butter some minced onion with some chopped parsley, celery leaves, garden cress, and one clove of garlic; and when of a golden hue, add equal parts of vinegar, and water, or broth and

vinegar, strain, and serve hot. Some chopped truffles, gerkins, capers, or mushrooms may be added with good effect, and a spoonful of ketchup, or "Harvey" is often given to it.

For hot *Tartare* add a large spoonful of mustard to the above, and use tarragon vinegar.

For *Ravigotte* you thicken with a little flour, and add a very little white wine, with some lime juice instead of vinegar.

For *Remoulade* use neither lime nor wine, but incorporate with your frying onions and green herbs, a table spoonful of salad oil, and a tea spoonful of powdered mustard.

These sharp relishes go well with fish, and, as a change, are welcome with cutlets, etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

Sauces—continued.

OF the whole category of simple sauces none is more generally maltreated than "bread-sauce." Delicious when properly made, it is positively a repulsive mess when wrongly treated. You have no doubt lamented many a time over the wretched compound which your cook persists in sending up under this title; and I have heard people say that true "bread-sauce" cannot be made in India. Now I have tasted quite as nasty a composition as Ramasámy's in England, in fact even there you more frequently get it bad, than good. The good "bread-sauce," now served at the Junior United Service Club in London, is due to the admonitions of an officer, now in Madras. The system pursued by the ignorant cook may be thus described:—he cuts some slices of bread, or grates bread-crumbs enough for his requirements, over which he pours a tea-cupful of boiling water, he gives that a pinch of salt, perhaps (but by no means for certain) a spoonful of milk, and a quantity of whole pepper corns, and cloves; he stirs this to the consistency of thick porridge, and finally sends up a mixture which may be plainly described as spiced bread poultice! Setting aside other considerations for a moment, can anything be more disagreeable than the accidental biting of a *whole clove,* or a pepper corn, in any dish or sauce? Common sense accordingly dictates that when the use of

these condiments is necessary, we should strain the liquid in which they have been placed.

The back-bone of " bread sauce" is the flavouring of the milk it is made of, to begin with ; that done, to strain it carefully over your grated crumbs ; then to re-heat it, and finish it off with a good table spoonful of cream at the moment you serve it : in the absence of cream, the yolk of one egg, beaten up in a little milk till it looks creamy, may be added, *off the fire,* just at the last. To flavour the milk you must take a good sized onion, peal off the outside skin, cut it into quarters, and put them, with a dozen pepper corns, six cloves, a pinch of grated nutmeg, and a salt spoonful of salt, into a sauce-pan containing not less than half a pint of good milk. The utmost care is now necessary, for milk boils up so rapidly that you must watch your sauce-pan narrowly, and use a very low fire to retard the boiling stage. Remove the pan as soon as the surface of the milk looks frothy: let it cool a little, and replace it, continuing the operation until the onion is done, and adding a little milk from time to time to make good the loss by evaporation. Now strain it off through a piece of muslin into a bowl, and add to it, spoonful by spoonful, the stale bread crumbs you have already prepared, till your eye tells you, you have attained the right consistency ; then heat the sauce up again, and finish it as I previously described. I can always rely upon making as good a " bread-sauce" here as I ever ate in England, but then I would never attempt it unless I had all the ingredients at command. There can be no evasion of the milk. Water at once produces the poultice I have condemned, and the spoonful of cream, or the yolk whipped up in milk, *must* be added if you desire success. This sauce richly deserves the trouble I have prescribed, and it will be found in the end economical, for by its aid a carefully roasted fowl provides an enjoyable meal; whilst fillets of partridges, or chicken, bread-crumbed, nicely fried and garnished with a crisp curl or two of fried bacon, assume at once a superior character. A young pigeon, split, and grilled over a fast fire, besprinkled with fried bread-crumb

and assisted by good bread sauce, forms a nice luncheon for a lady, whose husband's days are spent at office, or for a convalescent beginning to mend after a long illness.

To continue simple sauces:—that known as *Sauce au pauvre homme* is produced by first frying a minced onion in a little butter until it assumes a golden brown tint, and then pouring in a little broth made from scraps, with a tea-spoonful of vinegar: you must give this a boil, and then stir it by degrees into another sauce-pan containing melted butter and flour; work this well with a wooden spoon and add a pinch of salt, a little pepper, and some minced parsley.

"Dutch sauce" as eaten in Holland, is butter plainly melted in a sauce-pan, flavoured with a little pepper, a little salt, and the squeeze of a lemon; this is allowed to settle over the fire, and is then poured free from the sediment at the bottom of the pan, into a piping hot sauce-boat. This sauce is admirable with fish, you must, of course, substitute lime for lemon, and have butter enough to spare for the undertaking. I strongly advise my fortunate friends on the Neilgherries to make this sauce (a little goes a long way mind) for their globe artichokes; one table-spoonful is enough for one artichoke, and the plates should be really hot.

"Horse-radish sauce" is a grand standard adjunct to our national food, "the roastbeef of old England," and beef in India cries out for help far more piteously than its rich relation far away. Horse-radish grows well at Ootacamund, and I grew some with success at Bangalore, but the scraped root of the *moringa*, or "drum-stick tree," provides so good a substitute than we may rest contented with a sauce thus composed:—Scrape as finely as you can a cupful of the root shavings, boil them in a little broth; when done, stir into the broth the yolks of a couple of eggs beaten up with a table-spoonful of tarragon vinegar; add pepper, salt, and a very little grated nutmeg, and serve in a sauce-boat. A richer recipe suggests the addition of half a pint of cream

with the yolks of the eggs, and then to let the sauce remain on the fire, stirring well until it is very hot (but not boiling) and serving it in a hot sauce-boat. The cold form of this sauce is perhaps the easiest, and I think as nice as any :— you simply rasp the *moringa*, or horse-radish root, till you have a cupful of fine scrapings, and mingle them with an ordinary *mayonnaise*, or *tartare* sauce. Cream is, of course, a great addition, but the usual mixture of eggs, oil, mustard, and vinegar, will give you a good result; and this leads me to discuss the two sauces I have mentioned at once.

Mayonnaise sauce is certainly one of the most useful, and popular of all the sauces we attempt out here. In ordering it, if you know what to say, and give good materials, you may be certain of success. Be sure that the oil you give is thoroughly good, or the result will be very painful; and examine your mustard, vinegar, and eggs. Assuming that these are all satisfactory, set to work in the following manner:—

Commence with the dry ingredients, and put into a soup-plate, or slop basin, the very hard-boiled yolks of two eggs, a pinch of salt, a dessert spoonful of mustard powder, a tea-spoonful of finely minced shallot, and a dust of white pepper. Bruise these together thoroughly with the back of a silver spoon; now add a little oil, and work your materials to a paste, adding the oil patiently by degrees until you get it nice and moist; next throw in the yolks of two raw eggs, and continue your working, adding oil without measure, and judging by your eye when you think you have made enough sauce, for the tarragon vinegar you finally add will not be more than a good table-spoonful; the moment vinegar is added, the sauce will assume a creamy appearance, and when worked sufficiently, will be ready for the block tin strainer (to get rid of "onion atoms," lumps of egg, &c.), and then for the table. If made on the plains early in the afternoon, the sauce-boat should be placed in the ice box; but, to be successful, *Mayonnaise* sauce ought, if possible, to be made as near the time of service as possible. When cream is used

it takes the place of the oil, but if only a little can be spared, a dessert spoonful may be added to the sauce I have described with good effect. All *Mayonnaise* sauces should be iced.

The points in this sauce to be noted are, the order in which the various ingredients should be employed, the use of the raw yolks in conjunction with the hard-boiled (they produce the creaminess you want), the liberal use of good oil, and the addition last of all, in sparing quantity, of the tarragon vinegar. You do not want an *acid* sauce at all, remember. English cooks, as a rule, ruin their *Mayonnaise* and salad dressings, by *measuring* the oil and vinegar they use in equal portions! no artist measures these ingredients; you might as well expect a painter to tell you the number of grains of the colours he used in painting a picture. You must use a little onion, but whilst permitting the flavour " scarce suspected to animate the whole," you must on no account permit the " atoms to lurk within the bowl"—the ladies in Sydney Smith's days were perhaps less critical in the matter of this fragrant bulb, than are our fair enslavers in the present year of grace.

" *Tartare sauce*" is the same as the above, without the use of hard-boiled eggs: raw yolks alone should be used, and the oil and vinegar added in the following proportions; a tea-spoonful of the latter, to a table-spoonful of the former, often times repeated till enough sauce is made.

" *Remoulade*" is a *Mayonnaise* sauce with olives, parsley, chives, and capers, added: for chives, try the green stalks of a few young onions.

" *Ravigotte*" is also *Mayonnaise* with chopped anchovies, celery, cress, and sweet herbs.

CHAPTER XV.

Sauces—concluded.

I PASS to-day to the consideration of a few standard high class sauces, which, with a little care and attention, will be found practicable in every well-conducted Madras kitchen. To aid you in this branch of the cook's art, you cannot possess a better guide than Jules Gouffé, whose admirably systematic method of discussing sauces has never been approached by any authority on culinary mysteries. Unfortunately, however for the inexperienced reader, Gouffé's work is rather the treatise of a Professor addressed to students who have already matriculated, than a *vade mecum* for beginners. So unless you are fairly *au fait* in practical kitchen work, you will hardly derive much easy aid from the Royal Cookery Book. You must have some knowledge of the ingredients which may possibly be spared, and of those which must on no account be omitted, for even in Gouffé's recipes there are sometimes things named which are not absolutely essential. You ought to know something of stock-making, and understand the value of game bones, poultry bones, fragments of ham, &c., and the sort of flavour these things produce, helped by certain vegetables. If, by experience, you have picked up a knowledge of equivalents so much the better. I can, in short, readily believe that those who have never bothered their heads about cookery, would find it almost impossible to direct a native cook from the pages of the great *chef*. In

saying this I speak from experience. I first read Gouffé before I had taken to practical cooking work, and before I had actually made sauces, &c., ladle in hand, in an English kitchen. Since going through that ordeal, I have again come across the book, and I find that much that I had formerly to skip as too complicated, now seems easy enough.

I propose now to place before you in the simplest way I can, Gouffé's fundamental sauces. Those who are acquainted with that author will observe that in the first place I shall reduce the recipes to a much shorter compass, and in the next, that I shall omit everything that is not downright necessary to produce a fair result.

Gouffé propounds the following sauces as the foundation of nearly all those of a high class you are likely to require:—1, *Espagnole;* 2, *Velouté;* 3, *Allemande;* 4, *Béchamel;* 5, *Marinade;* and 6, *Poivrade.* Of these *Velouté, Allemande,* and *Béchamel* are so closely allied, that I shall confine myself to the last. *Marinade* and *Poivrade* I have already given. *Espagnole* is, of course, worthy of close attention. My fundamental sauces will then be reduced to two:—one brown, the other white, which I think will be found ample for the Indian kitchen.

Veal stock plays an important part in Gouffé's recipes. Now although there can be no doubt of its value, I do not look upon veal as a *sine quâ non* in sauce-making. A really carefully made *consommé,* assisted by a ham or bacon bone, and on special occasions with a fowl, will give you an excellent base to work upon.

With regard to *Espagnole* sauce, (which, as many of you know, is a rich, thick *brown* sauce) I would simplify Gouffé's receipt as follows:—Get ready a couple of sheep's trotters chopped in pieces, with a ham or bacon bone, or a few slices of either; any poultry bones, or cutlet trimmings you may have, and two pounds of beef gravy meat cut into squares. Now cut up a couple of onions and throw them into a stew-

pan with an ounce of butter, fry them a golden brown, then add a breakfast cupful of broth, or water, and the pieces of meat previously prepared; shake the pan every now and then, and let the meat take colour: now add water enough to cover the meat, &c., completely, and let the contents of the pan come slowly to the boil, skimming carefully during that period; when the surface seems nicely clear of grease and scum, add a cupful of cold water and two carrots sliced, a turnip, a good piece of celery, a clove of garlic, half a dozen pepper corns, a spoonful of dried sweet-herbs tied up in a bag, a bunch of parsley, some burnt sugar colouring, and salt to taste. As soon as the vegetables have been cooked, remove the pan from the fire, and place it so that it may simmer slowly for a couple of hours: now lift it up, and strain off your gravy: there should be quite a pint and a half of it. Now take a sauce-pan and melt an ounce of butter at the bottom of it, stir in an ounce of flour and make a brown *roux*, when the colour satisfies you, add by degrees, stirring as you do so, the pint or so of strong gravy you strained from the stew-pan. Let the contents of your sauce-pan come to the boil, stirring the whole time, and then set it in the *bain-marie* pan to remain hot till wanted: any fat that may rise during the thickening process should be skimmed off, but if the gravy be properly made, and skimmed before it is added to the *roux* there will be very little to take off in the *bain-marie* stage. The *bain marie* remember, is a vessel containing boiling water, and kept over the fire, in which you immerse sauce-pans containing made sauces to preserve them hot for use.

Espagnole sauce is therefore, simply a good rich brown gravy, thickened with flour. It depends for its flavour upon the admixture of vegetables, and the true essence of the meat you employ to make it. From this sauce you can proceed to compose a number of rich preparations as follows: —*Financière*, *Périgueux*, *Bordelaise*, *Provençale*, *Genevoise*, *Matelotte*, *Châteaubriand*, *Régence*, *Italienne*, and *Robert*, with others too numerous to mention. The *spécialités* of the sauces I have enumerated consist in

the flavouring of the *Espagnole*, from which they are really made, with mushrooms, truffles, *essence* of game or of pigeons, poultry, fish, or ham (concerning which I shall speak later on) wine in judicious proportions, delicate vegetables, and so on. A careful perusal of a good cookery book receipt ought to guide you, when once you have achieved an undeniable foundation with your *Espagnole.*

I will, for example, give you *sauce a la Périgueux* :—chop up the contents of half a small bottle of truffles and toss them a while in some melted butter at the bottom of a light sauce-pan, add a little pepper and salt, and then slowly stir in your Espagnole already described; when thoroughly hot the sauce is ready.

Take now *Financière* sauce for, let us say, a *ragout* of that name :—Choose a nice tender fowl, select all the meat you require for your ragout, and save the bones, liver, giblets, and trimmings. Proceed to make an *essence* of these thus :—break up the bones, and with the rest of the pieces make the strongest broth you can, flavoured with an onion, a pinch of dried herbs, a sliced carrot, and two or three pepper corns; reduce it as strong as possible, and then strain. Now take equal portions of mushrooms and of truffles; cut them up, and toss them in melted butter at the bottom of a sauce-pan, when you have worked them well thus for two or three minutes, add your fowl essence, and complete the sauce with your pint of *Espagnole.* The *ragout* (which should be garnished with whole button mushrooms, sliced truffles, cockscombs, tongue, grated ham, and sippets of crisply fried bacon) is merely a careful stew of fowl fillets, in the sauce, I have described. If the fillets be previously cooked, they will merely require gently heating up in the sauce.

Béchamel, which I select as the best type of a fundamental white sauce, should be made in this way :—Take the same ingredients I detailed for *Espagnole*, and commence by slicing up the onion, aud shake the rings in an ounce of melted butter at the bottom of the stew-pan; do not let

them take colour, but add your meat and bones at once, and cover them with water, omitting the browning stage: go on now to make a *clear* consommé; instead of burnt sugar colouring, add a pinch of powdered sugar plain; if this be carefully prepared, and skimmed, you will obtain a pellucid broth which should be strained, and kept ready for use presently. Take a sauce-pan, and melt a quarter of a pound of "Cow-brand," or any good preserved butter in it; fry gently in that for ten minutes a sliced carrot and a sliced onion; before they take colour, add two ounces of flour, stir for five minutes, and add by degrees your clear stock, half a pint of cream, a small tin-ful of mushrooms chopped, salt, and pepper; stir over the fire till boiling, and then permit the sauce to simmer slowly for an hour, taking off all fat that may rise. At the end of the hour you can strain the *Béchamel* into a sauce-pan, and place it in the *bain-marie*. Before using, a gill of cream may be finally stirred into the sauce as you take it from the *bain-marie.*

Velouté is exactly like this omitting the cream when you add the stock, and also the chopped mushrooms: it is therefore less expensive and not so rich.

Allemande is *Vélouté* flavoured with chicken essence, and chopped mushrooms: it is thickened with yolks of eggs, and no cream is needed in its composition.

With these for your bases, you can make the following rich white sauces:—Oyster, Lobster, *Suprême, Vénitienne,* rich *Soubise, Champignons blanches, purée de céleri,* and other rich white *purées.* In fact all sauces which, in their simple form, are made with *sauce blanche,* or *sauce blonde,* may be served in a superior manner by using *velouté,* or *béchamel* as their groundwork.

I have already described the making of chicken, or rather fowl essence: the same principles being observed, you can obtain valuable flavouring gravies from all poultry bones,

especially from those of a turkey: the giblets should never be thrown away for they assist a gravy greatly. In like manner game bones are very valuable: a dash of Madeira improves game essences.

Chablis and sauterne give assistance to fish gravies, which are used, of course, to improve sauces like *Crème d'anchois*, *mâitre d'hôtel*, and all fish sauces. Essences of mushrooms, of truffles, vegetables, and ham, are obtained by stewing them cut into small pieces in *consommé*.

Mirepoix is a strong broth made from meat and vegetables, flavoured with wine and sweet herbs, and strained, but not thickened. It is used as a flavouring agent.

I have now, I think, given you a sketch of sauce-making in its various stages. A few sauces that I have not at present described, will be found in my *menus*. In my next I propose to discuss "meat and poultry as joints."

CHAPTER XVI.

Roast and Boiled.

"GIVE me," says the Englishman, "a good cut of a well cooked joint, with a nicely boiled potato, and a fresh vegetable, and I will ask for nothing more." Now, it must be admitted, that honest slices of meat constitute the favourite dinner of a Briton. Go into a Club dining-room, or into any large London tavern like "Simpson's," "The Rainbow," &c., &c., and you will find two-thirds of the men assembled there dining "off the joint." And verily the well roasted haunch or saddle of mutton, the sirloin of beef, the fillet of veal, and the loin of pork, are dishes peculiar to England, of which we may well boast. Our artistic neighbours across the channel are wont to sneer at our love of great joints, which they fail to cook as well as we do, and though in deference to the insular taste "ross biff" generally figures in a Parisian *menu*, I think that men are unanimous in saying that it never comes up to the home-fed, home-served sirloin.

Our *penchant* for solid food follows us whithersoever we wander away from home, and we find John Bull in India as fond of his beef and mutton, as he was when "a humble cottager in Britain." He sighs for a South-down saddle, or a Scotch sirloin, and is apt to turn away sorrowfully from the meagre travesty of a joint, which, after much trouble, the sharer of his joys and sorrows contrives to place before him.

Now, although a vast quantity of wretched meat is sold in the Indian market, I think that people who are willing to pay a good price, and whose servants are not unusually dishonest, can generally get fair beef and mutton at the large stations of this Presidency. A really bad servant will of course cheat you with greater cruelty in buying your meat than in anything. At some places the beef is better than the mutton, and *vice versâ,* but I think that, if not haggled with over his prices, a butcher is always to be found who can supply you with eatable meat. At the present time, owing to the calamity which befel us last year, and the two previous seasons of scarcity, our market here is not nearly as well supplied as it formerly was; nevertheless, good meat is to be got. The mutton at the Madras Club is excellent, and you always get a nice cut from a saddle at a dinner party.

The comparative scarcity however, of eatable meat is in a great measure due to ourselves. If the butchers were certain of sales at remunerative prices they would produce a far better article than they do, but when people grumble at an extra anna charged on a seer of well-fed meat, you can scarcely expect much improvement. The expenses attending sheep-feeding are pretty well proved by the statistics of the old established mutton clubs up-country. The members, it is true, get capital meat, but it costs them, first and last, very nearly what it would in England. Native graziers can hardly be expected to turn out equally good mutton at a cheaper rate.

Setting aside the joints that you occasionally get when a stall-fed ox has been slaughtered, or a gram-fed sheep cut up; and without considering the exceptionally good meat of mutton clubs, it is the duty of the chronicler of these "jottings" to treat of the average produce of the country, and to endeavour to provide his readers with a few useful hints as to the cookery thereof. Let us therefore take the ordinary joint of beef or of mutton which Ramasámy brings daily from bazaar for "Master and Mrs. only":—the diminutive sirloin, the ribs scarcely larger than the loin chops of a

Leicestershire sheep, the three-and-a-half pound leg of mutton, or the wizen loinlet,—and let us assume that the meat, though small, is fairly good,—what shall we do with it?

In a country where it is impossible to keep cooked meat, the fact of a joint being small need hardly be considered a drawback, but we have before us a good deal of bone in proportion to the meat, and very little fat. I say boldly that plainly roasting such a fragment is a mistake. Unless the joint be of a fair size, and above the average as to fat (like the saddle, or the specially fine sirloin we buy for a dinner party) I would never roast it. The morsel can ill afford to lose the little gravy it possesses which the stab of the spit is bound to draw, and which we rarely see sent to table, for Ramasámy appreciates it as an adjunct to his curry.

The only way to cook little joints, such as I allude to, is to *braise* them. In this way you obtain all the nourishment the meat can give, and a tasty dish into the bargain. For the benefit of those who do not quite understand the process I had better mention that *braising* consists in placing meat in a closed stew-pan, with a little made gravy or stock round it, vegetables cut up, and a judicious allowance of salt and pepper. In this the meat is slowly cooked, whilst it is browned externally by live coals placed on the stew-pan lid. There is thus heat from above and below the pan, and the joint is cooked in its own gravy. To *braise* a little Indian joint successfully you must first bone it, then trim it, tie it with a string into a neat shape, give it a dust of salt and pepper, and put it on one side, whilst you make the best broth you can from the bones you cut out, and the trimmings: this should occupy the cook all morning: having obtained all you can from the bones, strain off your broth, let it get cool, skim off the fat and now proceed to cook the meat. Melt some butter or fat at the bottom of your stew-pan first, and turn the meat about in till it begins to take colour, then add your broth (a pint and a half or thereabouts will be found enough) with two carrots, four good sized onions, pepper, and salt: let it come slowly to the boil, then simmer

gently for two hours. Turn the meat, add a couple of onions, and (says Gouffé) a gill of brandy, let the pan simmer for an hour more,—keeping live-coals on the lid throughout the process,—and the *braise* will be complete. Lift out the joint, and keep it on a hot dish, whilst you strain off the gravy remaining in the stew-pan,—it will be half the amount you originally poured in, but much stronger. You can now send up the joint with the gravy plainly poured round it; or you can pass the vegetables, with which the meat was *braised*, through the sieve, thicken the gravy, and add the pulp of the vegetables to it. In this manner you can successfully dress a leg of mutton, a loin of mutton, a small sirloin, a piece of the ribs of beef, in fact all small joints.

Poultry ducks and geese are far better *braised* than roasted, unless you keep a fowl-yard of your own, and feed and kill the birds at home. To *braise* poultry well, you must make the gravy from the giblets, and trimmings of the birds, assisted by a little gravy meat; and all *braises* are better if you help the gravy with a little extra meat. The French throw in a glass or two of light white wine when *braising* poultry, and Madeira is a sterling aid in cooking mutton or beef in this method.

If you *must* roast your meat, see that it is not spitted,—that is, *thrust through by the spit;* with a little care a small Indian joint can easily be *tied to it.* Do not let your cook use skewers, but make him tie a joint into shape, for every stab inflicted in it, will rob the piece of meat of its juiciness.

Tastes vary so strangely as to the "doing" of meat, that it is impossible to give a rule for roasting. It is, however, essential to use an equal fire throughout the process, and to guard against cooking the outside too fast. Frequent basting is a *sine quâ non*, and you should dredge a little flour over the meat to finish with, to produce a crisp, brown frothy surface. You should preserve the fat of your sirloin or loin of mutton, by tying over it a wrapper of buttered paper.

The French place their small joints in *marinade,* a custom I strongly advocate for the poor meat of this country, when you intend to roast or grill it. Here is the Gallic method of cooking a loin of mutton *en papillote*:—Trim the loin nicely, and let it lie from morning till roasting time *en marinade,* composed of a breakfast cupful of salad oil, two onions, and a carrot, sliced fine as for *Julienne,* with some whole peppers, cloves, salt, chopped parsley, and a tea spoonful of powdered dried sweet herbs. Let the joint be turned several times during the day, and baste it often. When to be dressed, pack it with its vegetables and all in a well oiled paper, and roast it carefully, basting it with the oil that composed the *marinade:* when *nearly done,* remove the paper, brush off the vegetables, baste with melted butter, and serve, when nicely browned, with other vegetables, independently cooked in gravy. Though the inexperienced reader will hardly believe me, I can assure him that when finally set before him, he will fail to trace the presence of oil (the *bête noir* of Englishmen) whilst he will be surprised at the juiciness, and good flavour of the meat.

In roasting poultry, invariably lard the breast with fat bacon, or tie a flap of bacon over it. Birds cannot be kept too moist when roasting. A Bellary onion, and a lump of preserved butter should be put inside the carcass of a fowl, and the basting should be carefully attended to. The slower the roasting the better. I have often found that a fowl baked in a slow oven till about three parts done, and then finished in front of the fire, was excellent. It should be occasionally basted with melted butter whilst in the oven. The bacon tied over the breast should be removed during the last five minutes of the cooking, when the bird should be lightly dredged over with flour, and liberally basted with melted butter to produce the brown, crisp, blisters, which always make a fowl look inviting.

CHAPTER XVII.

Roast and Boiled—continued.

IF permitted to follow the customs of the cookroom, the uneducated Ramasámy will send up your roast fowl—hardly as large as an English chicken,—with its breast strangely puffed out and distorted with a horrible compound called "stuffing." This you carefully avoid eating on account of its nastiness, but few, I take it, boldly order their cooks never to perpetrate the atrocity again, being under an impression that stuffing is necessary in roasting poultry. The mixture which tradition has handed down to the Anglo-Indian kitchen for the stuffing of ducks and geese is nearly as disagreeable as that for the fowl. Whilst the latter may be described as a consolidated and greasy relation of the "bread poultice," I denounced when treating of "bread sauce," the former owes its flavour to violent onion, crude sage, and slices of half-boiled *potato*, mixed together lumpily and lubricated with some chopped fat. Let me speedily tell you that *potato* has no place whatever in duck stuffing, and that the crude taste you dislike so much arises from the sage being chopped raw, and the onion being a common one instead of the mild kind called "Bombay," or "Bellary."

Duck stuffing should be made in this manner:—take three Bombay onions the size of Badminton balls, wash, peel, and boil them in two waters to extract the acrid flavour: whilst these are boiling, take eight tender looking

sage leaves, and scald them in boiling water for five minutes, take them out, and when the onions are tender, turn them out, drain them dry, and proceed to mince them with the sage leaves, *very fine.* Add to this, five ounces of bread-crumbs, and dust over the mixture a liberal allowance of spiced pepper (which I give at the end of this Chapter) and salt: when nicely worked together, bind the ingredients with the yolks of two eggs, and an ounce of butter cut into dice: it will now be ready for use. The proportions of this stuffing may be relied on: it is mild, yet pleasantly flavoured, and, "leaves not a trace of sad memory behind."

Goose stuffing is made in a similar way, and it is a pleasant addition to some joints of pork: let my friends on the Hills try a loin, boned, rolled, and stuffed with this, and roasted over a bright fire.

To return to fowl stuffing. The only birds that should be stuffed in the crop are turkeys, and exceptionally fine capons. Who amongst you ever saw a roast fowl in England, stuffed? The barbarous practice has become common out here, and ought to be put down as utterly wrong. Moisture, which is so necessary in roasting, should be secured by either larding the fowl with fat bacon, or tying a slice of bacon over the breast. I advocate a stuffing for the inside of a fowl intended for *braising* as follows:—well mashed potato, and boiled Bombay onion, in the proportion of two-thirds of the former, to one-third of the latter. The mashed potato, of course, contains butter, spiced pepper, and a little milk or cream, or the yolk of an egg, and helps to preserve the juiciness of the bird; the flavour it imparts too is, I think, agreeable.

An author for whom I entertained the greatest respect, urges the practice I mentioned in my last chapter of putting one sweet onion, and a lump of salt butter, inside every chicken, or fowl, to be roasted. But this cannot be called "stuffing." A turkey, on the other hand, requires carefully made forcemeat, and, as you all know, there are many varieties thereof. Truffles, and chestnuts

form the epicurean stuffings of the roast turkey, and one of oysters is propounded for the boiled bird. I leave these elaborate compositions alone, for receipts can be easily hunted up for them when a special occasion may demand a "*dindon truffé à la Perigord*," or a "*dinde braisée à la financière*," &c., &c. The stuffing I am anxious to discuss is the ordinary one we remember in England for turkeys, veal, hares, and so on:—a firm, green-tinted forcemeat, flavoured with pleasant herbs, a suspicion of lemon-peel, and slight touch of spice; a forcemeat which cuts clean with the slice of the breast of your turkey, or fillet of veal, and is nice whether hot or cold. *Not* a greasy mess, pale brown in color, and lumpy, which, at the first cut of the knife, oozes out, and encumbers the dish in a most untempting manner.

In order to be sure of making the real thing, if you have not (as you *ought* to have easily enough at Madras) the plants themselves growing in pots handy, see that you have a bottle of dried thyme, and one of marjoram, and a good bunch of fresh curly parsley, which should also be growing in pots. Having these ready, work as follows:—peel a good sized lime and mince the peel as fine as possible: weigh six ounces of dry, well sifted, stale bread-crumbs: measure a dessert spoonful of chopped thyme (green) and one of marjoram (green.,) or take a table spoonful of the dried leaves powdered—half and half: you must powder the leaves to get rid of atoms of stalk and stick: mince the parsley fine to the extent of a heaped up table spoonful: chop up three ounces of fresh beef suet, or butter, if suet cannot be got: mix all these together with two spoons in a large dish, and dust the whole well with salt and pepper, and a little grated nutmeg, lastly binding the mixture together with three well beaten eggs: work this together, and the stuffing will be fit to use. Much depends upon the fine mincing of all the ingredients, and their thorough incorporation: the suet should be chopped as finely as possible. The colour will be, of course, a deep green provided, you use the quantities of green herbs I have given: supposing, however, that you have only dried

herbs, and that you cannot get parsley; why not secure the colour by a good spoonful of spinach greening, it is almost tasteless, and the colour is a great thing in stuffing. This, carefully made, is Martha's ordinary veal, or turkey stuffing, and ought to taste just as nice here as that we so well remember at home.

Forcemeats are, of course, added to, and perhaps improved, by chopped ham, tongue, liver, mushrooms, bacon, a little anchovy, a casual oyster, and, of course, truffles. The addition of these things should, however, be thoughtfully carried out, and the proportions on no account left at hap-hazard to the tender mercy of the average Ramasámy.

Amongst the many barbarous tricks of Native cooks, there is an especial one which I ought to have brought to prominent notice before. I refer to the method which obtains in the cookroom of removing the feathers from poultry, geese, ducks, and game. I cannot call it "plucking," for, as many of you know, the feathers are got rid of wholesale by plunging the bird into scalding hot-water! The immediate effect of this ignorant habit is to harden and parch the skin of the fowl, to prevent the proper exudation of moisture during roasting, and to render the flesh dry and tasteless. Birds must be plucked by hand, and their small down must be singed. To ensure this being done in your kitchen, order all birds to be brought for inspection when *trussed for cooking*, and the smallest experience will enable you to detect the parchment-like skin of the scalded bird, from that of the hand-plucked one, which will be cool and soft, with an unmistakable freshness which the other cannot have. A basket containing *the feathers* should also be shown, for *they* will expose scalding in a minute. It is needless to say that game is ruthlessly spoiled by this trick of the kitchen, and even the chicken destined for a curry is robbed of half its flavour by being scalded first. The practice is, of course, the offspring of idleness,—a subterfuge to escape trouble.

I would also point out that the common way of killing poultry in this country is inhuman, and, in a culinary

point of view, utterly wrong. Setting aside the cruelty of cutting a fowl's throat, and throwing it on the ground to bleed to death in agony, what an idiotic thing it is to waste the very part of the bird from which its gravy, and juiciness are derived! White meats are bled in England simply to produce the necessary tint, but they lose much of their nutritious quality by the process. They can afford to do so. Our poorly flavoured birds can ill endure the loss of an atom of the richness they may possess. I maintain, therefore, that a merciful, and instantaneous death, by a heavy blow of a wooden mallet, would be better for the fowl, and far better for us:—the blow should be given on the back of the head.

In all stuffings, and forcemeats, whether required for roast, boiled, or braised poultry; for the dainty galantine, or the savoury pie, there are few things more useful to have at hand than "spiced pepper." It saves an infinity of trouble, and is an invaluable thing for a thousand dishes. I have been very successful with one I made from Gouffé's receipt, which I feel it my duty to tell you of, and urge you to go and do likewise. You can bottle it, and take what you require from time to time.

¼ ounce dried thyme leaves,
¼ do. do. marjoram,
¼ do. do. savory,
½ do. nutmeg,
½ do. cloves,
¼ do. whole black pepper,
⅛ do. red pepper,

from the bottle.

pound the above ingredients thoroughly in a mortar, and when ground to powder, pass it through a fine sieve: bottle it, and cork it down securely.

If you desire to make what Gouffé calls "spiced salt," mix one ounce of the above with four of salt. The spiced pepper is constantly wanted, and lends that nice sausage flavour to savoury pies, rolled beef, brawn, savoury *pâtés*, and all forcemeats.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Roast and Boiled—concluded.

"BOILING," says the G.C., "is one of the simplest and most economical modes of preparing food. Meat loses less weight in boiling than in any process of cooking, and the water it has boiled in can always be turned to good account; besides which, although it may be an open question whether boiled meat is more nutritious than roast or broiled meat, it is beyond dispute more wholesome and easily digested."

Under the head of "soup-making" I have already discussed the method of boiling meat required for soup: the "*pot au feu*" being my example of how meat should be treated when the object is to extract its juices. We must now consider what has to be done in preparing boiled meat for the table, and note where the two processes differ. For the "*pot au feu*" it is necessary to put the meat into cold water first,—alone: to watch it come slowly to the boil, skimming the scum that rises very carefully: when the surface is clear, and the water boiling, to add the salt, vegetables, &c.; to let it boil till the vegetables are done, and then to let the contents of your pot simmer for three or four hours. For a piece of boiled beef, or a fowl, mutton, or whatever it may be, destined for the dinner table, you must put the meat, tied neatly in the shape required with twine, into *hot-water* to begin with: like the *pot au*

feu it should be watched, and skimmed, and the salt, and flavouring vegetables, and herbs, added when the scum has been removed. The water, let me observe, must not be *boiling,* it should be as hot as you can bear to touch, and the early stage of coming to the actual boil should be retarded as much as possible.

Boiled meat at the English dinner table is often spoiled by being "galloped," as cooks say, that is, done too fast. Meat thus maltreated cannot fail to be tough. You must simmer your hump, or your ham, just as carefully as you would the meat of a *pot au feu.* When once boiling point has been attained, ease off the fire a little, and endeavour to obtain a uniform heat below the pot that will just keep its surface, as it were, *alive;* an occasional bubble, is what you want, with gentle motion, the water muttering to you, not jabbering and fussing, as it does when boiling. If you follow this process, you will never have to send a boiled leg of mutton away from the table because of its being too underdone inside to be fit to eat.

The common error made by cooks in England, just as much as by our Ramasámy, consists in their keeping up the high pressure too long, whereby the outside of the joint is rapidly done, and the inside scarcely cooked at all. The joint looks done, and is consequently sent up with the unsatisfactory result which I have pointed out. Simmering a joint of meat is undoubtedly a troublesome process in India, the cook's attention must be kept up throughout the work. He cannot lift the pot to the hob, or change its position on the range, as the English cook can so easily do. He must be ever watchful about his fire, and guard against there being too much, or too little fire-wood under his stew-pan. In fact, I doubt whether it is possible for Ramasámy to conduct the simmering process satisfactorily with only the common appliances of the cookroom at his command. Those who possess ranges, or cooking stoves, should count themselves especially fortunate: their cooks can regulate

the heat they want at will. But, with a common cookroom fireplace, the difficulty of maintaining the unvarying gentle heat so highly essential, appears to me to be very great.

During the boiling of a joint the water should at all times be kept so as to cover it: if there be any loss by evaporation, it should be made good by the addition of cold water.

No matter what meat you boil, you will find it improved by the addition of a few vegetables. Custom has ruled that we should put in carrots, and turnips, with boiled beef—turnips, or sweet onions, with boiled mutton,—onions with a rabbit, etc., yet true cooks add a judicious assortment of herbs, etc., to *every* boiled dish. A Bombay onion, some celery, a carrot, parsley, a sprig of marjoram, or thyme, a little bag of flavouring materials such as a clove of garlic, a blade of mace, a few cloves, some whole peppers, and the peel of a lime, should always go into the pan with a boiled fowl. Unless you have tried them, you have no idea how these things improve the taste of boiled joints.

It is a very capital plan *to boil a fowl in the soup-stock* Herein you have the true essence of economy—no waste. The soup gains all the fowl loses in the boiling, whilst the fowl gains richness and flavour by being done in the stock. One lot of vegetables and herbs suffices for both, and absolutely nothing is thrown away but the muslin bag which contained the spices, garlic, &c. I need hardly remind you that in suggesting this to Ramasámy you will meet with opposition. He will tell you, in all probability, that "mixted the fowl and soup-meat, cannot come the good taste," and when you insist upon a trial, he will go away sorrowful, for the broth produced in boiling a fowl, purely and simply, is his perquisite (or rather we do not ask for it) and "mixted with rice only," makes with a chilli or two—a bowl of "pish-pash." Nevertheless, the fact exists beyond a doubt that a fowl is vastly improved by being thus cooked: it

remains for you to decide whether, as a matter of policy, it would be wise to vex "your best friend" by ordering so great an innovation. I confess that the man who, with his eyes open, wars against his *chef*, is generally the loser before the campaign is ended.

Time in boiling meat can scarcely be fixed arbitrarily: if you follow the advice I have given, you will find fifteen to twenty minutes per pound a reliable allowance. Discretion and experience will enable you to decide what orders to give: large and deep joints like humps, legs of mutton and of pork, silverside of beef, and hams, will naturally require a more liberal allowance than fowls, tongues, galantines, bacon, rabbits, &c.

There are few things that are boiled so important as the ham. So much depends on the cook's knowledge of the process, that many a ham is spoiled through ignorance. I think it worth while, therefore, to give you the following rules which I hope will be found easy enough.

It is of course a *sine quâ non* that you soak the ham for twenty-four hours, changing the water at least three times (I am speaking of hams in canvas, or skin, not of those in tins) when thus well soaked, scrub the ham well, and trim it, scraping off all discolorations. Now place it in your ham-kettle, and cover it with cold water—(for a festival a bottle of Madeira should be poured in with the water)—and let it come gently to the boil removing all scum that may rise. When quite clear, throw in three carrots, a head of celery (leaves and all) three Bombay onions, a bag containing garlic, cloves, mace, whole peppers, and lime peel, parsley, thyme, and marjoram, boil on till the vegetables are done, and then let the kettle simmer gently for four or five hours. When done, let it remain till nearly cold, then lift the ham from the water, and detach the outer skin (it will roll off easily) and dredge some fine raspings of baked crumbs over it. An ancient Indian custom may still

be met with, where civilisation has not yet penetrated, of sticking an army of cloves into the skin of a ham. Fine your cook a rupee for this desecration and it will not occur again. The ham should either be dredged over as I have described, or, if wanted for a ball supper, wedding breakfast luncheon party, or grand picnic, it should be glazed.

Old cookery books give you the funniest nostrums concerning the cookery of a ham; wisps of hay, juniper berries, coriander seed, ale, and even leather shavings, are laid down as flavouring adjuncts. Saltpetre is advised to add to the redness, and in England you find local prejudices for the addition of different wines, in one county elder-wine, in another cowslip-wine, and so on. The end of all things, after all, is to get a really well cured ham, if you secure *that*, and cook it as I have described, you will not require any leather shavings, but remember that on important occasions *a bottle of Madeira* crowns your best efforts with supreme success.

Some of the best modern writers on cookery urge us to give up the salting of beef for boiling; "such a practice," says one of them, "cannot be too strongly condemned; for whilst it impairs the wholesomeness of the meat, and makes it less digestible, it considerably diminishes the nutritive properties of it, and, boil it as you will, a piece of salt beef is never so tender as a piece of fresh beef." We Anglo-Indians can scarcely bring ourselves to follow this advice in its entirety; our hump being in itself a *spécialité* worthy of admiration in any land. Neither will Englishmen ever be prevailed upon to deny themselves those delicious slices of cold boiled salted silverside, with which they are wont to regale themselves at breakfast, and at luncheon at home. Nevertheless, small pieces of beef, boiled fresh with vegetables are very acceptable. I do not, for instance, think that an Indian brisket is worth salting; it generally comes to table hard, and dry, not having sufficient depth of flesh; boiled fresh, with the allowance of vegetables I have mentioned, this joint will be found nice enough and if laid upon a

bed of previously boiled maccaroni, and smothered in bright tomato sauce, you might indeed go further and fare worse.

I fully agree with the old rhyme:—

"A turkey boiled is turkey spoiled,"

and I cannot understand any one so cooking that noble bird. A funny idea exists I know (one handed down from grand-mama) that if you give *roast* mutton or beef at a dinner party, the fowls or turkey must be *boiled!* What absurd nonsense. You offer your guest the choice of *white* or *brown* meat, each dressed in its most tempting form, you do not bind yourself to give him roast, or boiled. If the white meat be equally nice boiled, like fowls, a leg of pork, a knuckle of veal, &c., you may, of course, so serve it, but don't run away with the erroneous notion that you *must* boil (and so spoil) your turkey because your other joint happen to be a saddle, or a sirloin.

CHAPTER XIX.

Our Vegetables.

CRITICS on English cookery seem to agree in saying that, wanting as we are, as a rule, in our general knowledge of kitchen work, our ignorance of the treatment of vegetables is greater than in every other branch of the art. Until comparatively lately, the universal method of serving vegetables at an English dinner table was with the meat alone. Dressed vegetables, or *entremets de legumes*, were never heard of. Of late years, however, facilities in the way of travelling abroad have been great, and by degrees the Briton has come to appreciate a dish of vegetables, specially prepared, such as he liked so much in Paris, at Monaco, or Pau; and Martha has been "worritted," on the return of the family to England, to "mess about the cauliflower with cheese," or send up the green peas in solitary grandure. A fillip has, in this way, been given to vegetable cookery in England, and people with any claims to refined taste have at last come to perceive the absolute barbarism of heaping up two or three sorts of vegetables on the same plate with roast meat and gravy. From time immemorial tinned asparagus has occupied a prominent place in the *menu* of a dinner in India: I have often wondered how this spark of civilization became kindled, and why the example thus given was never more generally followed with regard to other vegetables.

It will be, I think, admitted *nem con* that we live in a climate out here especially demanding vegetable diet. With the thermometer indicating 90° or thereabouts, plain animal food is not only distasteful to many, but absolutely unwholesome. We cannot, therefore, devote too much attention to the cookery of vegetables.

Let us consider what we have got under three heads:—

(*a*)—English vegetables grown in India.

(*b*)—Country vegetables.

(*c*)—Vegetables preserved in tins.

At different periods during the year we can get in Madras:—potatoes, peas, cauliflower, cabbages, spinach, artichokes (Jerusalem), and globe artichokes from the Hills, French beans, carrots, turnips, knolkhol, celery, marrows, leeks, cucumbers, tomatoes, lettuces, beetroot, endive, and onions: all under head number one.

Under head number two we have, brinjals, bandecai, various beans, country cucumber, and greens (which cook well as spinach), the moringa, small tomato or love apple, maize (*mucka cholum*) sorrel, pumpkin, yams, onions large and small, garlic, and sweet potato.

For head number three, which we will take separately, we must consult the preserved provision list of any well known firm.

I have omitted asparagus, seakale, parsnips, and salsify, from my list under the first head, as those excellent vegetables have not yet been cultivated by the gardeners of Bangalore or the Neilgherries in sufficient quantity to form a portion of the vegetable supply of our markets. For the benefit, however, of such enterprising amateurs as may be able to grow them privately, I will mention how each should be treated by the cook hereafter.

Potatoes perhaps claim the most important place in our consideration, so let us take them first.

The boiling of a potato has long been considered one of the tests by which the merits of a cook should be decided. "Can she cook a chop, and boil a potato?" is often the modest query of *pater familias* in England, and in nine cases out of ten you may wager your best hat that she can do neither. Nevertheless, I have come to the conclusion that cooks are in many cases wrongfully blamed in the matter of potato cooking; that is to say, that their failure is often attributed to the wrong cause. We all know that the potato grows capriciously according to the weather it may have enjoyed, or have suffered from. A crop will sometimes prove mealy, and light, for the table, and at other times waxy, and heavy. It is therefore obvious that we should find out the merits or demerits of the tubers we buy, before we give our orders regarding their treatment in the kitchen. We ought not to expect all potatoes to turn out equally floury as a matter of course, and blame the cook if he fail so to serve them.

There are fortunately so many ways of cooking potatoes that we need never be at a loss for a recipe. If nice and mealy we can, of course, boil, or steam them,—the latter method for choice,—but if waxy, we must proceed differently.

Whether boiled, or steamed, a potato ought not to be peeled; if *very* old you cannot avoid removing the skin and eyes, but, in a general way, a potato is far better cooked "in its jacket." When done, the skin can be removed, if you wish, in the kitchen, and the dish be served plain, or in any one of the ways I shall presently speak of.

The "G. C.," says:—"After they have been carefully washed, put your potatoes, unpeeled, into a sauce-pan, filled with cold water to the height of about an inch, then sprinkle them with salt, and place a wet cloth on the top of them. The sauce-pan should be then put on the fire, and in about

half an hour, drawn upon the kitchener (at the side of the fire) to remain till the potatoes are wanted."

Choose potatoes as much of a size as you can for boiling: don't boil a large and two small ones together if you can help it. When potatoes are boiled in the ordinary fashion; that is, placed in a sauce-pan with a due allowance of salt, and covered well with cold water, they should be lifted, and drained after half an hour's cooking, and then be returned to the hot, empty sauce-pan, covered with a wet cloth, and placed at the margin of the fire to keep hot, and to dry themselves thoroughly.

New potatoes should be scrubbed, rubbed with a coarse cloth, and boiled or steamed according to taste, you cannot expect them to be very mealy, of course, and with some people their waxiness constitutes their chief charm.

Having boiled our potato satisfactorily, let us see in how many ways we may serve it, presuming that we have turned it out as flourily as we could desire.

First, of course, it may be sent up plainly, either in its skin, or crumbled into the dish made hot to receive it. Secondly, it may be turned out upon a wire sieve, be rubbed through it with a wooden spoon, and dished plainly in that form as "potato snow." Lastly, it may be mashed, and I maintain that true mashed potato can only be produced from a mealy tuber. A good way to mash potatoes is to work them well first, in the sauce-pan in which they were boiled, with a wooden spoon, adding as much butter as you can spare, a little milk, and some salt: when fairly well mashed, to pass them through the sieve so as to catch the knots, and then to form them as you like,—browning the mould in front of the fire or in the oven before serving. If you want to get that foreign taste, which many people fancy in mashed potatoes, try the following method:—when your potatoes are nicely boiled, and drained, turn them back

into their sauce-pan, which, during the draining, you must *rub* well with garlic: go on as previously described, be liberal with your butter, and in addition to the milk, add a little stock from the soup kettle; a dust of pepper, and a little nutmeg, will complete the *purée*, for remember that mashed potato abroad goes by the name of *purée de pommes de terre*, and is not sent to table quite so stiffly moulded as ours.

Mashed potato brings us to more elaborate forms of potato cookery, viz.:—*à la Duchesse, à la j'aidit, croquettes*, &c.

"Potatoes *à la Duchesse*" should be well worked through the sieve, enriched with the yolks of two or three eggs, and a gill of cream, and given a delicate flavouring of salt, pepper, nutmeg, and chopped parsley: then rolled into balls, either fried gently in butter, or browned in the oven on a buttered tin, being previously brushed over with white of egg.

A la j'aidit:—A Bombay onion, boiled very soft, should be beaten, hot, with four times its bulk of potato; butter, milk, pepper, and salt should be added, and the whole passed through the sieve: roll this mixture into balls, and treat them as laid down for the *Duchesses*.

Croquettes can be made of cold mashed potatoes left from a previous meal. You must work them very much as previously described, flavouring them with a little chopped parsley, a very little shallot, a little chopped thyme or marjoram, or spices if you like: form them into rolls or tablets, and fry them a golden brown. The art of the cook will be made manifest by his presenting you with a tasty looking morsel, delicately flavoured. Change can, of course, be obtained by selecting herbs, &c., according to your pleasure.

Waxy potatoes (with the exception previously mentioned of new ones) should never be served plainly boiled: you

should direct them to be cooked in one of the following ways:—*à la maître d'hôtel, à la Lyonnaise, sautées, à l'Américaine*, &c.

Potatoes *sautées*, (not to be confounded please with potato *chips*) should be treated in this manner:—Boil your potatoes then slice them moderately thickly, and toss them in butter in your frying pan till they brown nicely, pour the brown butter over them, and give them a dust of salt.

For *Maître d'hôtel* proceed as above, adding a few drops of lime juice, and a heaped up table spoonful of chopped curled parsley.

Potatoes *à la Lyonnaise* are achieved by first frying a Bombay onion (sliced fine in butter till it begins to brown) then adding your pieces of potato, tossing them till browned and finally giving them a dust of pepper.

Potatoes à l'Américaine:—Cut up your boiled potatoes into thick slices: flavour a little milk with onion, spice, pepper, and salt; strain and thicken it, as laid down for melted butter, with butter and flour, till you have a nice sauce *blanche*; place your slices of potato in this, and heat them up to boiling point: take the sauce-pan off the fire, stir in the yolk of an egg, add a large spoonful of chopped parsley, with a pat of butter the size of a rupee, and serve.

Waxy potatoes, pressed through the sieve, and served like vermicelli,—a favorite dish of Ramasámy's,—ought never to be encouraged.

CHAPTER XX.

Vegetables—continued.

THERE is perhaps no nicer way of serving potatoes with chops, steaks, grilled chicken, roast pigeon, &c., than in the form of "chips." An invalid, as a rule, takes to this plain method of cooking the potato, and it is a quicker way of doing it than by any of the other recipes.

In the first place, after washing the potatoes well, peel them, and slice them carefully a *uniform* thickness—about that of a rupee say—and spread them on a clean cloth to get rid of the moisture. Wipe them thoroughly, and spread a sheet of blotting paper ready for draining the chips hereafter. Now dissolve a goodly allowance of beef dripping (or whatever you use for frying with) in your *sauté* pan, or shallow sauce-pan; when quite boiling, drop in your potato slices—there should be enough fat to *completely cover them*—and let them, as it were, boil therein: watch them as they are cooking narrowly, turning and moving them about continually, and as soon as they assume the golden tint you want,—a nice pale yellow mind,—lift them quickly from the fat, and let them drain on the blotting paper for a minute or two. When quite dry, turn them into a very hot silver dish (or garnish the dish, with which they are to go, with them) and serve.

The main points to note here are first the equal thickness of the slices, for if cut both thick and thin, the latter will be done quicker than the former, and it is no easy thing to fish out the pieces that have taken colour from those that have not. *Drying* the chips well is essential number two, plenty of fat the third, and careful drainage when done the fourth.

Potatoes may be trimmed into various shapes,—filberts, dominoes, long narrow strips, &c., and cooked exactly as "chips." Uniformity in size is again necessary, and careful wiping before cooking. The cook must be a bit of an artist too in designing his patterns, or there will be sad waste in the cutting.

Ignorant cooks are apt to confound "potato chips," with "fried potatoes:" this should be explained away. "Fried potatoes" are slices of boiled potato tossed about in butter in the frying pan till lightly browned; the "chips" are slices of *raw* potato absolutely boiled in fat.

Mock "new potatoes" make a nice dish for a change, and can be contrived out of a waxy tuber that refuses to be boiled flourily. Boil the potatoes as usual, and when done, cut them into pieces the shape and size of a pigeon's egg: make a flour and butter *sauce blanche* and put the pieces of potato into it. Heat up gently in the *bain-marie* pan, or dip the sauce-pan containing the potato in a larger vessel filled with boiling water, and when thoroughly hot, serve. Chopped parsley, a coffee cupful of milk in which the yolk of an egg has been stirred, and a lump of butter, may be added at the last moment.

"Steamed potatoes" should be scraped, picked, and wiped, after having been set for five minutes or so in cold water: then place them in the steamer over boiling water, and let them steam till done: the time may vary from twenty to forty minutes: the fork should go through them easily (or a skewer) if not, they are not done. A minute in a fast oven will dry them if needful.

In boiling potatoes in the ordinary method, it is a good thing to check the rate of cooking, every now and then, by adding a little cold water, and the time ought to be,—*after* boiling commences,—from eighteen to twenty minutes.

Peas may be boiled, cooked in the jar, or stewed; it is a *sine quâ non* that boiled peas be young and fresh. You never get a dish of peas equal to those gathered in your own garden: those bought in the Indian market are, as a rule, far too old, having been allowed to attain the largest size possible. I have eaten peas from my own garden at Bangalore, and Secunderabad, as delicious as could be desired. They were small, because the pods were cut with their contents three parts developed, but for flavour and tenderness, they could not have been better. During our winter season at Madras we can grow our own peas, and surely the trouble is slight when we consider the result.

For boiled peas:—Put one quart of water with a tea spoonful of salt, one of sugar, and half an ounce of green mint on the fire: when it boils, pour in a pint measure of shelled peas; boil quickly; when done, drain, and turn them on to a frying pan with an ounce of butter, sprinkle a little salt over them, work the pan till the butter melts, and is blended with the peas, then turn them on to a hot dish, and serve. (Gouffé.)

"Peas in the jar."—This is to my thinking the best way of cooking peas. You get the whole flavour of them, they are rarely overdone 'to a mash' like boiled peas in clumsy hands often are, and even old peas become tender and eatable by such treatment. Having shelled half a pint of peas, put them into an old two-pound jam jar, with a screw lid,—or a block tin can with a closely fitting top,—(the vessel must be completely closed) and put in with them a table spoonful of butter, a tea spoonful of salt, a tea spoonful of powdered sugar, a dozen mint leaves, and a very little white pepper. Cover the vessel down tightly,

and immerse it in a stew-pan, or *bain-marie* pan full of boiling water: the peas should be examined in half an hour by which time they should be done. The French tinned peas are excellent when thus cooked; a quarter of an hour is ample: they should be drained from the 'tin' liquor, and washed in 'two or three waters,' as cook say; that is, fresh water should be poured over them two or three times. The fresh butter, mint, &c., resuscitates the peas wonderfully.

Old peas may be stewed thus:—Put a lump of butter into a stew-pan with a Bombay onion sliced, a bunch of mint and parsley, and a tea spoonful of salt; cook this awhile till the onions take a pale colour, and then add the peas, with as much water as will just float them: simmer this patiently till the peas are thoroughly tender, then take up the pan, strain the liquor, spread out the peas on a dish and pick out the pieces of onion; now thicken the liquor with butter and flour, adding a pinch of sugar, and lastly the peas again: stir well, bring the sauce-pan to boiling point, and serve. But, after all, there is no way so good for turning *old* peas to a satisfactory account as the *purée*. For this, boil them as previously described, and then work them through the sieve. When you have got them through, add butter, salt, a very little sugar, with a spoonful of cream or good milk, and serve in a small mould.

The flavour of lettuce is strongly recommended by some writers as a help to peas, and onions are also advocated: the lettuce should be shred, and put in with the peas to start with, and the onion should go in whole, both being removed when the peas are served. A slice of fat bacon is a capital thing to slip in with "jugged peas."

Peas form a favorite *entremet* alone; they should be, of course, carefully dressed, and served as hot as possible. The following styles are recommended:—

1. "*Petits pois au beurre,*"—boiled, or jugged peas,

served with a liberal allowance of fresh butter melted in a small sauce-pan, and mixed with them at the last moment.

2. "*A la crème*,"—a coffee cupful of boiling cream poured over them just as you serve.

3. "*Au jambon*,"—finely minced ham, tossed in butter and lightly fried, mixed with boiled, or jugged peas.

4. "*Au lard*,"—the same method, using bacon instead of ham. The bacon atoms should be nice and crisp.

5. The "*purée*."

French beans—*haricots verts*, are well worthy of our attention for we can get them when other vegetables are out of season. They are, besides, the correct accompaniment of the roast saddle, the roast loin, and, of course, of venison. Now there is a very common and very great mistake, which cooks—in India especially—are prone to make in slicing the pods of this bean into *thin strips*: by doing this, nearly all the flavour of them is lost. The pods should be simply trimmed all round to get rid of the fibre, and then plunged into *boiling* water:—a pinch of soda will preserve their bright green tint, and at least a tea-spoon of salt should be mixed with water. Having boiled them to your satisfaction, you can serve them in the following excellent ways, and always secure a nice *entremet* with them if you like:—

1. "*Au fines herbes*."—Turn the beans out into a hot dish, melt a lump of butter in a little sauce-pan with some finely chopped parsley, some common garden cress, (some finely minced shallot if approved) some pepper, and a pinch of grated nutmeg,—pour over the beans, and serve.

2. "*Au sauce blanche*."—Make a *sauce blanche* with flour, and melted butter, water, salt, pepper, and a little nutmeg, stir into this the yolk of a raw egg, give it two or three drops of lime juice, and add as above.

3. "*Au sauce au fromage.*"—Make a *sauce blanche*, enrich it with the yolks of two eggs and a little milk (or cream), dredge into it a table spoonful of mild grated cheese, and pour it over the beans piping hot.

4. "*Au lard.*"—Mince some fat bacon with a little shallot, and work them awhile in the sauce-pan: add the boiled French beans, toss them about for a minute or two, and serve.

5. "*A la crème.*"—Pour a coffee cupful of boiling cream over the beans.

A well made tomato sauce, *soubise* sauce, or a rich *velouté* are all applicable to French beans: and a plain custard made of milk, eggs, and salt, assists them greatly.

French beans, cold, make a capital salad: I must, however, reserve that form of serving them for discussion elsewhere.

Cauliflowers, and all the cabbage kind, must be carefully washed, their dead and bruised leaves removed, and their stalks trimmed neatly. They must then be soaked in salt and water, (cold) to get rid of insects, caterpillars, &c. When satisfied that they are fit to cook, plunge them into boiling water with a tea spoonful of salt, and a bit of soda and lift them as soon as your test with the skewer assures you that they are done. Pressure is now necessary to get rid of the water, and when thoroughly drained they can be sent up. Cauliflowers and cabbages are equally well, if not better done in the steamer, by which process they do not absorb so much water, so do not require such careful draining. There are numerous methods of dressing greens,—*after* boiling or steaming them,—which ought to attract favourable attention, and I can assure you that with a very little trouble, you can turn out a most excellent series of dishes, which will well repay you, and raise the lowly cabbage to a much higher position in your estimation than it at present may occupy.

CHAPTER XXI.

Vegetables—continued.

BEFORE I pass to the fanciful styles in which cabbages can be dressed, I ought to call attention to a bad habit that the native cook often indulges in; I mean that of chopping up a plain boiled cabbage before serving it: setting aside the ugly appearance that the dish presents when thus maltreated, it is a wasteful practice. The chopped cabbage dries quickly, and will not be found worth dressing up a second time; whereas, if served whole, the portion that may be left after dinner, will remain nice and juicy, and form a *réchauffé* in the form of a *purée* with potatoes and butter for breakfast; or, tossed in butter in the frying pan with finely minced herbs, it will be acceptable with the chop or kidney.

1. Here is a form of stewed cabbage that—if the head be nice and young—is worthy of being eaten alone:—Take a savoy or any good sort of cabbage, pick it carefully, and let it soak in salt and water for an hour; if a large head, you must divide it into quarters, and even a small head had better be similarly treated. When satisfied that the cabbage is thoroughly clean, plunge the quarters into boiling hot water: after boiling for a quarter of an hour, take them out and drain them. Now mince a thick slice of bacon, and a little shallot, parsley, marjoram and thyme, with a pinch of sugar, pepper and salt to taste, put all in a stew-pan, and

set it on the fire. As soon as the bacon melts, lay your cabbage quarters in it, and pour round them sufficient gravy to half cover them. Let this simmer gently till the cabbage is done. Then lift out the quarters, place them in a hot dish, and cover them up. Strain the gravy, thicken it with flour and butter, and pour it over the cabbage. The better your gravy in this case, the better the result. If, therefore, you can spare some turkey bones, or scraps of game, ham, or tongue to assist your ordinary stock, your *entremet* will be all the nicer.

2. Another good way may be described as follows:—Half boil your cabbage, take it out, and drain it. Divide it into quarters. Make a nicely flavoured *sauce blanche* (with a little cream if you can spare it) place the quarters in this, complete their cooking therein, and serve, pouring the sauce over them.

3. Cabbages may be cooked with rice, and gravy:—Parboil the cabbage, cut it up small, put the pieces with an equal quantity of half-boiled rice, into as much gravy as will cover them, simmer till done, then serve. Do not put in more gravy than is absolutely necessary, or the dish will turn out more like a *potage* than an *entremet*. Grated cheese should be handed round with this.

4. A novel dish is recommended by a good authority which may be described in this way:—Boil the head of cabbage till the leaves become pliant: take it from the water, gently detach a number of leaves whole, and dry them on a clean cloth. Have ready some pounded *quenelle* meat of chicken and ham, or tongue with an anchovy, or any artistic mixture of savoury meats bound with an egg. Arrange a dessert spoonful of this on a cabbage leaf, which roll carefully up in the form of a sausage: wrap two or three more leaves round this, and tie them up with white tape. Make six, or eight of these, and simmer them gently in some good brown gravy till the leaves are done. Now

pick out your rolls, untie the tapes, dispose them tastefully in the hot dish ready for them, thicken the gravy and pour it over them: sippets of crisply fried bacon will form an appropriate garnish: serve.

Brussels sprouts are susceptible of delicate treatment: they can be cooked according to recipe number 2 in white sauce, and also in the following methods :—

1.—"*A la maître d'hôtel*" :—boiled, tossed in butter in a sauce-pan, with some minced parsley and the juice of a lime sprinkled over them, and salt and pepper to taste.

2.—"*A la Lyonnaise*":—mingled with a little onion, fried a golden tint, tossed together in the pan for a minute, and served hot.

3.—"*Au jus,*":—gently simmered in rich brown gravy, not thickened, but slightly flavoured with spice.

4.—"*Au beurre,*":—simply tossed in a good allowance of melted butter, with pepper and salt.

5.—"*A la crème*" :—served with a coffee cupful of boiling cream poured over them.

Greens of all kinds, especially sprouts, are exceedingly nice eaten plain with a *tartare* sauce accompanying them. A dressing of oil, vinegar, salt, pepper, and minced shallot is also a happy way of improving them, and I can recommend you to try this:—cut some slices of bread into fancy shapes, or simple oblongs; fry them in butter a golden brown, spread over them some minced greens, or pieces of sprouts, and serve them with a nice brown sauce, or with a layer of "buttered-eggs" on the top of the greens. Cabbages of all kinds can be served *â la purée*, and in that way make a capital homely soup, or a pleasant accompaniment to an *entrée*.

The cauliflower is, of course, the queen of the cabbage kind, and well deserves our most careful consideration. In

plain treatment, what I have said for cabbages generally, holds good for this vegetable also, viz :—draining in salt and water, careful picking, and plunging into boiling water, with a tiny bit of soda to preserve the green tint of the leaves. When boiled, and you must watch them carefully lest they be overdone, you can serve cauliflowers with a variety of sauces. Cut the stalk flat so that the cauliflower can sit up, as it were, the flower in the centre, and the leaves round it, and pour about it a good tomato sauce, or a plain *sauce blanche, béchamel*, or *sauce piquante*. Very small heads may be gently cooked, after being half-boiled, in *sauce blanche*; or the flower may be divided into sprigs, which can be cooked in clear gravy, and served with an *entrée*; but the great dish to be studied thoroughly is cauliflower "*au gratin*." This is as practicable with the remains of a cold boiled cauliflower, as with a fresh one. Dispose the pieces of cauliflower in a dish that will stand the oven, pour over them some melted butter: dust some grated cheese over them, pepper, salt, and grated nutmeg; bake for ten minutes, and serve.

With a fresh cauliflower you must boil the head first till all but done, which you must test with a skewer, drain it thoroughly; then dissolve a good quantity of Parmesan, or any mild grated cheese, in a large cupful of *sauce blanche*; next arrange the flower to the best of your power; either whole if large enough, or in pieces with the green leaves introduced between each piece; pour the sauce well round this, dust a layer of cheese over the surface, bake, and serve as soon as the top takes colour: a hot iron passed closely over the surface of the dish will brown it nicely.

For those who do not like cheese the following "*au gratin*" is to be recommended :—arrange your pieces of cauliflower as before explained, strew over them some fine stale bread crumbs, with some olives, a few capers, and an anchovy chopped up small; pour over this a cupful of melted butter, bake for ten minutes, and serve. Salad oil is better than

melted butter, but I fear that my countrymen would shrink from such a 'foreign' suggestion.

Spinach is a thing which we can get in the most trying weather, and with common care no *entremets de legumes* are more delicate than those which we can achieve with this vegetable. Having selected the leaves carefully, wash them well, and boil them thoroughly in plenty of water, with a large pinch of salt, and a bit of soda; when done, turn them into a sieve, and set them to drain well: when drained, work them through the sieve: now mingle a little butter, with some flour, in a sauce-pan, add the spinach, stir over the fire a minute or two, give it a spoonful of cream, or the yolk of an egg dissolved in a little milk, pepper, salt, and a very little grated nutmeg (instead of cream you can substitute a spoonful of stock saved from the soup) then, when of a nice consistency, turn the spinach out on a good hot dish, garnish it with sippets of fried bread, or short-bread biscuits specially baked for the dish, and serve. I mix a little grated cheese with the short-bread paste which I think goes well with the spinach, and some give the least suspicion of sugar; I think that the savoury method is the better of the two.

It is not at all necessary that you should make the *purée*, I have just given, always. If they are young and tender, you can, after draining the leaves thoroughly, chop them up, and serve them at once with a poached egg or two on the top of them; or you can fry some slices of bread, butter them, and dress your minced spinach over them, with a cap for each piece of "buttered-egg," or a pat of *maître d'hôtel* butter.

A nice mild anchovy toast, kept hot in the oven, and served with a layer of spinach over its surface is very nice: whilst a little mound of chopped spinach, garnished with hard boiled eggs, forms an attractive centre for an *entrée* of cutlets. A pleasing looking *entremet* of spinach is

made by shaping the greens in a circle, and leaving a hollow centre to be filled with "buttered-egg" coloured red with tomato-pulp.

Endive may be treated *à la purée* as I have described for spinach, and *sorrel* also. The young leaves of beetroot, "turnip tops" (leaves), and even water-cress are capable of similar dressing. Sorrel is not half enough used. Your cook will know it if you order "sorley,"—(Ramasámy's pronunciation of the double 'r' being peculiar)—and nothing is nicer than a mutton (neck) cutlet with a sorrel *purée*, for the pungent taste of the vegetable suggests a novelty to your palate. My readers who are now enjoying themselves on the Neilgherries ought to try a dish of pork cutlets, with a *purée* of sorrel, for with a rich white meat, sorrel is especially agreeable. I mentioned this vegetable in connection with *potage à la bonne femme* when talking about soups, and I may add now that a plain gravy soup thickened, and flavoured with sorrel *purée* is far from bad. In cooking sorrel, a little sugar is essential.

The Jerusalem artichoke is a vegetable, which, as a rule, people either dislike exceedingly, or are very fond of. I place it amongst the best we have. Wash the artichokes, peel and shape them nicely, dropping each one into salt and water at once to prevent its turning black; when all are ready, put them into a sauce-pan with a gallon of cold water, and two table spoonsful of salt; boil till tender (which will take about twenty minutes after boiling point has been attained) and drain, serving them with a nice *sauce blanche*.

Or, when three parts done, you can lift them up, and simmer them till quite done, in rich brown gravy.

Or, you can, when half-boiled, drain them dry, and bake them upon a well buttered tin, serving them with plain melted butter, a dressing of oil, vinegar, minced shallot and salt, or any *sauce piquante* you fancy.

But, like the cauliflower, the Jerusalem artichoke is worthy of any *gourmet's* attention when sent up "*au gratin.*" The combination being a *purée* of plain boiled artichoke, bountifully diluted with cream, slightly seasoned with pepper, salt, and grated nutmeg; this, turned into a well buttered pie-dish, its surface dusted over with finely grated mild cheese, and the whole baked until the top takes colour. Good milk may take the place of cream, or a *sauce blanche,* but if perfection be desired, pray use cream.

Another artistic method of doing this vegetable is this:—Cut up half a dozen large ones, after they have been three parts boiled, into long strips about a quarter of an inch thick, dip them in the batter I describe elsewhere, and fry them a golden tint: these fritters are excellent; you can order them alone as an *entremet*, or pile them in a pyramid as the central garnish of an *entrée.*

Jerusalem artichokes can be served in a mould, *iced* with a *mayonnaise* sauce, or *hot* with a Parmesan, or nice white sauce. For the mould follow this recipe:—2lbs. of the artichokes boiled in milk: ½ pint of cream: four eggs: pepper and salt. Mash the artichokes, and pass them through the hair sieve, add the cream, the eggs well beaten up whites and all, and season with pepper and salt. Put the mixture into a well buttered mould, and steam it for one hour. Turn it out, and garnish it with tomato *purée,* Parmesan sauce, or a rich *velouté.* Or:—ice the mould, and turn it out with a cold mayonnaise sauce in a boat. The name of this excellent *entremet* here is "*Topinambours à la Chetput.*"

CHAPTER XXII.

Vegetables—concluded.

UNDENIABLY good as the Jerusalem artichoke is, it is, of course, inferior to the globe or leafy kind. These are properly considered the choicest delicacies of the Neilgherry market by many people. A globe artichoke, like a cabbage, must be well soaked in salt and water to get rid of the insects which may be hidden between the leaves. Then it must be set head downwards in boiling water, with soda and salt, and boiled till the leaves part from the core. When done, you must drain it, and dish it hot: a little melted butter in which a few drops of vinegar, or lime juice have been introduced, forms an agreeable sauce.

There are several ways of serving globe artichokes which I of course dedicate to my readers who happen to be staying on the Hills. First let me give you directions for the trimming of an artichoke *secundum artem.* Place the vegetable head downwards on a board: with a sharp knife at once cut it straight down, dividing each half so obtained so that you have four quarters: next pare out the 'choke' which adheres to each quarter, (as you would core an apple) and trim off the leaves leaving about an eighth of an inch of them unsevered from the stem: drop each piece as you trim it into cold water in which a lime has been squeezed, or a table spoonful of vinegar poured, to prevent its turning black, and when you have prepared enough for the dish you require, throw the quarters into

boiling water with a dessert spoonful of salt, and a spoonful of vinegar; and in about fifteen minutes, when nearly done, lift them out and drain them. They may be now finished in these several ways:—

1.—As "*beignets*":—by being dipped in batter, and fried in boiling fat till of a bright golden tint.

2.—Or,—"*au sauce blanche*," in which they should be gently simmered.

3.—Or,—"*à la maîtré d'hôtel*":— tossed in butter, and served on a hot silver dish, with the melted butter, and a squeeze of lime juice poured over them, and a sprinkling of curled parsley.

4.—Or,— "*au gratin*":—the pieces neatly disposed upon a silver dish, with a little gravy round them to keep them from burning, dusted over with very finely sifted bread-crumbs, chopped mushroom, parsley and a little shallot, pepper, salt, and a piece of butter on the top of each piece, then baked for ten minutes and served hot.

5.—Or,—"*à l'Italienne*":—as in foregoing, substituting a dusting of mild grated cheese for bread-crumbs, omitting the mushroom and chopped herbs, and merely adding the pepper, salt, and butter.

6.—Or,—"*à l'Espagnole*,":—gently simmered in rich brown sauce.

7.—Or,— "*à la Lyonnaise*":—the pieces crisped in the oven very carefully, piled upon a hot silver dish, and a rich brown sauce (with finely minced onion fried, and a tablespoonful of minced parsley incorporated therewith) poured over them.

Cold boiled artichoke bottoms can be mashed up with cream, and a little butter, flavoured with a few drops of

anchovy essence, seasoned with pepper and salt, and baked in a little pie-dish. Or, the mixture can be placed inside little pastry patties (like oyster patties) and served on a napkin. This latter method is equally practicable with Jerusalem artichoke *purée*, and will be found (if your cook can make light pastry) very nice indeed. Remember when writing your *menu*, with regard to these two vegetables, that the '*artichaut*' is the *globe* or leafy kind; the Jerusalem artichoke should be called '*topinambour*.'

Turnips, knolkhol, carrots, and parsnips do not require much discussion; it should be remarked, however, that when nice and young all are worthy of attention, especially as garnishes for *entrées*, stews, &c. Think of *appearance* when serving them, and shape the roots into little cones, or ovals, of an equal size. I have seen a dish of turnips served *à la crème* which was worthy of separate service as an *entremet:* the roots had been cut into pieces and shaped about the size of a bantam's egg, boiled to a turn, and served with a coffee cupful of boiling cream poured over them to finish with.

Small 'early' carrots and parsnips may be trimmed a uniform size, boiled gently, and finally tossed in butter, in a frying pan, with pepper, salt, and some finely powdered sugar.

The French dish of young turnips called *navets glaces* ought to be very popular. Trim the turnips into shapes like small pears, or cones, and boil them till nearly done in salt and water; drain them, and put them into a sauce-pan with plenty of melted butter, and sprinkle them bountifully with powdered sugar, stir gently over the fire until they begin to brown, and then add a spoonful or two of clear stock: pepper, salt, and a little cinnamon is now given, let them simmer till quite tender and serve them in their own sauce. It is also recommended by some to let the sugar form a sort of *caramel* round the turnips *before* adding the stock: in that case you must put the turnip pieces (when the *caramel* stage has been reached) into a separate sauce-pan, wash out

the first one with a little stock pour that over them, and stew gently as in the other recipe. *Caramel* is, of course, sugar slowly melted over the fire, till it has attained a rich brown tint.

Parsnips, knolkhol and small round onions, (of the size usually pickled) are susceptible of similar treatment, and any brown *entrée* may be garnished with vegetables *glacés* in this form. The *purée* of turnips with cream is, of course, well known, and all root vegetables make toothsome additions to your ordinary dish of meat, or cutlets, as *purées,* or mixed cunningly as a *macédoine de legumes.*

The vegetable marrow and the cucumber are in their turn not to be passed over. I think the best general way of cooking them is to boil them till all but done, then to lift, and drain them, removing the seeds, and shaping them into fillets, &c., as desired. You can then heat them up in a previously made white, or brown sauce flavoured to taste, and, as soon as tender, serve. The cucumber should, of course, be peeled before boiling. Vegetable marrow is also worthy of a place amongst *entremets de legumes,* when served "*au gratin,*" baked in layers of fillets, in a little stock, and dusted over with grated cheese; or as "*beignets*" dipped in batter, and fried a golden brown in boiling fat.

An uncommon dish with a marrow is that called "mock whitebait:"—You parboil the marrow, and then cut it up into a number of pieces about the size of the whitebait, then roll them in flour, and fry them, at a gallop—in seething fat; lift them out, and drain them, when they turn a golden yellow, and serve with a dust of cayenne, and limes, cut in quarters, handed round with brown bread and butter.

Tomatoes form a most valuable portion of our vegetable produce. They are easily grown in this Presidency, and are often procurable when the stock of garden stuff has sunk to its lowest stage during the hot weather. Whether cut up

cold, in its raw state, and eaten as a salad,—or, in the form of *purée* as a soup, or sauce,—"*au gratin*" as an *entremet*,—with maccaroni,—with fish, or with other vegetables, as a garnish,—the tomato never fails to be a welcome friend. In Italy, Spain, and Southern France, it forms a staple part of the daily food of all classes, and I believe that I am right in saying that it is a very wholesome vegetable in a hot climate. I give you elsewhere several dishes in which tomatoes play an important part, I will, therefore, confine myself to two excellent recipes for serving them as an *entremet*.

"*Au gratin*":—Cut a slice off the top of each tomato as you would decapitate a boiled egg. With a dessert knife scoop out the pulp and seeds from the shell as well as you can, put the cases so obtained on one side: make a *purée* with the scooped out pulp, flavour it nicely like tomato sauce, and thicken it with fine bread crumbs: beat up some eggs (one for every two cases) and mix the whole well; add pepper and salt, stuff the cases therewith, give the surface of each a light dusting of grated cheese, bake on a buttered dish for ten minutes, and serve.

"*A l' Italienne*":—Cut the tomatoes in halves, empty them, and place them on a baking dish upon which you have poured a little of the best salad oil. Make a mixture of grated *ham*, bread-crumbs, some finely minced shallot, parsley, marjoram, and thyme, seasoned with pepper and salt; mix this with the tomato pulp, and fill the cases, covering them completely, shake an allowance of salad oil in drops over all, and bake for a few minutes, serving the dish intact as it comes from the oven. The proportion of crumbs to the ham should be two spoonsful of the former, to one of the latter, the flavouring herbs, &c., to taste at discretion.—Chopped anchovies, olives, capers, mushrooms and truffles, can be introduced if at hand, and butter (melted) may be used by those who do not like oil.

The "Bombay" onion can be made a good deal of either stuffed plainly, or with sheeps' *kidney*, as I have described

in my *menus*, and whether plainly boiled, or stewed, cannot fail to please those who are fond of them. A very presentable dish is made of them "*au gratin*" in this way:—boil them till tender; cut them up as finely as possible and mash them, mix the pulp well, adding a coffee cupful of cream, or milk enriched with the yolk of an egg, pepper, and salt. Put it into a shallow pie-dish, strew a layer of grated cheese over the surface, and bake for a few minutes till the top takes colour. You must, of course, butter the pie-dish, and also pour a little melted butter over the cheese.

Salsify—*(scorzonera)*—is an edible root which we ought to grow abundantly in India. I do not know whether any of our horticultural societies have yet introduced it or not; in case it may have been grown, I take the opportunity of recommending the previous recipe as equally applicable to the mashed roots of this plant; it has a very perceptible flavour of the oyster (is indeed called the "oyster plant" in America) and forms a delicious *entremet*. The roots peel easily when boiled, and the pulp is as white as snow. Simply mashed with cream, and a teaspoonful of anchovy sauce, with a covering of bread-crumbs strewn over it, and a little melted butter, then baked till brown, and served,—salsify presents an exact imitation of "oysters scalloped." Salsify *purée* with cream, can be served wherever oyster sauce is recommended; and as a white soup (*purée*) it can be sent up as a *bisque d'huîtres*.

Asparagus, and seakale, if procurable, need to be carefully boiled, drained, and served *au naturel*, with *sauce blanche*, "Dutch sauce," or a nice salad sauce of oil, vinegar, pepper, and salt. There is a custom followed by ignorant English, as well as native cooks, of placing a slice of *toasted bread* in the dish destined to receive a bundle of asparagus, &c., over which a plentiful bath of white tasteless flour and water is finally poured. The *toast* is utterly unnecessary, and the sauce ought invariably to be handed round, piping hot, in a boat. A few drops of lime juice or tarragon vinegar should be stirred into

the sauce *blanche.* The asparagus should be laid carefully in the hot dish, and a pat of butter placed on top of it to melt over all.

Tinned asparagus should be treated exactly in the same way: after having been drained, gently washed (by pouring cold water over it) and heated up in the *bain-marie* pan, or in its own tin (drained and washed) placed in a vessel of hot water, the water reaching about half-way up the tin. Care should be taken to avoid over-doing tinned asparagus, and in turning it into the dish also, lest it break.

The green ends of asparagus—"*points d'asperges*" form an artistic accompaniment to an *entrée,* they are excellent when added to a clear soup, and make a very superb *purée.* "Asparagus peas" are made by chopping the green ends of the shoots into dice, and treating them then as peas.

Tinned French beans, carrots, &c., should be washed, tossed in butter until hot, and served, or heated up in white, or brown sauce. They make excellent *purées,* and may be cooked as laid down for *macédoine de legumes.*

I have the highest respect for all *country* vegetables, and have given recipes for cooking brinjals, bandekai, greens, *podolongkai, moringakai,* &c., which will be found amongst my *menus.* The Indian corn, or maize, (*mucka cholum*) is capable of artistic treatment *à l'Américaine,*—stripped from the young pod, boiled like peas, and then drained, tossed in melted butter, peppered, salted and served. Plently of butter is a *sine quâ non.* Or the corn may be stripped off after boiling, and similarly treated.

All country beans, from the "duffin" bean downwards, may be cooked, when nice and young, as English broad-beans:—boiled, with salt in the water, till the skins crack, then peeled and tossed in butter, and served: or they may be sent up as a *purée* somewhat stiffly worked.

For country greens, follow the receipts given for spinach, sorrel, endive, and turnip tops.

A vegetable can be got called (locally) "*mollay*" the branches or stalks of which are edible, ("*mollay keeray*")—treated as laid down for asparagus, you will find this worth trying: serve it with a nice sharp sauce in a boat.

Young pumpkins, "*dil-pussund,*" or marrows, gathered prematurely (when the size of a duck's egg) boiled, and served as described for artichoke bottoms, are exceedingly nice.

In short, if we look about us, and try our best to make the most of the vegetables of the country, by careful cookery of the reformed school, we need never be without a pleasant dish to relieve the ding dong monotony of our market supplies. The more you hunt about amongst the produce of the native gardens, the more surprised you will be at the opportunities afforded you of practising your culinary ingenuity. For over a century we have been contented to see a few country vegetables sent up in curries, and in curries only, never attempting to develope their latent good qualities by artistic treatment.

There are times when the supply of vegetables grown from English seed may fail us, or when we cannot expect to procure them; when on the line of march, for instance, out in the jungles, or when quartered at some little place far from the busy haunts of our fellow white men; the amateur who has studied native vegetables will then discover that his time has not been thrown away.

N.B.—All vegetables, when served plainly dressed, derive the utmost improvement if a pat of *maître d'hôtel* butter be laid upon them when they are dished. The butter, of course, melts of its own accord as the dish is being sent up.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Réchauffés.

IF the art of dishing up nicely the remains of cold meat, fish, and vegetables, were more closely studied than it is, the fair *châtelaine* would not look upon cold mutton, cold beef, &c., with the feelings of despair that I fear too often possess her; there would be much less wastefulness; and our breakfast and luncheon tables would be far more easily supplied than they are. Has not some thrifty professor of kitchen lore actually dedicated a little book to the mysteries of cooking cold mutton, and how to penetrate them? I have never seen the work, but, without boasting, I think I could fill a couple of chapters myself upon a similar theme.

The mistake most of us make is one on the side of sameness. We pick up a tasty recipe for warming up fish, a cunning method of treating cold vegetables, or a marvellously good wrinkle about a hash, and ring the changes on our small stock of knowledge *ad nauseam*. The most artistic *réchauffé* will lose its charm if repeated too often, and the appetite,—especially the Anglo-Indian appetite—soon tires of a flavour too frequently offered it. There is no fault that a native cook is more likely to acquire than this, so we should take pains to remove from his control materials which are likely to minister to his failing. Let all your pungent sauces, and essences, be kept under lock and key, and give out, from time to time, the doles that are necessary

for delicate flavouring. If you do this, your hashes will cease to be slices of meat, cooked up in hot-water and Worcester sauce, thickened with flour; neither will your mince, *croquettes*, *rissoles*, &c., be presented with a sauce similarly composed.

There are certain hard and fast laws to be observed generally with regard to the treatment of cold meat, etc., which ought never to be forgotten. Let me enumerate them :—

1. Always cut off carefully all parts that have been *browned* in the previous cooking, such as skin, &c.

2. Use the trimmings, and all bones, assisted by anything you may have to spare, to make the strongest broth you can for your *réchauffé.*

3. Be generous in your allowance of butter and eggs and, if recommended in the recipe you are following, do not refuse a small modicum of cream.

4. Never be without red-currant jelly, olives, anchovies, grated cheese, grated bread-crumbs (bottled), mushroom ketchup, good vinegar, bottled garden herbs, and a mild sauce like Harvey.

5. Try to maintain a little kitchen garden, in large pots, or boxes, containing English curled parsley, marjoram, thyme, garden-cress, and celery. The last need not be planted for its root's sake, the leaves and stalks provide the cook with his flavouring agent.

6. Teach your cook that meat that has been once cooked does not require to be boiled or stewed *de novo.* Describe a hash or a mince to him as meat gently warmed up in gravy or sauce separately made to receive it.

You must now turn back to Chapter XIII in which I tried to explain the fundamental principles of sauce making.

The success of the *réchauffé* wholly depends upon the care bestowed upon the composition of the sauce in which it is heated up; or by which it is enriched and diluted. This maxim holds good no matter what your dish may be: the hash, the salmi, the mince, the *croquette, croustade, rissole,* little patty, *kramousky,* &c., &c., all lean upon their *Espagnole* or *Velouté* as the case may be.

Cold fish of all kinds give us valuable materials for little breakfast dishes. Fairly large slices of firm fish, not over boiled in the first instance, may be advantageously warmed up whole, in nicely made white or brown sauce flavoured according to taste, and accompanied by pieces of cooked cucumber, or vegetable marrow. But if at all crumbled, it is better to work it up into *rissoles, croquettes,* or *croustades.* Broken fragments of cold fish are very nice when added to, and tossed about with, a goodly allowance of "buttered-egg." This can be served on toasts, or poured out upon a silver dish. A colouring of tomato sauce is an improvement.

Another tasteful way of serving cold fish is to cut it into small pieces, like a coarse mince, and toss it about in a hot sauce-pan containing some previously boiled, *hot* maccaroni, stirring in with it a bountiful supply of melted butter, and a little tomato *purée* (or sauce); when the contents of the sauce-pan are thoroughly incorporated, turn them out on a very hot dish, and serve at once. This can, of course, be composed upon a charcoal fire in the verandah, hard by the dining room door. Gentlemen whose appetites require stimulating may fancy some chopped green chilli, some cayenne or Nepaul pepper, or a few drops of "*Tabasco;*" but, to my mind, the dish is better without a suspicion of the evil one.

Cold fish is almost invariably presented to you by Ramasámy in the form of what he is pleased to call "fish pudding." This is sometimes nice, and sometimes very nasty. To be nice, a good deal of butter (*good* butter please, not four annas-a-cup-composition,—"I beg your

pardon,") is necessary, a little cream, or some fresh milk helped up with the yoke of an egg, and a few drops of anchovy sauce; Ramasámy being at the same time entreated *not* to make the mould into a pretty pattern with quarters of hard boiled egg, &c., an effect which cannot be achieved without free use of his finger and thumb. "Twice-laid," as this dish is called at Home, cannot be sent up better than in a simple mould like mashed potato, streaked with a fork outside, and baked till it takes a pale brown tint. Chopped hard boiled egg may be stirred into the fish and potatoes with advantage.

"*Kegeree*" of the English type is composed of boiled rice, chopped hard boiled egg, cold minced fish, and a lump of fresh butter: these are all tossed together in the frying pan, flavoured with pepper, salt, and any minced garden herb like cress, parsley, or marjoram, and served "smoking hot."

If your cook be a good hand at puff-pastry, you might fare worse at luncheon than by having *petits pâtés* of minced fish made for you. The *salpicon* must be diluted with a rich sauce, and flavoured with whatever herb you like best. A far off thought of celery is not to be despised.

For the sauce in which you mean to re-cook fish, do not forget the bones and trimmings. A broth made of fish bones with a few pepper corns, a sliced *boiled* onion, a bit of celery, a piece of lime peel, and an *anchovy instead of salt,* yields you a capital liquid which, when worked up with melted butter and flour, generally produces a favourable impression.

The chief features to be noted in cooking hashes and minces are much the same. Prepare the meat, after having carefully cut off all browned parts, as you may desire. Make the best broth you can with the trimmings and bones; if you have any stock or gravy so much the better; thicken slightly, and flavour this according to your taste, and the materials that may be within your reach; strain it if necessary, and then warm up your meat. A mince, or a

hash, should be allowed to stand in its sauce, with a gentle heat under the sauce-pan, for as long a time as can be allowed; when required for the table, increase the heat, and the moment the surface steams, the dish is ready for service.

"But," says the inquisitive disciple, "what are you to do if you have no bones, no gravy, and no stock?" To him I reply as follows:—After having trimmed your meat to fancy, take all the skin and ugly fragments that remain, and place them on a separate plate. Now choose a Bombay onion, and mince it fine; place a good sized sauce-pan on the fire, put a pat of butter at the bottom of it (say a couple of ounces if you can spare as much), melt it, throw in the minced onion, fry it a rich golden brown, add water now gradually, and throw in your scraps of meat, some pepper corns, a tea-spoonful of sugar, a tea-spoonful of salt, an anchovy, a celery stalk and its leaves, a bunch of curly parsley, the peel of a lime, and a table-spoonful of walnut ketchup, with a dessert-spoonful of vinegar and let the contents of your sauce-pan simmer away until you are satisfied that you have extracted all the good to be got out of your several ingredients. Taste the broth as it is cooking, and correct any errors that may occur to you on the spot: when ready, strain it into a bowl, and skim off any fat that may rise. Now take another sauce-pan, and go through the usual process of thickening your broth; it will then be ready to receive the meat you desire to re-cook. A table-spoonful of Madeira, or Sherry; a little red currant jelly, and Portwine; some claret or Burgundy if at hand; the pulp of a couple of *tomatoes*; or the strained yolks of two eggs, may be added to enrich your *plat*. The egg should be stirred in *after* the sauce-pan has been removed from the fire. The *tomato* gives a piquancy to all hashes, and minces, superior to that which can be procured by vinegars. Your selection of the wine you use must depend, of course, upon the sort of meat you are cooking up.

Having made a nice mince you can diversify the methods of serving it as follows:—

1. Make a nice *omelette*, turn it out into a hot silver dish, (flat) pour your mince on top of the omelette, coax the sides of the *omelette* over the mince and serve. This must not look like a "roly-poly" pudding. The *omelette* need not be made as stiff as a batter dumpling as Ramasámy loves to serve it. I will tell you how to make an *omelette* properly in my next chapter.

2. Make a case of mashed potato, with high sides like a *vol-au-vent* case, and pour your mince into it.

3. Hollow out a number of small dinner rolls, butter them, and fry them a golden yellow: pour your mince into them, put a curl of fried bacon on the top of each, heat them in the oven for five minutes, and serve.

4. Make a number of little potato cases, and fill them in the same way: or if you have them, use the paper or china cases so universally used in England now.

5. Make some light puff-paste, form it into patties like oyster patty pastry, fill them with the mince, bake, and serve.

6. Serve it plain, on a hot dish, with sippets of *fried* bread, fried curls of bacon, slices of lime, and a poached egg or two on the top of it.

With reference to the above, remember that *toasted* bread is not *fried* bread. Ramasámy is not apt to distinguish very carefully between the two; and whereas a crisp piece of fried bread is an agreeable adjunct to certain dishes; sodden, slightly smoked *toast* is inexpressibly disagreeable anywhere.

Bacon is valuable with all *réchauffés* of meat, and poached eggs are acceptable with hashes, and minces. Ham, I need scarcely say, if on hand, can be turned to the very best account, and tongue also, for that matter, to assist the

flavouring of minces, *rissoles, et hoc genus omne.* Minced ham or tongue, with minced corned beef, mashed up with some well boiled potatoes, hard boiled egg, and plenty of melted butter, and cooked in the fashion of "twice-laid," is a nice dish for a change at breakfast.

Maccaroni, and dustings of Parmesan (or any mild grated cheese) vary the monotony of warmed up meats immensely, and go well with nearly every cold vegetable. Try this sometimes :—Having made a really good *white* sauce, lay your trimmed fillets of cold fish, rabbit or chicken therein, in a shallow pie-dish ; place a layer of maccaroni, boiled till tender, on the surface of the meat, garnish that with slices of tomato, dust over all a dressing of grated cheese, bake till lightly browned, and serve. The same recipe is practicable with brown meats, only make a brown sauce to start with, instead of a white.

Batter plays its part effectively amongst *réchauffés:* any nice mince, bound with egg, rolled in slices of *cooked* bacon, then dipped in batter and fried in lots of fat, presents a toothsome *kramousky.* Fish fillets, dipped in the same way, and fried, are nice ; and so are fillets of rabbit, or chicken. If not overdone, thick slices of beef, or of mutton, may be dipped in melted butter, and broiled over a fast charcoal fire ; or they may be *marinaded* (vide Chapter XI,) then bread crumbed with nice stale crumbs, and fried a golden brown. These served with a *macédoine de legumes, sauce soubise,* horse radish sauce, tomato, or *tartare* are delicious ; but the meat must be really juicy, or, in plainer terms, slightly underdone.

Apropos of batter, I must not forget to say, that *pounded* fish, incorporated with batter, that is to say, worked into it, and fried in seething fat by dropping the mixture into the pan by spoonsful at a time, produces a dish of fritters most welcome at breakfast alone, or capital as a garnish for a larger dish of fish. For the mixing of frying batter properly, turn to the Chapter I have reserved for it.

Cold vegetables, such as cauliflower, cabbage, Jerusalem artichokes, and vegetable marrows, may be mashed up with potatoes, or alone, diluted with melted butter, cream, or milk with the yolk of an egg strained into it, and cooked *au gratin.* Mixed vegetables may be cut into dice and warmed up in white sauce *à la macédoine de legumes,* and cold peas, cauliflower, French beans, and cabbage may be tossed in butter in a frying pan, and served *à la mâitre d'hôtel.* I think that you will find a good many recipes for the treatment of *cooked* vegetables in the three chapters I have given upon that especial subject, so I need say no more about them in this one on *réchauffés.*

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Savoury Omelette.

"BREATHES there a man with soul so dead" that he can read the great Brillat Savarin's account of the Curé's *omelette* unmoved? Short as the little story is, you feel yourself absolutely at table with the worthy padre,—a man of culture, and refinement. It is Friday, and the little banquet is kept strictly within the canons of the Church, yet there is an artist's hand apparent in its subtle simplicity. The fish soup, the trout, the *omelette*, the salad, the cheese, and dessert; the snowy cloth, the choice china, and the "old wine which sparkled in a crystal decanter," tell us plainly that science, and good taste, can make even a fast enjoyable. But amongst all the daintiness which marks the little banquet, that *omelette* is undoubtedly the prominent feature. You can see it, you can smell it, you can almost taste it.

Now there is something cheering in this little chapter. We can throw ourselves back in our long arm chair, and, with half closed eyes, *make* that very *omelette*, here in India. Or one so very like it, that we need hardly lament our inability to procure carp's roes. This I hope presently to show you. There is another source of satisfaction in our musing, and that is, that with moderate forethought we ought never to be *unable* to make a good savoury *omelette*, whether in camp, at a public bungalow, at a picnic, or in the privacy of our back verandah in cantonment. Eggs, though

neither, as cheap, nor as plentiful as in days of yore, are still to be got: we can obtain charcoal, and a broken chatty to hold it: we can get an iron *omelette* pan, made to order, in the bazár: we need never be without a tin of "Normandy," "Denmark," or "cow brand" butter; or, failing that, a bottle of the best salad oil: salt, pepper, and a bottle of dried parsley ought not to be beyond our reach, and an onion is not an expensive luxury. Thus provided, we ought to be in a position to turn out a capital dish, very rapidly, at any time, and anywhere.

Omelettes, as you all know, can be diversified *ad libitum:* we need never, therefore, be afraid of falling back upon them. Before I proceed to the discussion of *omelette*-making, however, let me point out that Ramasámy has been led astray altogether with regard to this branch of his art. He sends you up a very nice pudding, symmetrical in design, of a goodly consistency, and of a rich brown colour. You almost require a dessert knife to help it. It is, of course, lighter somewhat, than a 'roly-poly' pudding made of paste, but it greatly resembles that homely composition. It is a first cousin of the pancake, and Ramasámy evidently uses the stuff of which it is made to dip his plantains into when bidden to make fritters. He starts wrongly to commence with, when mixing his *omelette:* in addition to the eggs —(the whites of which he whips separately) he puts in a little flour, some milk or a little water, and, in point of fact, makes a lightish sort of *batter*. This, I regret to say, he fries in a fair amount of ghee, folding it into shape, and keeping it on the fire till it is nice and firm, and coloured as I before described. That this is no more an *omelette* than our old friend "the man in the moon" I need hardly assure you. Native cooks are nevertheless very easily taught how to make one properly, and rarely fail after a patient exemplification of the correct method.

I must confess that with the exception of "the Curé's *omelette*" previously alluded to, I never picked up a wrinkle concerning this excellent dish from a book. I have never

come across a dissertation on *omelette*-making which seemed to have been composed by a man who had *made one himself.* The manner in which I learnt the little I know on the subject was as follows:—I was marching with a Regiment from Bangalore to Secunderabad. At a place called Pennaconda in the Bellary District, I was most hospitably entertained by a member of the Madras Civil Service. Though so far away from any civilized place, the dinner placed before me in the quondam public bungalow in which my host resided, might have graced a *petit table* in the stranger's room of a London Club. His breakfast was an equally artistic meal, and was concluded by an *omelette,*—made on the spot,—by my accomplished friend himself. If this imperfect essay happen to catch his eye, he will, I am sure, forgive the honest tribute of his grateful pupil. Calling for a slop-basin, he broke into it four ordinary country fowl's eggs whole, and added the yolks only of two more. He thus had six yolks, and four whites. These he thoroughly *mixed* by using two forks: he did not *beat them at all.* When thoroughly satisfied that incorporation had been effected, he flavoured the mixture with a salt spoonful of salt, a tea-spoonful of very finely minced shallot, a heaped up table-spoonful of minced curly parsley (grown in his garden) and—to crown all—a table-spoonful of really rich cream. He stirred this for a minute, and, as far as its first stage was concerned, the *omelette* was ready. We now left the dining-room for the verandah where there was a good charcoal fire in an iron brasier, (a half chatty would have sufficed of course) and upon it a pan about ten inches in diameter, very shallow, with a narrow rim well sloped outwards. A pat of butter was melted in the pan, suffiɩient in quantity to thoroughly lubricate the whole of its surface, and leave a coating of moisture over all. As soon as ready, quite burning hot,—the butter having ceased to splutter, and beginning to brown,—with one good stir round, the mixture was poured into the pan. At the moment of contact, the under part of the *omelette* formed, this was rapidly lifted by the spoon, and the unformed portion allowed to run beneath it; the left hand, holding the

pan, and playing it, as it were, from side to side: With one good shake, the pan (*in less than a minute from the time of commencing operations*) was lifted from the fire, and its contents rolled off into the hot silver dish at hand to receive it, in which a little melted butter, with some minced parsley and shallot, had been prepared. The *omelette*, as it rolled from the pan, caught up, and buried within it the slightly unformed juicy part of the mixture which still remained on the surface, and, as it lay in the dish, was without any special shape, of a golden yellow colour, flecked with green, with the juicy part escaping from beneath its folds.

An *omelette* ought never to be stiff enough to retain a rolled appearance. Being so rapidly cooked, it ought to be too light to present a fixed form, and, on reaching the hot dish, should spread itself rather, on account of its very frothiness. Books that counsel you to *turn* an *omelette*, to let it brown on one side, to let it fry for about five minutes, &c., are not to be trusted. If you follow such advice you will only produce, at best, an egg pudding. The *omelette* I have tried to describe is that generally known as "*aux fines herbes*":—the ordinary one is simply made of eggs flavoured with salt. Though cream is an improvement, or, in its absence, a spoonful of milk, neither are essential. I confess that I like a very little minced onion in all savoury *omelettes*, but *that* is a matter of taste, and where ladies are concerned, the fragrant bulb ought perhaps to be omitted. The general rules to be observed in *omelette*-making, then, may be thus summed up:

1. Use a proper utensil, with narrow, well sloping sides.

2. Do not overdo the amount of butter, or salad oil, that you use for the frying.

3. Mix, do not *beat* the eggs, and never use more than six (as in the Pennaconda *Omelette*). It is better to make two of six, than one of twelve eggs.

4. Three eggs, mixed whole, make a nice sized *omelette*.

5. Be sure that your pan is *ready* to receive your mixture. If not hot enough, the *omelette* will be leathery, or you will have to mix it in the pan like "scrambled eggs."

6. The moment the butter ceases to fizz, and assumes a brown tint, the pan is ready.

7. Instantly lift up the part of the *omelette* that sets at the moment of contact, and let the unformed mixture run under it; repeat this if the pan be very full, keep the left hand at work with a gentle see-saw motion to encourage rapidity in setting, give a finishing shake, and turn it into the hot dish *before* the whole of the mixture has quite set.

8. The *omelette* will roll over of its own accord, if the sides of the pan be sloped as I have described, it will not require folding.

9. A minute is ample for the whole operation, if the pan be properly hot when the mixture is poured into it.

10. Have the hot dish close by the fire, so that you can turn the *omelette* into it *instanter*. A little melted butter, with some chopped parsley, may, with advantage, be put into the dish.

As I said before, *omelettes* may be varied in many ways. If "*aux fines herbes*," curly parsley and shallot are necessary; minced marjoram or thyme, garden-cress (the companion, I mean, of mustard) or celery leaves, are agreeable, and many are fond of a spoonful of finely chopped green chilli, omitting the seeds of course. Chopped ham, chopped tongue, chopped bacon, and chopped corned beef are added to *omelettes* with good effect. The words "*au jambon*," "*au lard*," "*au langue de bœuf*," &c., specify the addition. I have found it better to fry the minced ham, &c., independently, keeping it handy for addition to the *omelette* during the rolling over stage, as it goes into the dish.

Cold cooked vegetables, tossed a while in melted butter separately, may be thus added with success. I recommend pieces of the flower of the cauliflower, artichoke bottoms cut into dice, or Jerusalem artichokes sliced, and cut up. Peas, the grains of Indian corn, chopped French beans, or the seeds of the bandecai or moringa pod are thus very pleasantly treated. In the case of an "*omelettes aux legumes*," a dust of grated cheese gives a finishing touch when the omelette reposes in the hot dish.

The "*omelette au Parmesan*" (or any mild cheese) is a *spécialité*, as simple as it is delicious. A table-spoonful of grated and finely sifted cheese to three ordinary eggs, salt to taste, and a dessert spoonful of rich cream, if possible, or new milk, compose the mixture. Incorporate the ingredients, and proceed as recorded in the previous directions. Remember that it should be served just *before* all the juicy mixture quite sets, so that in the dish there may be an exudation of creamy moisture, and don't forget to dust over the surface a canopy of grated cheese. This must go from the fire to the plate, as it were,—delay in serving is hard on any *omelette*.

And now we come to the Curé's *pièce de résistance*, concerning which I spoke at the beginning of this Chapter. The salient feature of this *plat* was the combination of tunny, and carp's roes, by which it was flavoured. Half a slice of preserved tunny, and the soft roes of two herrings *à la sardine* finely minced together, with a little shallot, and a dessert spoonful of parsley should be tossed in butter a while, and then stirred into a basin containing six well mixed eggs. Cook the mixture as already explained, and turn it out, when ready, into a hot dish containing a little melted butter a few drops of lime juice and some minced shallot, and parsley. If you cannot get preserved tunny, a piece of nicely tinned salmon will be found an agreeable substitute, and cod's roes will form a pleasant companion thereto. The Curé used fresh tunny, and fresh

roes, but we may follow his recipe with preserved substitutes, if not too salt, and achieve a very fair result.

I have tasted recently in Madras some kippered seer-fish, made at a private house, which, with Madras fish-roe (well soaked) ought to make a capital *omelette* of this kind. The seer-fish was split, washed, and dried with a cloth; salt, sugar, and lime juice were well rubbed in immediately, the next day the rubbing was repeated, and the fish artificially smoked by being hung over a fire constantly replenished with damp straw, &c.; after this, it was hung in the cook-room over the fire, and was ready for the table the third evening.

Omelettes may be cooked *aux fines herbes,* served in a bed of tomato *purée,* and dusted over with grated cheese. They may also repose on a *purée* of green peas, or of spinach. They may be improved with minced game, and be associated effectively with mince of any kind. Chopped mushrooms or truffles (previously cooked, minced, and tossed in butter) are, of course, very delicious additions to them; and oysters may be introduced in the same way. Savoury *omelettes* are sent up with rich *Espagnole, Périgueux,* and *Béchamel* sauces, and may contain some finely minced kidney fried in champagne. Almost all fish, prawns, lobster, &c., go well with them, and whether simple or elaborate, plain or rich, an *omelette* rarely fails,—if properly made,—to win appreciation, and be thankfully accounted for.

CHAPTER XXV.

Our Luncheons.

LUNCHEON,—or *tiffin* as it is called by people who deem Anglo-Indian gibberish better than plain English,—is a meal so popular amongst Britons both at Home and abroad, that the humblest treatise on cooking would be incomplete without a chapter specially dedicated to it. There are luncheons large, and luncheons small. The former elaborate, very pleasant, and sociable, yet alas! a little too alluring, and fatal in their effects upon the appetite for the rest of the day. The latter more enjoyable perhaps than their more ostentatious connections, for they are reserved for a few intimate friends, but affording just as much temptation to kill dinner.

At Madras we reserve our luncheon parties for the Sabbath, when the unfair sex has no official care away from home, and though few sit down to dinner on that day till nearly half past eight, the overwhelming recollections of the midday feast have hardly time to pass away.

A far better meal for us all,—a very near relation of luncheon,—is the *déjeûner à la fourchette* of our French friends. Brillat Savarin's luncheon party, if you remember, assembled "at ten—military punctuality." At eleven o'clock we might bid our guests sit down, I think, without mis-

giving, and though we may invite them to breakfast, we can really give them a luncheon, as far as the *menu* is concerned. I attended a party of this kind not long ago at Madras, the complete success of which has encouraged me to advocate its adoption in supercession of luncheons at 2 P. M. The Frenchman takes his *café au lait*, with a roll, as we take *chota hazri*, which carry him satisfactorily till eleven, or even twelve o'clock ; the *déjeûner à la fourchette* is then a substantial meal. Cannot we, when there are no distracting office hours to think of, do likewise ? A breakfast party ends about the hour that luncheons begin. Both hosts and guests have, therefore, ample time to recover their appetites, and to indulge in a quiet afternoon's rest, before the evening drive, and dinner.

A pleasant luncheon or breakfast party should possess the following characteristics :—a judiciously selected list of guests, a prettily arranged table, a light yet artistic *menu*, with cups of claret, sauterne, hock, or chablis, iced *ad libitum*, and in no way spoilt by sugar. Liqueurs may be handed round to finish with, and the best coffee you can make should follow. In composing your *menu* you should avoid adhering in any way to the order and style of a dinner. Thus, you need not give any soup at all, but lead off with oysters in their shells accompanied by brown bread and butter cut thin, limes cut into quarters, and vinegars and peppers of kinds. An old standing dish to commence a luncheon party used to be *mulligatani*. If properly made, this soup is a meal in itself : there are so many condiments, spices, and highly flavoured elements in its composition,—not to mention the burning chilli, and the concomitant ladleful of rice which custom decrees, —that he who partakes of it finds the delicate power of his palate vitiated, as far as the appreciation of any dainty *plat* that may follow is concerned, whilst the edge of his appetite is left unto him sorely blunted. So I say, reserve *mulligatani* for your luncheon at home alone, enjoy it thoroughly, rice and all, and—nothing more. Having discussed your oysters, some half dozen dishes or so may

follow, carefully contrasted one with another, and by no means dinner-like in their order thus :—

An *antipasto* of *hors d'œuvres.*

Seerfish fricasseed with cucumbers.

Kidneys *à la brochette* with potato chips.

Little *ballotines* of quail in jelly, iced.

Fillets of beef *piqués* with horse radish sauce, or *crème d'anchois.*

Maccaroni *a l' Italienne.*

Cold *galantine* of fowl, or capon, delicately sliced, and handed round.

A Ceylon prawn curry swimming in creamy gravy, with pieces of vegetable marrow associated **with it.**

A *chaud froid* of snipes.

Fruits in cream ; liqueur.

This *menu* is obviously susceptible of the pruning knife ; two dishes could easily be cut out, and cheese with "green butter," and *hors d'œuvres* again, might follow the sweet dish.

A really carefully executed *mayonnaise* is a grand luncheon dish, and a cauliflower *au gratin* is invariably acceptable. For a small luncheon party, after the oysters I would give a dish of dressed fish, followed by a nice *entrée,* a cauliflower *au gratin,* the *galantine,* a *mayonnaise,* a sweet, cheese, and *hors d'œuvres.* In fact, if you disabuse your mind of *dinner* altogether, and compose a little *menu* of mixed dishes, introducing some slices of cold dressed meat about the middle thereof, you cannot go far wrong. Spiced pressed beef, or corned hump, lamb and mint sauce, pigeon pie or game pie, or the *galantine* aforesaid, are the sort of dishes to select your central effect from. If not giving a *mayonnaise,* a salad can accompany the cold meat, and potatoes artistically dressed should go rouud.

Canapés form a delicious luncheon dish,—*voici :*—cut some slices of bread a quarter of an inch thick, and two inches long if

heart-shaped, two inches in diameter if round, and two inches square if rectangular. Fry these a pale golden colour in butter, and set them on a dish to get cold. To complete the *canapé,* first spread a layer of "green butter" over each fried piece of bread, upon that place a layer of prawn meat pounded with butter, and slightly seasoned with Nepaul pepper; smooth this with a dessert knife, place a leaf of lettuce (cut from the golden heart) upon the top of the prawn meat, and a piece of beetroot shaped with your cutter. Over each *canapé* when thus prepared, and placed in the dish for serving, pour a table-spoonful of rich, thickly worked, *mayonnaise* sauce, and a little chopped olive, or chopped capers, or the two mixed, may be judiciously sprinkled over each cap of *mayonnaise* dressing.

Instead of prawn meat, you can use chicken, worked as for *quenelles,* an atom of the divine truffle might then be added to each *canapé,* and the thinnest slice of tongue might cover it. Instead of lettuce, a few sprigs of the *flower* of cold cauliflower can be introduced, or any cold vegetable of a delicate kind, *asparagus points* to wit. Any fish may be used in this fashion :—*caviare,* cod's roe, lobster, herring *à la sardine,* sardines, and anchovies. Fancy some neatly picked fillets of the last named fish, wiped free from oil, and the skin and bones removed, reposing on the green butter; over them a goodly sprinkling of sliced olives, then the lettuce, &c., as previously described—"say dost thou like the picture?"

In houses where the cook can really master an *omelette* properly, one with Parmesan, or laid upon a fricassee of cauliflower flowers, or composed *aux points d'asperges, or aux truffes,* may safely form an item of your choicest luncheon bill of fare.

Here is a pretty little recipe for an Italian dish which, to my mind, sounds worthy of a trial, and well adapted for a mid-day festival: take a fillet of beef (the undercut of the sirloin please) preserve it whole after trimming it into

shape; make an incision in it lengthways, and insert therein a long strip of bacon, fat and lean in equal parts, previously rolled in chopped marjoram parsley, a little shallot, and some pepper: tie up the fillet now, carefully, with tape. Take a good slice of bacon, mince it very small with thyme, marjoram, lime peel, a clove of garlic, half an onion (Bombay) and a carrot; shake this mixture in a little butter at the bottom of a stew-pan, and when it melts, place the fillet upon it, and turn it gently till it browns nicely; now pour in a pint of tomato *purée* diluted with beef gravy to the consistency of ordinary pea soup: simmer your fillet in this till it is done, it ought to be kept at least a couple of hours at a gentle heat: when ready to serve, strain off the sauce, place the fillet upon a very hot dish, remove the tape, and pour a little of the sauce over it. Have ready some hot, boiled, and drained, maccaroni in a sauce-pan, empty all the sauce that remains amongst the maccaroni, shake into it a table-spoonful of finely grated cheese, toss the whole over the fire for a minute, and dish it separately in a very hot dish. Serve the two together immediately.

Maccaroni, in the usual Italian fashion, is infinitely superior to our perpetual method of serving it. It makes an excellent luncheon dish. Boil the maccaroni in a sauce-pan (rubbed with a clove of garlic) until it is tender; the moment it *is* tender, stop the boiling by adding cold water, if not it will be sodden. Drain it carefully, as you do rice, and let it remain in the hot sauce-pan. Now stir into it a table-spoonful of preserved butter (the new *Denmark brand* is quite first rate) and as you work this about over the fire, an assistant should add by degrees a breakfast cupful of fresh tomato pulp, a little salt and pepper, and a heaped up table-spoonful of either grated Parmesan from the bottle, or any mild thoroughly powdered dry cheese: serve steaming hot without delay.

I could, of course, go on suggesting dishes, and describing them *ad infinitum*,—for luncheons are little banquets which afford enthusiastic cooks a pleasant field for the exercise of

their inventive faculties. I will, however, conclude my chat about luncheon parties with a receipt for a *mayonnaise* sauce which has been communicated to me by the artist W. H. H.:—

Put the yolks of three large, or four ordinary Indian eggs (raw) in a flat joint dish with the juice of two limes, and beat them well: tip the dish on end at an angle of about 35°, by slipping a thick book under the rim at one end. Open a fresh bottle of salad oil, and get an assistant to let the oil fall, in rapidly succeeding drops, upon the centre of the dish, whilst you continue beating the egg mixture upwards to make it pass under the stream of dripping oil: half a pint of salad oil may be thus expended, and you will by that time have a sauce as thick as treacle, and of a golden yellow tint. Arrange your *mayonnaise* in its dish (W. H. H. recommends the juicy slices of a really well flavoured cold leg of mutton) shake a few drops of tarragon vinegar over it, with a dust of black pepper: arrange some well dried lettuce leaves, trimmed with a silver dessert knife, over the *mayonnaise;* garnish as you like, with broken aspic jelly, gherkins, olives, capers, &c., ice the sauce, and pour it over all. W. H. H. suggests that "grace" should follow. He is right.

A few words must now be said regarding miscellaneous luncheons:—the office snack-let, the lunch in the train, or *al fresco* out snipe-shooting, the "tiffin" at home, a lady's *morceau*, and the mid-day meal of the convalescent.

Place aux dames. This is the time when a lady may indulge in *mulligatani*, or her favorite curry, with its chutneys, and relishes.

Indian corn, boiled, stripped with a fork from the cob, tossed in melted butter, peppered, and salted, is generally liked; see that the cob is a young one.

A nicely roasted snipe, or pigeon, with chipped potatoes.

A single *canapé* of prawn, or a little patty of puff pastry filled with any tasty mixture.

A savoury *omelette*, spinach on toast, with "buttered-eggs," or served with short-bread biscuits.

A little plate of peas, tossed in butter with dice of fried ham or bacon.

A cheese *fondue en caisse.*

A chicken neatly cut up (as for a curry) then dipped in bread-crumbs, fried a golden brown, and served with maccaroni, and tomato, or good bread-sauce.

The undercut of the saddle, cut out entire, grilled over a brisk fire, and sent up with a potato *duchesse:* or a juicy chop similarly served, with a pat of *maître d'hôtel* butter melting over either of them.

Braise a neck of mutton, or a breast, in gravy, with vegetables and some chopped bacon: slip a slice of bacon under the flap of either, and tie it in shape before you commence operations: when almost done, lift the little joint up, strain off the gravy, and make any nice sauce with it. Put the joint in the oven, after bread-crumbing it, to brown and finish cooking; when ready, dish it surrounded by boiled maccaroni over which the sauce should be poured at the last minute. Tomato pulp may be added to the sauce with marked effect, and some glazed turnips or carrots may garnish the dish.

From these dishes the luncheon of a lady or an invalid, ought to be easily selected.

Savoury toasts of all kinds, from the homely Welsh rarebit upwards, are welcome on the luncheon table. I shall treat of them *in extenso* hereafter.

The office snacklet is, as a rule, a sandwich followed by a slice of cake. The former is susceptible of infinite variety: here are a few good ones:—

Spread the bread with green or any fancy butter, and fill the sandwich with chopped sardines, and some bits of pickle here and there; or with mixed chicken and tongue, a lettuce leaf and some *mayonnaise* sauce.

Any potted meat worked up with butter, pepper, and a touch of mustard.

Ham and beef sandwiches should make your nose tingle with mustard: be easy with the butter if you can dot in some nice pieces of fat.

Pound a slice of cheese well, with a little fresh salad oil, a tea-spoonful of made mustard, a little black pepper, and salt, add an anchovy, well wiped free from oil, and passed through the sieve with a little butter if too thick; mix thoroughly, give it a dust of Nepaul pepper, spread it on your bread, and complete the sandwich. This is for one large, or two small ones remember, so cut your cheese accordingly.

Hard boiled eggs work up well for sandwiches, and may be either used plainly with a seasoning of pepper and salt, or added to other ingredients like chopped tongue, ham, or corned beef.

I am especially fond of a little snack composed of one home-made roll, a small piece of cheese, and two ripe plantains, but the taste of eating cheese with fruit is, I fear, un-English.

The traveller's luncheon basket, and that of the sportsman are analogous. A friend of mine with whom I used to walk the paddy fields, adopted the plan of taking out a digester pot, previously filled with stewed steak and oysters, or some equally toothsome stew, which he trusted to his syce, who lit a fire somewhere or other, in the marvellous way the natives of this country do, and, as sure as there are fish in the sea, had the contents of the pot steaming hot, at the

proper time, and at the exact spot we required it. He was a bowlegged veteran, this syce, and a most trusty varlet. I almost think, though, that our shooting became a little erratic after our stew, for it was bountiful in quantity, rich in quality, and provocative of beer, of whiskey and water, or brandy and soda, according to our supply thereof.

A good cold lunch is the best for the open air, when work must follow. When I was going through the course of Garrison instruction, and accustomed to long days out surveying, I was partial to a *galantine* made of a small fowl, boned, and rolled, with a block of tongue and some force-meat introduced in the centre of it. A home-made brawn of tongue, a part of an ox head, and sheep's trotters, well seasoned, and slightly spiced, was another *spécialité*.

A nice piece of the brisket of beef salted, and spiced, boiled, placed under a weight, and then trimmed into a neat shape (the trimmings come in for sandwiches, potted-meat, or "bubble and squeak") is a very handy thing for the tiffin basket, and a much respected patron of mine recommends for travelling, a really good cold plum pudding in which a glass of brandy has been included. Cake is acceptable at every kind of luncheon; in fact, cakes were invented for that meal, for weddings, and for schoolboys only.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Fritters.

FAILURE in the accomplishment of the many excellent dishes which come under the head of "fritters" may be fairly attributed to three things: The first, ignorance in making the batter; the second, a wrongly shaped utensil; and the third, an insufficient use of the frying medium. If you once master these cardinal points, and can drum them into the head of your Ramasámy, you will have at your command a tasty and, indeed, artistic method of cookery upon which you can always rely with confidence. The charm of fritter cooking is its simplicity. The mixing of a good batter merely depends upon the accurate following of the recipe before you, whilst the culinary operation itself presents no difficulty whatever, provided a liberal supply of fat be given out, and the vessel used be a proper one. The beginner, as a rule, overcomes this part of his education after a few trials, and thenceforward has no apprehension concerning success.

There are numerous dishes, sweet, as well as savoury, which can be made with batter in the *sauté*-pan :—Vegetables, and fruit; fish, both fresh, and cooked; remains of cold meats, pounded cheese, and lastly, by batter,—pure, and unassisted, in the form of "*beignets soufflés*," "*brioches*," &c.

As the main point in this kind of frying consists in providing a *bath* of boiling fat for the thing to be cooked, it is essential that we choose a deep, rather than a broad and

shallow vessel, for the operation. The ordinary frying-pan sold at hard-ware shops is of no use whatever for this branch of the cook's work. The pan you want should look like a stew-pan with its sides cut down half-way; its diameter need not exceed eight or nine inches. It may be as heavy as you like, for it must, of necessity, be kept steady over the fire when in use; and a handle like that of an *omelette*-pan is unnecessary, for you never require to shake a *sauté*-pan.

Besides your pan, for delicate fritter work, there is nothing more useful than the wire frying-basket,—a cheap thing enough, and not hard to make. Provided with this utensil, which may be described as an *open-work*, draining-pan, the whole process of working may be thus described:—

1.—Make your batter, to begin with, according to one of the receipts hereafter given, and place it in its bowl on one side, covered up from flies, dust, &c.

2.—Prepare your fish, meat, vegetable, fruit, or whatever you are going to cook, and arrange the pieces on a flat dish, on a table handy, with the bowl of batter next to it.

3.—Take your *sauté*-pan, see that it is thoroughly clean, and dry.

4.—Set it on the griddle rest, over a good bright fire, and empty the fat, or whatever you use as a frying medium, into it.

5.—When melted, the fat ought to be quite two inches deep.

6.—Determine if the fat be hot enough by throwing a sippet of bread into it: if it turn a yellow-brown, the fritter bath is ready.

7.—Now dip your morsel-to-be-fried into the batter, which should be of sufficient consistency to coat it nicely; and put it into the frying basket, after you have plunged that vessel into the hot fat.

8.—The fritter must be *covered* by the fat, not partly in, and partly out of it.

9.—Let it frizzle, and when of a golden brown tint, lift up the basket, and hold it a moment or two over the pan to drain.

10.—Lay each fritter, as you take it from the basket, on a dry clean cloth, or on a sheet of new blotting paper, to complete the draining.

11.—When dry, dish it in a very hot dish, and, if a savoury fritter, give it a dust of finely powdered salt; if a sweet one, shake a canopy of powdered sugar over it.

12.—Fritters can be fried one after another. Never put in more than the pan can easily hold at one time.

The fat should now be poured through a strainer into a clean bowl: it will harden, and be fit for work again, until it assumes a leaden tint, which may take place after it has been used two or three times. Fat in which *fish* has once been fried must be reserved afterwards for fish only, as it acquires a fishy taste.

If you follow these rules closely, you ought never to fail to turn out nice fritters, provided, of course, that your batter be properly made. I cannot too strongly impress upon you the necessity of attention to this part of the work which so many cooks slur over carelessly. I have adopted as a standard batter in my own kitchen one recommended by the "G. C.," whose advice I have so often quoted in these pages. Friends who have tried it at my recommendation have generally commended it. You must proceed in this way:—

Beat up the yolks of three eggs with two table-spoonsful of brandy, one table-spoonful of the best salad oil, and four or five table-spoonsful of cold water. Incorporate with this mixture three table-spoonsful of flour and a pinch of salt. The flour should be the best imported. Work this now, with care, to a smooth paste, and continue to beat it

for at least ten minutes. If the batter appear too thick, add a little water until its consistency be satisfactory, *i.e.*:—it should cover the spoon when lifted out of it with a coating about the eighth of an inch thick. This stage having been reached, take the whites of the three eggs, and whip them to a stiff froth, which must be stirred into your batter at the time of using. This recipe may be reduced for a small dish of fritters as follows:—two ordinary eggs, one table-spoonful of brandy, a dessert spoonful of salad oil, two or three table-spoonsful of water, and one and a half table-spoonful of flour. For sweet fritters, use sugar instead of salt.

Another good batter is made thus:—Beat up equal parts of salad oil, and brandy,—say, a table-spoonful of each; add the yolk of an egg, and incorporate with this, sufficient flour to make a thick paste, which you thin to the required consistency by the addition of water, reserving the whipped white of the egg to finish with.

I have more than once alluded to "*beignets*" in previous chapters, and receipts for several will be found amongst my *menus*. The *kramousky* is, I think, the prince of all savoury fritters, and is susceptible of being served in many delicious ways. The oyster, pounded shell fish, minced fish of any kind, sweet-breads (when you can get them) or any delicately composed mince of fowl, or of meat, with tongue or ham, can be thus turned to an artistic account. Whatever your *salpicon*, or minced composition, may be made of, the *spécialités* of the *kramousky* are the little jacket of fat bacon in which it is enveloped, and the batter in which it is dipped. The bacon should be previously cooked, and cut into thin slices, two and a half inches long, and one and a half deep: two oysters, or a heaped up tea-spoonful of any *salpicon*, should be laid in the centre of each: the bacon must then be folded over it very neatly, and kept ready for the dipping process, which must be carried out cautiously: the frying should be conducted as already described.

If you wish to make a *kramousky* of chicken, turkey or game, you should mince the meat coarsely, the pieces being cut like little dice, bind the mince with the yolks of an egg or two, and stir into it, in a sauce-pan on the fire, a little richly made *velouté;* let this get quite cold, and firm, then divide it into little portions and fill your bacon slices. Minced truffles, and mushrooms, are, of course, undeniable improvements to any *salpicon.*

A fish *kramousky* is easily accomplished: you need only mince the fish, stir into it, in a sauce-pan on the fire, a few spoonsful of well made white sauce, add a little spice, with the yolk of an egg, and set it to cool.

In like manner, tinned lobster, tinned oysters, and any tinned fish, can thus be successfully treated. In using them, however, it is necessary to wash, and drain them from the liquid of the tin. The sauce should be made very carefully, so that it may freshen up the fish as much as possible.

An oyster, plainly dipped in the batter I have given you, and fried *secundum artem,* is perhaps as dainty a morsel as can be presented to the jaded appetite of an Anglo Indian. Drain the oysters from their liquor in the tin, wipe them, and set them *en marinade* all the day in a soup plate, with the juice of three limes, an onion sliced, some whole peppers, and a few cloves; turn them occasionally till they are wanted.

Here is a super-excellent idea of the "G. C.'s":—Split each oyster open, almost as wide, comparatively speaking, as you do a kidney, and insert therein a little of the following composition:—a dessert spoonful each of minced mushroom, shallot, and truffle, tossed on the fire in batter, with pepper, salt and a spoonful of rich brown sauce: thicken this with the yolks of two eggs, give it the juice of a lime, and let it get cold. After putting a small allowance of this in each oyster, shut the sides together, dip it in the batter, and fry immediately.

I have already indicated the vegetables which make good fritters, and repeat here my high opinion of that method of treating them.

Try this:—pound a dish of boiled prawns in the mortar with some butter, and weak gravy; when quite worked to a *purée,* incorporate them with the batter mixture, and drop it by dessert spoonsful at a time, into your *sauté*-pan: let them cook till they turn a rich golden brown, and are as crisp as biscuits then drain, and serve them on a napkin.

If you omit the prawn *purée,* and simply fry spoonsful of the plain batter, you will have "pancake fritters," which may be either sent up as a savoury *entremet,* to be eaten with butter, pepper, and salt; or as a sweet one, when they must be dusted over with powdered sugar, and sprinkled with lime juice. In the latter case, a spoonful of brandy shaken over the fritters improves their general effect.

All fruit fritters can be cooked in the batter I have described. Peaches, apricots, pears, and apples make delicious fritters; the pineapple is equally amenable to the *sauté*-pan; whilst oranges and our lowly plantain are not to be despised. For the four former fruits we must look to the tin; those that come to us from America are specially to be recommended. Pineapples, when in season, can be procured in the market; if out of season, the American tinned slices are capital substitutes. Oranges can be used in their season, and the plantain is a perennial friend. Whatever fruit be chosen, let it be set *en marinade* in liqueur, brandy, or rum. Delicate fruits require liqueur, the pineapple is better associated with rum, the plantain and orange are thankful for either rum or brandy. A wineglass is enough. The fruit, sliced, and prepared for the "*beignets,*" should be laid in a soup-plate, dusted over with sugar, and sprinkled with the brandy, or liqueur. After an hour, the slices should be turned over, basted again, and that should be repeated during the afternoon, until they are required by the cook.

The brandy or liqueur you use for the *marinade* should be mixed in the batter.

I cannot do better than wind up this chapter with a recipe for *beignets soufflés* :—

"Put about a pint of water in a sauce-pan with a pinch of salt, a piece of butter the size of an egg, a table-spoonful of sugar, and the rasped peel of three lemons—when the whole boils, throw in gradually sufficient flour to form a thick paste, then let it remain ten minutes, and work into it, off the fire, two eggs complete, and the yolks of two more, the whites of which you reserve for whisking to a froth: add the froth, let it rest awhile, and then proceed to fry by dropping pieces of it the size of a walnut into boiling fat. The paste will swell in the process of frying, and hollow balls of a fine golden colour will be produced, if the lard is sufficiently heated. Serve them piled upon a dish, with a plentiful coating of powdered white sugar." (G. C.)

In this country it will be better to use a few drops of lemon essence than the rasped peel of a lime; and any essence, such as vanilla, ratafia, almond, &c., may be used as a change.

If you omit the lemon and the sugar, and stir in with the flour a good allowance of finely grated Parmesan, you will achieve a "*beignet soufflé au Parmesan*," a truly toothsome savoury *entremet*.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Salads.

IN an early chapter of these jottings, I observed that amongst the accessories of the artistic dinner, a good salad, though not entered in the *menu* perhaps, was still expected to be present. On the continent we find the salad handed to us, as a matter of course, with 'the roast;' and this custom is being fast adopted in England by those who are quick to mark that which their neighbours do well. There can be no doubt whatever that this method of dressing raw vegetables, if correctly done, is wholesome, and a singularly commendable staple of diet for people who live in hot climates. There are ailments to which the Englishman seems to be especially prone, which are comparatively unknown by Italians with whom raw vegetables, and oil are daily food. A careful study then, of what we can do in India in this branch of cookery is worthy of every man's attention.

We all know that a salad demands two things:—its vegetable foundation, and its dressing, both of which may be a good deal varied.

First, as regards the foundation of a salad. This may be composed of cooked, as well as of raw materials: the vegetables principally employed being, lettuces (cabbage, and coss) endive, tomatoes, onions, cucumbers, parsley, mustard, garden-cress, and water-cress, in the latter condition; and in the

former, beetroot, French beans, potatoes, artichokes, cauliflower, turnip-tops, asparagus, cabbage, vegetable marrow, and young carrots. With cold cooked country vegetables I have made capital salads; the brinjal, bandecai, country beans, greens, and little pumpkins, gathered small, are all worthy of treatment in this way.

Touching salad-dressing a great deal might be written, for concerning its composition cookery books seem to possess "a thousand several tongues," and every tongue to bring in "a several tale." Let us try and be contented with a few standard ones, remembering that salads may be clothed in simplicity, as well as in grandeur. True *connoisseurs*, I think, adhere, as a rule, to the very simplest: that is to say, the simplest as far as its component parts, and the process of mixing them, are concerned; the artist's hand and eye, and some little experience to boot, are however essential to acquire that nicety of judgment of *quantity* which a plain dressing demands. It is, therefore, the hardest to describe.

Let me lead off with one general law for every salad, of which English people are, collectively speaking, ignorant; it is this:—

Abstain from the *vinegar* bottle as much as possible. You do not want an acid dish at all; vinegar is merely added to lend a peculiar flavour to the composition, and to assist it with a very slight pungency. The correct use of vinegar is, therefore, to my mind the feature which contains the main difficulty in mixing a salad. The following rules for plain salad-dressing may be trusted I think:—

Pull the leaves of the lettuce from the stalk with your hand, rejecting all that are bruised and discoloured, turn them into a basin, wash them well, and drain them thoroughly on a sieve, tossing them lightly in a cloth afterwards to get rid of every drop of water. When dry, put them into the bowl, and work them about with the wooden spoon and fork

whilst an assistant drops over them a little of the finest oil you can buy. As soon as every leaf is thoroughly anointed,—glittering with a coating of moisture as it were,—shake over them a *few drops* of tarragon vinegar, and dust them with salt, and black pepper. The spoon and fork must be kept going during the addition of the vinegar drops, and also whilst the pepper and salt are being dusted into the bowl. The thing to avoid is a *sediment* of dressing: the leaves lying at the bottom of the bowl must, in that case, become sodden, and so the crispness you desire to maintain will be marred. A thorough lubrication is all that has to be accomplished. I picked this up from a French waiter at Verrey's dining rooms in London: it was surprising how much oil was caught up by the dry crisp leaves, and how little vinegar was put in as a finishing touch by this accomplished *garçon*.

Very finely minced onion, curled parsley, and garden-cress may be sprinkled over the lettuce leaves *after* the oil has been worked into them, but for dinner parties the "violet" had better be omitted (valuable as it is) or its absence supplied by a drop or two of shallot vinegar. And this leads me to aromatic vinegars, "without which," to use the out-fitters favourite form of advertisement, "no salad-maker's equipment can be considered complete":—

1.—"Tarragon Vinegar,"
2.—"Anchovy Vinegar,"
3.—"Shallot Vinegar,"
4.—"Elder Vinegar,"
5.—"Garlic Vinegar,"

These are all procurable at the shops of the leading preserved provision merchants at Madras, but the salad artist should *make* his own, peculiar vinegars, and use them, according to his judgment, to vary the too often repeated flavours of ordinary compositions: here are a few suggestions:—

"*Fines herbes* vinegar":—To half a pint of tarragon vinegar, add a table-spoonful of minced garden-cress, a table-

spoonful of minced marjoram, a clove of garlic, two green capsicums shred, one minced shallot. Or:—To the same vinegar, add the rind of three limes, a dozen cloves, a dozen pepper corns, and the same green herbs and onion.

The bruised *seed* of garden-cress, celery, and parsley, in equal portions,—say a tea-spoonful of each, a clove of garlic, and two capsicums finely minced, make, when added to half a pint of tarragon vinegar, an invaluable element of salad dressing.

A very few drops of the strongly flavoured vinegars I have described are, of course, ample to "animate the bowl." A cook's ingenuity will aid him in concocting other varieties easily enough. When made, cork your bottle down tightly, seal it with wax, and set it in the sun,—an operation which presents but little difficulty in this country. In a week or two, you may strain the liquid, and take it into use.

An excellent salad is that made by slicing raw tomatoes, with a Bombay onion. The dressing given should be like that recommended for lettuce, only that, inasmuch as there must be much juice from the tomatoes, your allowance of oil may be abundant; and, as tomatoes are sweet, there may be a little freer use of the vinegar cruet. As in all salads, tarragon, or any aromatic vinegar, may be employed advantageously in this one, and minced *fines herbes* may be sprinkled over the whole. This is obviously a salad for the sterner sex, and one which no man would partake of just before a ball, on his wedding day, or at all during the halcyon period which generally precedes that ceremony. O! why is our rose thus thornily encumbered? Why was it ordained that man should never eat of the fragrant bulb without remembering it to his sorrow? I heard a cook once say that the forbidden fruit in the garden of Eden *must* have been an onion. "Hence," said he, "the curse it carries with it, and hence the universal dislike with which it is regarded by the ladies." But this man was a free thinker.

The other form of salad dressing is closely allied to *mayonnaise* sauce, and has many admirers. With some vegetable ingredients it undoubtedly works better than its plainer relative. In England, however, it is nearly always spoilt by being drowned with vinegar,—common, acid stuff without any flavouring,—and in nearly every cookery book of the average capacity, you are told to mix oil and vinegar in *equal parts*, which I have already denounced. In point of fact, the part played by the vinegar in these dressings ought to be so small (as regards measurement) that a fixed amount can scarcely be laid down. In proportion to the oil, a *quarter* is to my mind the outside allotment that should be given. This is a good every-day salad mixture:—

Put the very hard boiled yolks of two eggs into a slop basin, with a tea-spoonful of powdered mustard, a salt spoonful of salt, a pinch of sugar, and a tea-spoonful of minced shallot. Bruise these with a wooden or silver spoon, and work them to a paste with a little salad oil, add oil by degrees till your paste is about the consistency of batter, then toss into it the raw yolk of an egg, continue the working, and add oil, till you have a nice rich sauce coating the spoon pretty thickly: you can now dole out a little tarragon vinegar, and mix it thoroughly with the other ingredients: the sauce will become creamy the moment it receives the vinegar. Taste your sauce by dipping a leaf of lettuce into a spoonful of it, and finish it off, as regards further addition of oil and vinegar, according to discretion. The eye, and the palate are your surest guides: no true salad maker works by measure. As soon as you have got a creamy, well-flavoured sauce to suit your fancy, strain it through the little block tin strainer to get rid of every lump, and the little bits of onion. This should be done over the sauce-boat, which should be put into the ice box as soon as it is filled.

I recommend very strongly that the salad, nicely dressed in its bowl, and the sauce in its boat, should be preserved separately, and handed round together. If you mix a salad

of this kind before dinner, and let it soak, it deteriorates considerably before the time comes for its service. Cover up your nicely selected lettuce leaves, &c., and they will be crisp, if handed round, with their sauce following them, on the arrival of "the roast." This advice holds good with *mayonnaise.* The meat or fish of which the dish may be composed becomes sodden, and dead, and the green accompaniments fall off in crispness. Besides, after the meal, a *mixed* mayonnaise is wasted, whereas one with which the sauce was separately served may be turned to account. You have only to pick the meat out of lettuce leaves, and set it in the safe. The *plain* salad I first mentioned must, of course, be mixed beforehand.

Salads of cold cooked vegetables can be either served with plain, or rich dressings. Sliced potatoes, beetroot, French beans, and cucumber, go well together: cauliflower and cabbage, both kinds of artichokes, and asparagus points, are admirable with a plain sauce: and the country vegetables I have alluded to are nice with ordinary salad sauce, or *mayonnaise* dressing. Choose very young brinjals, boil and slice them; bandecais may be plainly arranged in rows; young pumpkins must be sliced, and greens, slightly boiled and drained. Strips of anchovies, well wiped from their tin oil, may be slipped into each bandecai with satisfactory results.

Here is a noble recipe for a *mayonnaise* for which I have to thank a fair, and most accomplished *artiste* now in Madras:—

In an oval, or round cylinder-mould, pour a little well made aspic jelly; as soon as it is set, drop in a number of balls of green butter, and prawn butter alternately, cover them with jelly, set it, and repeat the process until the mould is packed: you must *ice* the balls of butter before you drop them in, and alternate them differently in each layer, so that the colours may be checkered. The mould can now be left in ice to consolidate thoroughly: when

turned out, you can garnish it externally with balls of the same fancy butters, and pack its hollow centre with the fish, or fowl of which your *mayonnaise* is composed. Lettuce leaves should crown the centre, and be disposed round the margin of the dish outside the mould. The sauce should be kept in ice till the nick of time before serving when (in this case) it should be poured over the contents in the centre of the mould.

My up-country readers have only to make their fancy butter from tinned lobster meat, instead of prawns, to turn out just as grand a *mayonnaise* as this. For fancy butters, please follow me in the next chapter.

N.B.—In all rich salad, or *mayonnaise* dressings, *cream* may be used instead of oil, or be added to a made sauce as a finishing touch.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Hors d'œuvres.

WE must now consider those attractive accessories of an artistic dinner, luncheon, or breakfast party, which, under the title of *hors d'œuvres,* are gradually becoming popular amongst English people, whose minds have expanded under the beneficial influence of travel in foreign countries.

Hors d'œuvres, as you all doubtless know, are little dainties, or kickshaws, carefully prepared, and tastefully served, which, on the continent, are offered to the diner to whet his appetite prior to the more important discussion of the banquet itself. In Italy the service of these trifles under the title of "*antipasto,*" precedes every meal as a standard custom. We have not yet acquired this agreeable fashion, notwithstanding that the sending round of three or four oysters to each guest, with a slice of brown bread and butter, &c., has for a long time, been no novelty either in England, or even in Madras. Our custom, at present, is to reserve the *hors d'œuvres* to accompany the cheese at a dinner party, and to advocate a change would, I fear, be lost labour on the part of the author of these jottings. As far as luncheon, and breakfast parties are concerned, however, surely we might adopt the Italian custom as a novelty, and watch its effect upon our friends, before passing an opinion upon the suitability of the introduction.

Unlike the greater part of our culinary labours, this little item of our *menu* need cost us but little trouble. We can obtain many excellent things wherewith to captivate the appetite, and we can make others which in their way are generally successful. *Olives farcies*, olives plain, anchovies in oil, sardines, sliced Bologna sausage, preserved tunny, lobster, cod's roes, reindeer's tongues, ox tongue, devilled ham, potted meats, fancy butters, herrings *à la sardine*, pilchards in oil, caviare, oysters, pickles, cucumber, radishes, thin bread and butter, wafer biscuits, oaten biscuits, and last but not least "Bombay ducks," provide us with a goodly list from which to choose our three tasty morsels.

Hors d'œuvres should be served in a dish made with compartments. Tongue, sausages, and ham should be most delicately sliced: preserved fish should be very carefully wiped free from all tin-oil, and re-dressed with the finest salad oil; if of a large kind, small portions should be cut to suit the dish: potted meats should be fresh, home-made, and prettily shaped in a cone, caviare should be turned out of the tin, and garnished with quarters of lime. Fancy butters must be iced, and served separately.

Oysters are rarely sent round with the cheese: when they appear before dinner, send them up in their shells, and be quick with their accompaniments: you sometimes see a hungry man polish off his bivalves before the lime, pepper, and bread and butter, have reached him: combat this contingency by breaking up the dishes containing these adjuncts into detachments, and serving them in two or three directions at once.

In selecting your *hors d'œuvres* try to avoid giving two fishy things on the same dish, thus:—do not give anchovies, and prawn butter together, or olives farcies and caviare, but take, let us say, anchovy butter, devilled ham, and oat biscuit, or cream cheese, *olives farcies*, and wafers. Here are a few combinations:—

Sliced Bologna sausage, prawn butter, bread and butter.
Kippered seer fish, sliced tongue, oat biscuit.
Herring *à la sardine*, potted tongue, dry biscuit.
Cheese fingers, green butter, Bologna sausage.
Cucumber, *olives farcies*, oat biscuit.
Pilchards in oil, butter, pulled bread.

The best cheese you can get, cut into dice, should accompany the above. Home-made cream cheeses are not seen as often as they ought to be, and yet a child could make one, following any domestic cookery book recipe. The garnishing of the compartments of the *hors d'œuvres* dish should be tastefully done with knots of curled parsley, curled cress, or little bunches of fresh water-cress.

Fancy butters have of late become justly popular at Madras. There are many ways of making them. The objects you must keep in view when composing a fancy butter, may be thus summed up :—a pleasant flavour, a pretty tint, and novelty. To secure the first, it is imperatively necessary that the basis upon which you work be beyond suspicion. The butter you use must be the best possible. If, therefore, you cannot make it at home, from cream you have set under your own eye, I strongly advise you to use that of a "*Denmark*" tin. You must wash the butter well with milk, and form it with your butter-bat, setting it in ice afterwards. The colouring is clap-trap work : you can get a nice green tint from "spinach greening," and a pretty orange scarlet from crab coral. Novelty rests with yourself : you can ring the changes upon pounded anchovies, sardines, herring roes, lobster, prawns, crab, and pilchards: you can use capers, parsley, garden-cress, gherkins, onions, and olives : by the judicious selection of your ingredients, all of which are agreeable in fancy butter, you will avoid sameness, and secure success. This is my recipe for a stock "green-butter" :—

1.—Weigh a quarter of a pound of butter such as I have described, and ice it.

2.—Boil a couple of good handsful of spinach, pass the leaves through the hair sieve, and save all the pulp, so obtained, in a bowl.

3.—Take six full sized anchovies from the tin, *wipe* them free from oil, pick out their back bones, pass them through the hair sieve, and save the pulp.

4.—Mince as finely as possible sufficient curled parsley to fill a tablespoon generously.

5.—Mince also as finely as possible capers sufficient to fill a teaspoon.

6.—Having these ingredients ready, first colour the butter by working into it, as lightly as you can enough "spinach-greening" to secure the tint you require (it is always wise to order a little more spinach than you think you may want, to be on the safe side) then add the other things by degrees, and when thoroughly incorporated, trim the butter into a tasteful mould, or sundry pretty patlets, and set it in the ice box.

"*Maître d'hôtel* butter" I have already given. It is quite worthy of a place amongst *hors d'œuvres.*

"Prawn butter,"—a highly delicious composition, should be made in this way :—Boil the prawns, clean them carefully, pound them to a paste in your mortar, mixing a little butter with them to assist the operation. Now melt some butter in a sauce-pan, mix your pounded prawn meat in it, and as soon as it appears to have absorbed the butter (having been well stirred during the process and flavoured with a very little cayenne pepper, and powdered mace) take it out, and mix it with your iced butter in the proportion of about half and half. The pounding must be *thorough ;* there should be no granulated particles of prawn meat in the butter.

Crab-coral butter, and lobster butter may be made exactly as the foregoing: in the case of the former, I would put in

a couple of anchovies, as the coral is rather tasteless; and in that of the latter, I would wash the lobster clean, getting rid of all oily, tinny juices. To do this, turn the contents of tin out upon a sieve, with a bowl under it to catch the liquor; when the lobster meat drips no longer, pour over it a good jugful of clean cold water turning the pieces so that they may all come under the stream.

Hard boiled yolks of eggs may be passed through the sieve, and be made to form a part of any fancy butter; they tint plain butter yellow and make a tasty pat if flavoured with soft herring roes, or cod's roes, peppered and sharpened with a few capers.

Fish that is very salt must, of course, be soaked in water before it can be used: anchovies *in oil* do not need that treatment; gorgona anchovies, on the other hand, must be freed from brine by steeping.

Home-made potted meats, if carefully made, so far surpass those you get in tins, that I can hardly understand why they are so rarely attempted. Really good butter, and a little pure gravy, attentively extracted from some fresh meat and bones, are the chief corner-stones in such compositions. Ramasámy invariably over-spices his potted meat, and the less we enquire into the class of butter he uses the better.

Potted prawns should be made precisely as laid down for prawn butter, omitting the final amalgamation with butter. I will select home-made potted tongue as a trustworthy method of using up meat advantageously:—

Take one pound weight of tongue, home-cured, (don't hesitate to pay eight or ten annas for it when fresh: the sum will not ruin you, and you will get your money's worth) four ounces of "Denmark" butter, a tea-spoonful of pounded mace, a coffee cup of beef gravy, a tea-spoonful of "spiced pepper" (q. v. page 90), and work them in this manner:—cut

off the hard skin of the tongue, and pass the meat through your mincing machine: after that, pound it thoroughly in your mortar, adding the butter and gravy during the operation: press the meat through your wire-sieve to get rid of gristle, and lumps, work the spiced pepper and mace into it, and pat it down tightly in a jar: smooth the surface: melt a table-spoonful of the same sort of butter in a sauce-pan, and pour it over the surface; let it get cold, and the work will be completed. This receipt is practicable, as to *quantities*, with cold corned beef, chicken and tongue (half and half), cold roast beef, and even mutton. Roast beef, and mutton, require about three anchovies to the pound, as they have not the flavour of salted meat.

Potted snipe, hare, partridges, &c., are excellent. Don't forget the *livers* when you are potting birds, and turn back to page 58 for my recipe for "*foie gras* forcemeat," a little of which will encourage your game *pâté* exceedingly. If you happen to have any spare atoms of truffles handy, slip them into the potted meat, and no man will blame you.

"Mock-crab" is the name given to a very good *hors d'œuvre* in which cheese plays a prominent part; this is how it is made:—half a pound of prawn meat, a quarter of a pound of good fresh cheese, a dessert-spoonful of mustard powder, a table-spoonful of salad oil, a table-spoonful of "anchovy vinegar," and a liberal dusting of spiced pepper. Pound every thing (omitting the prawns) and work the mixture till it looks like a rich *mayonnaise* sauce, adding oil if necessary to obtain that result: when creamy, mingle it with the prawn meat, pounded, &c., as in the former receipt, and trim it into a shapely little mould for serving.

"Pulled bread" accompanies the cheese in the place of biscuits. You can make it easily enough, if you bake at home, as follows:—Make a pound loaf, and when the bread is all but done, take it from the oven, tear the crumb from the inside with a fork in irregular pieces, place them on a buttered baking tin and crisp them in the oven.

Use *coarse* grained oatmeal for your oat biscuits, and send them up piping hot from the griddle.

"Cheese fingers" should be made in these proportions :—a quarter of a pound of puff paste, a pinch of salt, two ounces of grated Parmesan, or other mild cheese, and a very little cayenne, or a few drops of "*tabasco.*" Work the ingredients together, roll the paste out about half an inch thick, cut it into oblong shapes, about three inches long, bake and serve as hot as possible, on a napkin.

"Devilled ham" is sold in tins, it is as good a thing as can be got at a pinch, if you have no time to make a *hors d'œuvre* at home. It is not as hot as its name would lead you to suppose: it is merely potted ham well peppered.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Eggs, Maccaroni, and Cheese.

UNDER the title which I have selected for this chapter, I propose to place before you a few dishes of a savoury nature, some of which will be found, I think, suitable for the breakfast, or luncheon table, and some of them worthy of a place as *entremets* in the choicest of dinner *menus.*

Although many people must be aware that there are numerous ways of cooking eggs nicely, why is it that so few attempt to go beyond the ordinary methods which have obtained in English kitchens since good King Arthur ruled the land? It is the same with maccaroni: how rare a thing it is to see that most invaluable article of food dressed otherwise than in the time-honoured baking-dish. And, in the many uses of cheese, what ignorance we betray! Whether taken independently, and made the most of alone, or combined together, and treated in some artistic fashion, we possess in these three things the elements of certain dainty dishes which, in their way, are excellent. Singularly adapted to the climate in which we spend our exile, and inexpensive, they are at the same time invested with a certain amount of refinement that to many people is no slight recommendation.

The accessories which are more or less necessary in this branch of cookery are:—good butter, cream, a little clear

gravy, herbs and onion as used for *omelette* making, the tomato, cold vegetables, and carefully sifted bread-crumbs. The remains of fish, game, and poultry; grated ham, corned beef, and tongue, and slices of sausages, may be also occasionally made use of by an ingenious cook. Let us first consider a few ways of serving eggs:—

"*Œufs sur le plat*":—this simple, yet capital method of doing eggs in a hurry, should be noted. Melt a table-spoonful of butter in an *omelette* pan, and slip two eggs into it, carefully avoiding breaking the yolks; let them set in the butter, as a poached egg sets in water; the moment they are sufficiently firm, let them slide off into the hot dish ready to receive them, pouring the butter in which they were cooked over them. Put in the eggs the moment the butter melts; for, when first they go in, the pan should not be too hot: a drop or two of tarragon vinegar may be shaken over the dished eggs, or a tiny bit of *maître d'hôtel* butter the size of a pea may be allowed to melt over each of them. If after dishing the eggs, you return the pan to the fire, and brown the butter before pouring it over them, you have "*œufs au beurre noir.*"

Eggs broken gently over thin slices of cheese, (which have been placed in melted butter in an *omelette* pan over the fire) and allowed to set, are called "*œufs au fromage*": they should be dusted with pepper, and salt before serving.

I have frequently mentioned "buttered-eggs"* in connection with fish, and vegetable cookery. By some, the dish is called "scrambled eggs," which is perhaps the more accurate title, being a translation of the French "*œufs brouillés,*" the name given to it by our "lively neighbours." Do not forget the many ways in which you may serve this composition, and proceed to make it thus:—Break three eggs into a bowl with a salt spoonful of salt, a table-spoonful of cream or of milk, and a dust of pepper: mix them well:

* The "*rumbled eggs*" of Ramasámy.

melt a piece of butter the size of an egg in your omelette pan: pour in your mixture, stir it about uneasingly until it is lightly set, and turn it out. Tomato pulp may be mixed with the eggs, and any nice meat like ham, tongue, corned beef, game, &c., may be minced up, and added to them. The cream is by no means *necessary*, neither is the milk, but with the poor eggs of the Indian fowl, I think the assistance they give is very perceptible.

By adding grated cheese you have "*œufs brouillés au fromage*:" "asparagus peas," and truffles are also grand additions recommended by Gouffé.

"*Œufs au jus*":—Suppose that you have a nice breakfast cupful of gravy saved from the joint which was served at last night's dinner. Choose a little pie-dish, and pour some of the gravy into it, so as to cover the bottom well; flavour it with a little minced shallot, or any sweet herb, set it in the oven, and when it bubbles, break into it as many eggs as will fill the dish nicely without crowding; shake some bread-crumbs over the eggs, and some little pieces of minced anchovy, or the remains of any cold fish; return the dish to the oven for three or four minutes, so that its contents may partly set; then pour the rest of the gravy evenly over the surface, add another layer of fine crumbs, and bake for five or six minutes. Be careful not to let the eggs harden.

"*Œufs à la crème*":—Choose a shallow pie-dish, and butter it liberally. Pour over the bottom of the dish a layer of cream a quarter of an inch deep, over that shake a coating of well grated cheese a quarter of an inch deep: if wide enough to hold them without crowding, slip in as carefully as you can,—*to avoid breaking a single yolk*,—six eggs; give them a dust of black pepper, and salt, and pour a little more cream over the surface, coating it over again with grated cheese. Let the dish remain in the oven until the eggs are set without being hard,—the time will depend upon the state of the oven,—brown the surface by passing a

red hot iron backwards and forwards over it, about an inch above the cheese, and serve. The cream should be really thick and rich, or the effect of the little *entremet* will be "poor indeed." This dish may be added to by first placing a layer of maccaroni in the pie-dish, the cream being poured over it, then the cheese, and so on.

"*Œufs au gratin*":—Butter the bottom of a pie-dish previously well rubbed with shallot, and line it with some maccaroni already boiled in milk, pour round it some melted butter in which you have dissolved some grated Parmesan, or other mild well rasped cheese, and upon that dispose a complete layer of hard boiled eggs, sliced. A finely minced anchovy should be sprinkled over the eggs with pepper and salt or, better still, with a judicious dressing of "spiced salt" (q. v., page 90) for seasoning; and then a nice coating of bread-crumbs, and grated cheese mixed in equal proportions: drop a number of little bits of butter the size of a pea over the surface, and bake the dish till the top takes a golden brown tint. Slices of tomato, drained of their watery juice, and with their seeds picked out, may be laid upon the egg, or thin slices of Bologna sausage; and mushrooms, or truffle trimmings, may be chopped up, and sprinkled over them: there is obviously ample scope for culinary ingenuity in the enrichment of "*œufs au gratin.*"

"*Œufs farcis*":—Boil six eggs for half an hour, take them out, and plunge them into cold water. When quite cold, peel off their shells, and, with a dessert knife rubbed in butter, divide each egg in half, slicing a little piece off the rounded ends to admit of each half sitting upright upon a dish: now pick out the yolks, pound them with butter in a mortar, and proceed to dress them with any tasty trifles at your command, season the composition delicately, and fill the egg cases therewith, trimming the *farce* neatly, with a dessert knife dipped in melted butter, in a convex shape over each case,—for there will be more than enough mixture to merely fill each cavity. For the *farce* you can use finely

minced olives, capers, anchovies, mushrooms, and truffles; very finely grated ham, the bruised liver of a chicken, the remains of a *pâté de foie gras,* or a little sausage meat. A judicious selection of two or three of these ingredients, seasoned with "spiced pepper" is what you require,—say, one teaspoonful of mixed *farce* to each half yolk. Having dressed your cases to your mind, *fry* a little square of bread for each one, as for *canapés* (q. v., page 141) and place them thereon: arrange them on a flat silver dish slightly buttered, pour a little melted butter over each egg, and bake for five minutes. Some nicely fried bread-crumbs may be strewn over the dish when going to table. Eggs may, of course, be served in this manner very plainly *farcis:* a little minced curled parsley or marjoram, with a pounded anchovy, and some chopped olive, for instance, would not be a bad mixture when worked up with the hard yolks.

Hard boiled eggs may be fricasseed, or gently heated up, in a rich sauce like *velouté, Espagnole,* or *poulette,* and those who do not object to fried onions, might do worse than concoct a dish with their assistance in this way:—

"*Œufs aux oignons*":—Slice up a good sized Bombay onion, and fry the rings in butter till they are nice and brown, add a little flour to the butter, and when it is mixed, pour in a breakfast cup of cream or fresh milk: give this a dusting with salt and "spiced pepper," and put into the sauce four hard boiled eggs cut into slices; simmer the sauce-pan till its contents are thoroughly hot, and serve garnished with curls of crisply fried bacon, alternated with neatly cut pieces of fried bread.

If you desire to err on the side of studied simplicity, cut four hard boiled eggs in halves, trim them like "*œufs farcis*" to stand upright, set them on a flat silver dish slightly buttered, and bake them until quite hot, then serve with a cap of *maître d'hôtel* butter, prawn butter (or any fancy butter left from last night's dinner) melting over each half egg. The *error* will be pardonable.

"*Œufs aux topinambours*":—This delicious *entremet* should be prepared in this wise:—choose four good sized Jerusalem artichokes, trim, boil, and set them to cool; take four hard boiled eggs, and cut them in halves; out of the artichokes prepare eight flat slices, and place half an egg upon each slice with the rounded end uppermost; set them on a buttered dish, heat them thoroughly in the oven, and just before serving, pour over them some thickly worked "*velouté au parmesan*," or some melted *maître d'hôtel* butter. A dusting of "spiced salt" should be given on taking the eggs from the oven. This is nicer still with artichoke bottoms,—the leafy kind.

Maccaroni, and the numerous varieties of the Italian paste family of which it is the best known member, should invariably be plunged into boiling water to commence with—no matter whether you intend to cook them in milk, or stock, afterwards—in order to rid them of the imperceptible dirt which clings to them. Remember that maccaroni is a much *handled* comestible, and that washing it in water is not enough. I adverted to this when speaking of soups (page 27), and described how the cleansing can alone be effected. Besides, maccaroni must not be *wetted* to begin with by any liquid not boiling. Mark these golden rules:—"washing maccaroni is useless and unnecessary, putting it to cook in cold water is a blunder, soaking it is a crime." Treat it as our native cooks do rice,—here let me yield to Ramasámy, or his tunnycutch (?) the praise that either he, or she, deserves,—and throw it into plenty of boiling water, test it occasionally with a fork, as soon as it is nice and tender, stop the boiling by a dash of cold water, lift the vessel, and drain it completely returning the maccaroni to the hot pan. If you want to cook Italian pastes in milk or stock, whichever you use should be boiling: parboil the paste in boiling water for five minrtes to clean it, drain it carefully, and turn it into the stock or milk as the case may be to finish cooking.

"Maccaroni *à l' Italienne*" will be found in Chapter XXV, (page 143).

Another excellent method may be described as follows:—Make a breakfast cupful of good chicken broth flavoured with an onion, sweet herbs, and black pepper corns. With that make a nice "*velouté au fromage*" in this way:—melt an ounce of butter in a sauce-pan, stir into it a table-spoonful of flour, mix them to a paste and by degrees pour in the chicken broth; as this is heating up, add to it two ounces of grated cheese, or Parmesan from the bottle, a table-spoonful of powdered mustard, salt, and "spiced pepper," at discretion; continue to stir the sauce until it reaches a creamy thickness, when you can finish it by a table-spoonful of cream. Now put into the sauce two ounces of *boiled* maccaroni, heat it up well without boiling, and serve.

The association of tomatoes with maccaroni seems to be as happy as that of green peas with a duckling, egg sauce with salt fish, or red currant jelly with a well hung saddle. These vegetables are generally applied in the form of *purée*, to achieve which you must cut them into quarters, trim them from stalk, &c., and put them into a sauce-pan with just sufficient water to cover them, a few pepper corns, two or three cloves of garlic, a tea-spoonful of dried *basil*, and a little salt; boil till the quarters are quite soft, and then turn the contents of the sauce-pan out upon a hair sieve. Let the watery part escape, you do not want it, and when thus drained, pick out the garlic, and rub the vegetable through the sieve with a wooden spoon: the pulp that comes through,—well peppered with black pepper,—must be heated again with a lump of butter before it is mixed with the maccaroni.

Maccaroni with "*conserva di pomi d'oro*" is an Italian delicacy. The *conserva* is, as may readily be supposed, a regular jam made by reducing a good quantity of the *purée* aforesaid in a sauce-pan over the fire, stirring it without ceasing until it attains the consistency of paste. This may be preserved in bottles, and if securely corked, and waxed, will keep well. During their season tomatoes absolutely rot on the ground in many a private garden in this Presi-

dency: why permit such waste? the trouble of making a few bottles of this conserve would be amply repaid when the plants have died down. A spoonful or two of the preserve, thinned with a very little stock, and with a pat of butter worked into it, would at all times be handy for dressing maccaroni. A dusting of finely grated cheese should, of course, accompany it.

Here is a 'foreign composition' which I commend to the attention of those who like Italian cookery:—Mince a clove of garlic, a shallot, three anchovies, boned and well wiped from the tin oil, and four olives, put the mince into a small sauce-pan with three table-spoonsful of the best salad oil, boil till the bits of garlic and onion begin to brown, and then turn the mixture into a sauce-pan containing a large dish of hot boiled maccaroni, stir it well, and serve. An Italian cook would probably put in half a dozen, or more, cloves of garlic: in the proportions I have given, however, I do not think the taste of the bulb will be considered more *prononcé* than it is in chutneys, and numerous dishes made in India which we eat without murmuring.

The accepted form of serving maccaroni with Englishmen is either swimming in white sauce round a boiled fowl, or turkey, or in a pie-dish "*au gratin.*" The former is generally presented in such a flabby, tasteless manner, that the general unpopularity of the Italian paste may be easily accounted for. The "*au gratin*" is better understood, but even there, there is room for improvement. First boil the maccaroni as I have laid down, if in milk or stock, so much the better. Well butter a pie-dish, arrange the maccaroni therein neatly, give it a dusting with black pepper and salt, pour round it a cupful of good *sauce blanche* (q. v., page 66) in which you have mixed two ounces of grated cheese: let this run well in amongst the bed of maccaroni, and shake over the surface a liberal coating of grated cheese. Make this thoroughly hot, in the oven, brown the surface of the cheese by passing a hot iron about half an inch above it, and send it up. Mac-

caroni "*au gratin*" should be nice and moist: you can use cream instead of *sauce blanche* if you like, and tomato *purée* may be introduced in its composition. A little minced fish like herring, prawns, lobster, or anchovy, may be dotted about amongst the maccaroni, and with minced ham and chicken, or tongue and chicken, you can make a capital home-dinner *entrée,* following in other respects the ordinary recipe.

Several dishes will be found in my *menus* in which maccaroni figures, for I have the highest opinion of its merits in savoury cookery. The rules I have given will, I think, be found reliable with respect to all kinds of Italian paste, and I sincerely hope that what I have said may be the means of drawing my fellow exiles' attention to a comestible which deserves far greater attention than it receives. An inexpensive article of food which, with a little attention, may be made a luxury, is surely a thing that the banished lover of good things can ill afford to despise.

The "*fondue,*" or "cheese *soufflé*" is *the* dish *par excellence* of which when successfully made, the good cook has just cause to be proud. It requires the most delicate management, and an atom will ruin the undertaking, for with all *soufflés,* to fall short of perfection means failure. Practice and experience go a long way towards turning out this *pièce de résistance* satisfactorily, it is nevertheless one of those things in which the best hand may occasionally err; so, for a dinner party, beware of placing too great confidence in it, have another dish ready to go round in case the *fondue* fail to "come off," and don't enter it in your *menu.* Here is the best recipe I ever read for this dish:—

"Melt an ounce of butter in an enamelled sauce-pan, and stir into it a table-spoonful of flour. When the two are well amalgamated, put in a small quantity of milk, and about three ounces of grated Parmesan cheese. Stir the mixture on a very slow fire till it assumes the appearance of thick cream, and beware of its becoming too hot, or boiling, for that would be fatal. Now

put in one clove of garlic, a small quantity of mustard powder, a dash of grated nutmeg, and some white pepper. Mix thoroughly, and if upon tasting you find that it is required, add a little salt. Keep on stirring the mixture at a very moderate heat for quite ten minutes, then remove the garlic, take the sauce-pan from the fire, stirring occasionally till the contents are nearly cold, then add the yolks of four eggs previously beaten up with a table-spoonful of milk, and well strained; mix well; incorporate swiftly with the mixture the whites of five eggs beaten to a froth, pour this into a deep round tin, and put it into the oven which must not be too hot; from twenty to thirty minutes baking will make the *fondue* ready for the table, to which it must be quickly sent, in its tin, with a napkin folded round it."—(G.C.)

If the early stage of preparing the *fondue* mixture were conducted in the *bain-marie* pan, there would be no risk of overheating it.

A simpler recipe by the same author runs as follows:—Make a thickish paste in a sauce-pan with milk and flour, taking care that it is quite smooth: add to, and thoroughly mix with it as much grated cheese as you have used flour, and a little over, a small quantity of salt, a little flour of mustard, and some pepper. Beat up, if you have used as much as a pint of milk for the paste, three or four eggs. Incorporate them with the paste, then fill a dish, or a number of patty-pans with it, bake a nice brown colour, and serve.

"*Ramequins*," or little *fondues* of cheese, are invariably popular. They are not hard to make: I choose a simple recipe which runs thus:—Put one ounce of butter in a roomy sauce-pan, with a quarter pint of water, a pinch of salt, and a dust of black pepper; boil it, and add two ounces of flour. Stir over the fire for four minutes, and then mix with it two ounces of grated Parmesan, and two eggs, one after the other. Put the paste thus formed on a buttered-baking sheet in lumps the size of a hen's egg, flatten them

slightly, brush them over with an egg, bake in the oven, and serve very hot. (Gouffé.)

"*Ramequins en caisses*":—Take two ounces of mild grated cheese, and two ounces of white bread-crumbs; soak the crumbs in milk, and pound them in a mortar with the cheese, and a little butter, till the whole is well mixed; now season the mixture with pepper and salt, adding a tea-spoonful of mustard powder, and the yolks of three eggs. Finally beat up the egg whites to a stiff froth, mingle it with the mixture, and fill your paper cases, which should be well buttered to prevent their burning outside, or "catching" the *fondue* within: bake them from ten minutes to a quarter of an hour, and serve them as soon as they have raised their heads, and have slightly taken colour.

"*Beignets soufflés au Parmesan*" will be found at page 154, and several dishes demanding cheese amongst the *menus*.

N. B.—The best flour for *fondues* and *soufflés* is potato flour. China *soufflé* cases are nicer than paper ones.

CHAPTER XXX.

Camp Cookery.

ALTHOUGH no doubt there are many of my readers who have by long experience acquired the knack of making themselves thoroughly comfortable under canvas, and who, being fond of nice food and *au fait* in culinary science, contrive to eat and drink in camp as luxuriously as in cantonment, there must be, I take it, a good many travellers, sportsmen, soldiers, and others whose duties demand several months of tent-life *per annum*, who would like to pick up a wrinkle or two in the matter of cookery under difficulties.

A friend of mine, who in addition to his passionate devotion to *la chasse*, possessed the keenest affection for his dinner, assured me, once upon a time, that *good bread* was the back-bone of happiness,—gustatory happiness that is to say,—in the jungle. In cantonment even, this man despised the miserable travesty called bread furnished by the native baker,—they say he once *saw it being made*, never thought of it again without a shudder, and preferred a home-made roll for ever afterwards. He carried his roll with him, so to speak, into camp, and with the aid of a talented servant, was able to bake hot, clean, white bread daily at a distance of many marches from an English dwelling place. He used Yeatman's baking powder, imported Australian or American flour, and a little salt.

Butter and milk were added in the case of his fancy *petit pain*, and he occasionally mixed oatmeal with the flour for variety.

I often envied my friend's bread, yet never took the trouble to follow his example until comparatively lately. My conversion was brought about by Mr. Woolf of 119, New Bond Street, who introduced me to the "Acmé cooking stove," and gave me many a *séance* with regard to the use of Yeatman's baking powder for which his firm are the London Agents. The man who could remain unconvinced after one of Mr. Woolf's pleasant demonstrations, would be a stoic indeed. You are shown how to make a pound loaf,—"cottage" pattern, in rolls, or in the tin,—which is placed in the stove oven whilst you examine the numerous clever contrivances for the kitchen,—principally American inventions,—which form the *spécialités* of the establishment. In less than half an hour the loaf, baked to perfection, is placed upon the table.

Now here are two invaluable articles for the dweller in tents:—a composition, perfectly climate-proof, by which he can turn out an excellent loaf of light, clean bread; and the oven to bake it in.

The "Acmé Stove" is cheap, portable, strong, and easily managed. It is fed by mineral oil, kerosine or parafine, and in addition to the oven, provides the cook with a capital kitchen range adapted for boiling, stewing, frying, and even grilling. The size I recommend, after upwards of a year's experience of its working,—ten months of that time having been spent at Madras,—is fitted with double wicks four inches wide. One of these stoves with its ordinary appurtenances can be purchased for £2-s15. For that sum you have a capital oven, with baking dishes and a griddle, a radiator, a kettle, and a frying-pan. Ordinary sauce-pans of a certain diameter can be used with it. A Warren's cooking pot, fitted to the stove, is furnished for £1-1, and a griller for five shillings and six pence. When not wanted for cooking, it can be used for heating a room, for which purpose, you use

the radiator, or ornamental chimney, previously mentioned. Thus adjusted, it is also very useful for airing damp linen, or drying wet clothes : you have merely to place a large circular basket over it, and spread the things thereon, for the chimney is so contrived that the heat radiates laterally, and there is therefore no chance of burning or scorching.

In camp, the first thing the Acmé would do for you would be to boil the water for your tea : if a raw December, or January morning in the Deccan, or on the plateau of Mysore, you would not object to the operation being performed *inside* your tent, for the warmth would be very pleasant. It would then bake the bread for your breakfast, and warm up any *réchauffé* destined for that meal at the same time. During the day it would make the soup, and in the evening be available for work for dinner. I do not say that you could do without a charcoal fire, but the stove would do a large portion of the day's cooking, and in a way vastly superior to any ordinary fire, either in camp or cantonment. In soup-making, for instance, and in stewing operations, you possess the power of producing the exact amount of heat you need by turning down the wicks at will. I have made a *pot au feu,* in a Warren's kettle placed upon my Acmé, the like of which I defy a native cook to produce with a common cookroom fire, simply on account of this regulating power. A gallon flask of kerosine oil should be made to fit the stove box for short periods of camp life. If a man were settled in a standing camp, or out in his district for an indefinite period, he would, of course, require a keg of oil. I use my stove for some hours daily, and my month's expenditure does not exceed ten quart bottles.

Another of Mr. Woolf's valuable inventions, which I can strongly advise the traveller to obtain, is the "Lang spirit lamp:" the large one costs five shillings and sixpence, and is a never failing source of comfort on a journey. In camp it would be found a most useful appendage to the Acmé stove for light work, such as boiling milk for coffee, cooking eggs in all sorts of ways, heating sauces, frying bacon, &c.

I use mine for *omelettes* almost every day in cantonment, for which work it is admirably adapted. With a "Lang lamp" you can make a cup of tea or coffee in the train, by the side of the road, on arrival at a public bungalow, or under a tree whilst the lascars are pitching your tent: and by its aid, and that of a small frying-pan, you can devil a biscuit, fry a rasher, poach an egg, or cook a kidney, to accompany the tea or coffee. It is fed by methylated spirit, a gallon of which would last for at least two months.

Having thus directed your attention to two excellent appliances for the camp kitchen,* I will return to the subject of baking bread, for your servants can always contrive a field oven for you without difficulty, which, though infinitely inferior to that of the stove, will perform the task required of it fairly enough. But in wet weather, the owner of an Acmé will, of course, laugh and grow fat, whilst his neighbour with only Ramasámy's fine weather make-shift to fall back upon, will beg for bread.

I have baked at home regularly now for ten months, using, for ordinary bread, Yeatman's baking powder, American flour, salt, and water; for fancy rolls, the same with butter, and milk; and have discovered, after many experiments, that in this country, the proportions of baking powder to flour which are laid down in the paper of directions accompanying each tin, have to be increased. For eight ounces of flour, for instance, I find that I have to use two tea-spoonsful of Yeatman.

I may say without hesitation that very few bread-makers hit off perfection at starting. I struggled through many disheartening attempts, before I turned out the thing I wanted. The common mistakes are overworking the dough, and using too much liquid. The mixing of dough with the proper quantity of fluid can only be acquired by practice, and all beginners knead too heavily through over

* There are, I dare say, cooking stoves, fed by mineral oils, patented by other firms, which are similar to the Acmé in working: I have confined my remarks to the one which I have thoroughly tested.

zeal. Watch a professor. The fair haired *artiste* who demonstrates bread-making at Mr. Woolfs', makes a pound loaf with three-quarters of a tea-cupful of water: her touch is as light as a feather, and the dough is made with wonderful swiftness. I have taught my servant to use two wooden spoons to work his dough with, the result is satisfactory as regards the lightness of the bread, and to those who dislike eating food mauled by native fingers, the system is especially attractive. If by any chance your dough has been made too sloppily, and from its putty-like consistency you feel convinced it will be heavy, bake it in a tin.

The paraphernalia of the home-baker should be:—a large enamelled iron milk basin, two wooden spoons, a flour dredger, scales to weigh the flour, some patty-pans for rolls, some small tins for ditto, a baking sheet, a half pound and pound loaf tin, and a cake tin: these various things are not expensive, they should be kept in the house (when in cantonment) away from the cook-room, as clean as possible, and be scrupulously reserved for their own purposes. Having provided yourself with this equipment, you should use Yeatman's baking powder, the best imported flour you can get, oatmeal occasionally, salt, and either good butter made at home, or that of any well known brand preserved in tin. Here is a reliable receipt for four nice breakfast or dinner rolls:—

eight ounces of flour,
one dessert spoonful of good butter,
two tea-spoonsful of Yeatman's powder,
one salt-spoonful of salt,
four table spoonsful of warm milk.

Rub the butter into the flour with one of the wooden spoons after having spread the latter in the enamelled pan, sprinkle the salt over it, and mix your dough as lightly as you can, using both wooden spoons, and shaking the milk

into the flour by degrees. When nicely formed, add the baking powder (last thing of all mark) stir it well into the dough, divide it into four equal portions, pat them into shape with the spoons, and place them in four patty-pans well buttered: These must be put on the baking sheet, and slipped into the oven, which should have been heated to receive them to such a degree that you can hardly bear your hand inside it. The time taken in baking depends upon the sort of oven you employ: as soon as the rolls brown very slightly, having risen into nice round forms, they are ready. This recipe may be altered to *five* ounces of flour, and three of oatmeal, for a change.

"*French Rolls*:"—Half a pound of flour, a dessert-spoonful of butter, one small egg, two tea-spoonsful of Yeatman's powder, a salt-spoonful of salt, four table-spoonsful of warm milk. Work the butter into the flour. Beat the egg up with the warm milk, and strain it into another cup, dust the salt over the flour, and gradually add the eggy-milk till the dough is formed; then mix the baking powder into it thoroughly; form the dough into two nice oblong rolls, place them on a sheet of well buttered paper, on the baking tin, and set them in the oven; look at them after twenty minutes baking, and take them out as soon as their colour indicates that they are done.

"*Half pound plain loaf*:"—Half a pound of flour, two tea-spoonsful of Yeatman's powder, a salt-spoonful of salt, four or five table-spoonsful of warm water. Work this as above, reserving the baking powder to the last, set the dough in a tin, or form it in the well known "cottage" shape, and bake.

The ordinary cookery book receipts for fancy breads can be safely followed if you remember the proportion of the baking powder to the pound of flour, and, where eggs are propounded, make an allowance for the difference which exists between the English and the Indian egg. In using Yeatman's powder, do not let your *made* rolls, or bread, stand waiting for

the oven: see that your baking apparatus is all but ready before you commence making the bread. You will observe that I recommend the baking powder to be put into the dough, *not* mixed with the flour in a dry state to start with. In London Mr. Woolf follows the latter method. I cannot explain what causes it, but I have found that the bread never turns out so satisfactorily *here*, if the powder be put in early: the temperature may have something to do with this; at all events, experience seems to show that the powder expends its effect to a great extent, during the working of the dough, if mixed with the flour first; whereas, if put in as a finishing touch, the bread being rapidly consigned to the oven, the result is invariably satisfactory. I advise home-bakers to make *rolls* rather than large loaves. There is less waste with them. A roll is either eaten *in toto* or left untouched. If intact, you have merely to dip it in milk, and put it into the oven—damp; it will turn out again almost as freshly as a new roll. Bread, once cut, is apt to get dry, and with the exception of being sliced for toast, or grated for bread-crumbs, is not very presentable a second time. In baking, be very careful that your flour is well sifted and thoroughly dry. In a moist climate like this it is advisable to dry it in the oven before using it; the sifting must be carried out by a sieve. I have made very eatable bread with carefully sifted country flour, the sifting of which is an imperative necessity, be it observed, unless you have no objection to a gravelly loaf.

Now let us discuss the animal and vegetable food of camp life, taking soups first:—

Many people think that because they cannot get beef in camp, they cannot have a freshly made soup. Now there are a few capital soups requiring no meat at all, which are known as "*soupes au maigre.*" I will give you two :—

"*Soupe à l' oignon :*"—Slice a couple of Bombay onions; powder them well with flour, let them fry awhile in a stew-pan with plenty of butter; before they begin to brown at all add water, pepper, and salt, let the whole boil till the

onions are well done and serve with *croûtons* of fried bread. Grated Parmesan should accompany.

"*Soupe aux choux.*"—Let us assume that you have taken a cabbage or two with you when you left cantonment. Cut the cabbage into quarters, put them into a sauce-pan with a good sized slice of bacon, some slices of a Bologna sausage, and a bag containing sweet herbs, a clove of garlic, pepper, and a little spice; add water enough to cover the whole, and let the soup simmer till the cabbage is done, serve with *croûtons* of fried bread. A bacon bone would assist the undertaking greatly.

But you need not condemn yourself to "*soupes au maigre*" whenever there are sheep, and fowls, to be had, when you can shoot game, and lastly, when you are provided with tinned soups, and preserved vegetables, especially that excellent tablet called "*Julienne.*" In camp, bottles of dried herbs, and tinned provisions are, of course, indispensable, and you should be provided with potatoes and onions before starting.

Soups in tins can be turned to excellent account in this way:—Kill a good full-sized fowl, cut it up, and put it, giblets and all, into a stew-pan; cover it with water, and let it come slowly to the boil, skimming off the scum which may rise during that process; when the boiling stage has been attained, take the pan from the fire for a minute and throw into it a Bombay onion, cut into quarters, any fresh vegetables you may have brought out, a bag of mixed sweet herbs, the peel of a lime, a dozen pepper corns, a pinch of parsley seed, a few drops of celery essence, and a dessert-spoonful of salt. Now let the pan boil again till the onion is soft, and then reduce the fire for the simmering stage. When the pieces of fowl are nice and tender, the broth is ready: long cooking will avail nothing: so lift up your pan, and strain off the broth into a bowl, it will be beautifully bright and clear; slightly tinted with *caramel* (page 28) and served hot with a tea-spoonful of

Madeira and a dissolved tea-spoonful of "*Julienne*," this *consommé de volaille* will be found sufficient for two hungry men. When used in connection with a tin of soup, the broth should be poured from the bowl into the pan again, and the tin of soup added to it;* a slow process of boiling should now be commenced, during which any scum, the soup may throw up should be studiously removed, for all tinny impurities will thus be got rid of: when all but boiling, a table-spoonful of Madeira should be added, and the soup served. The pieces of fowl may be served in the form of fricassee, with maccaroni and tomato conserve, &c.

Very valuable stock, remember, can be made from cold *roast* mutton bones—(don't try *raw* mutton, the taste will be tallowy)—assisted by bacon skin, bones and trimmings, a thick slice of Brunswick or Bologna sausage, and a chicken, or any game you can spare. Birds that have been mauled in shooting can thus be utilized. *Purées* of game can be made if you have taken out your utensils (page 38), if not, you must make the game broth as strong as possible, helped by a fowl as stock, and thicken it with flour. The addition of Madeira or port is, of course, a *sine quâ non*.

Tinned fish served,—as you sometimes see salmon,—plainly, and *hot* is exceedingly nasty, and in no way improved by a *cold* sauce like tartare. Who, after a moment's reflection, could send up *hot* fish with a *cold* sauce? Preserved salmon, fresh herrings, and other tinned fresh fish, if served with *tartare* or *mayonnaise*, sauces should be served *cold*, after having been carefully drained on a sieve from all the tinning juices which adhered to them. Select nice sized pieces, place them on a dish with any garnish you may have such as *olives farcies*, capers, sliced gherkins, and rolled anchovies, and send the sauce round in a boat.

If you want a hot dish of tinned fish, you must choose the nicest pieces and gently warm them up in a rich *matelotte*

* If a *thick* soup, like mockturtle for instance, you must thicken the *consommé* with a little flour.

sauce, *velouté*, or *poulette*, or you must wrap them *en papillottes* and broil them a moment (page 48.) All trimmings and odd bits can be saved and worked up as *rissoles*, or in any of the ways I have mentioned for cold fish in earlier chapters.

Fresh-water fish is often to be had by men out in camp. In cooking them, many recipes already given for filleted fish may be followed: clean them thoroughly, wash them well to get rid of all muddy taste, scale, trim, and soak them after cleaning, in water. A fish like *murrel* may be treated like a pike:—after having been carefully cleansed, and trimmed, stuff it with turkey forcemeat (page 88) sew it up, trim it in a circular shape with its tail in its mouth and bake it in a pie-dish surrounded by chicken stock about half an inch deep. A glass of any white wine like hock, chablis, or sauterne may be put into the stock, and onion, and any vegetables you can spare. The fish should be basted every now and then, and when it had absorbed the gravy and seems soft, take it out of the oven. Put a pat of *mâitre d'hôtel* butter on the top of it, and serve in its own dish with a napkin folded round it. A good sized *murrel* will take from half an hour, to three quarters in baking. A stuffing made with a tinful oysters, well drained and cut up, mixed with a pint of bread-crumbs soaked in milk or stock, some spiced pepper, a little chopped lime peel, and a couple of minced anchovies, all stirred together, and bound with a couple of eggs, is highly acceptable with a *murrel*.

Eels ought to be slightly boiled first, whatever you do with them, you then get rid of their oiliness. After being thus treated, you can cut them into fillets for frying, for stewing, or for a pie. Eel fillets dipped in batter, and fried in oil (lots of it) with a plain sharp sauce are delicious. The *matelotte* will be found in the *menus*.

Tinned Australian, and other preserved lumps of meat, are valuable additions to the store box of the jungle-wallah, but they require very delicate handling, because they are almost

always overdone. The really nutritious part of a tin of Australian meat is the gravy that surrounds it. Ramasámy knows this, so beware of unrighteous dealing, see the tin opened, and have every atom of the gravy strained off into a bowl. In cold weather, during such nights as you have in the Deccan during December and January for instance the gravy in these tins becomes a jelly, so before you open one set it on the fire in a sauce-pan surrounded by hot water for ten minutes or so; now open it, and strain the gravy from the tin into a bowl; turn the meat out carefully upon your sieve, and pour some hot water gently over it; catch the water in a bowl below the sieve, and add it to the gravy. Now the gravy of a two-pound tin of beef will, as a rule, give you an excellent stock for two basins of soup:—skim the fat that may rise to its surface, and put it into a sauce-pan with a bag of sweet herbs, an onion cut into quarters, any vegetables you can spare, some pepper corns, a pinch of spice, and salt according to the quantity: simmer this gently to extract the flavour of the things you have added, and in about a couple of hours you will have an excellent *consommé*, quite fit to be served as soup, with maccaroni, vermicelli, a couple of poached eggs, or Julienne, grated cheese accompanying; a table-spoonful of Madeira will be a grateful finishing stroke.

The meat should be treated in this way:—choose the nicest looking pieces, trim them neatly, and if of a fair size, brush them over with egg, bread-crumb them, and brown them in the oven, serving a good sauce,—tomato, *soubise*, or *piquante* for instance, with them. Or you can cut the meat into collops, and hash it very gently in a carefully made gravy. Lastly, you can mince it (as I have described in Chapter XXIII) and serve it in many nice ways, one of which may be thus described:—Having made your mince and flavoured it with a little chopped olive, anchovy, sausage meat, &c., bind it with a couple of eggs, and let it get cold; make a good sized thin pancake, take it from the pan when almost done, put it on a dish, and strew some slices of cold cooked bacon upon it, spread the mince over the

bacon, give it a dust of spiced pepper, and roll the pancake over like a roly-poly pudding: brush it over with an egg, bread-crumb it, and bake it a golden brown in your oven.

If you look upon a tin of preserved meat as a dish that has been cooked once, and has accordingly to be dressed *en réchauffés*, you will not fail to turn it to good account. But warmed up as it comes from the tin, unaided, and carelessly dished, it presents an irregular mass of sodden and tasteless diet which few would care to touch unless driven to do so by the calls of ungovernable hunger.

Messes like Messrs. Crosse and Blackwell's "ducks and green peas," "Irish stew," "ox cheek and vegetables," &c., should be avoided carefully, but if you find that your butler has sent such things to camp, you must pick the meat out of its surroundings, dress it with some fresh chicken meat, as a *rissole*, or a mince, and cook the gravy and vegetables with some fresh chicken broth as a sauce.

I have already spoken of tinned vegetables, (pages 122 and 123) and also of the produce of the country. The traveller ought to try and find out what country garden stuff can be got from the villages near his camp. The recipes I have given will be found easy, and the monotony of tinned food will be much relieved by an occasional nicely dressed dish of common vegetables.

I will conclude this chapter with a reliable recipe for cooking a hare. If you have shot the hare yourself so much the better, for then you will not find its heart, liver and kidneys gone. Skin, clean, and wash the animal well, saving the three parts I have mentioned carefully; when quite clean, wipe the carcass inside and out, and fill it with a well made stuffing as for turkey (page 88). The kidneys and heart should be minced, fried in fat bacon, with a little onion; when done, the contents of the pan should be poured into a bowl to cool, and when cold, pounded to a paste, and mixed with the forcemeat. The back of the hare should be larded,

or covered with thin slices of bacon pinned down with little skewers, it should then be roasted, a constant basting of melted butter being kept up throughout the process. When nearly done, the bacon strips should be removed, and the back lightly dredged with flour; the skin should be allowed to brown, and run into crisp blisters, the hare should then be served,—with a sauce made with separate gravy, thickened, and the pounded liver added thereto, with half a glass of portwine, a tea-spoonful of red currant jelly, and the juice of a lime. Ramasámy sometimes envelopes his hare in a coating of light batter. Pray caution him never to do so again.

Many of the dishes detailed in previous chapters, especially those spoken of under the title of "Eggs, maccaroni, and cheese," will be found practicable in the camp; amongst the *menus*, more than one nice recipe for cooking mutton, fowls, and chickens, has been recorded; in short, if the pilgrim be blessed by the possession of an intelligent cook, and provided with a judicious assortment of culinary necessaries and stores, his tent life should never fail to possess amongst its many attractions that indubitably important one—a really good dinner.

END OF PART I.

PART II.

TWENTY-FIVE MENUS

WORKED OUT IN DETAIL.

NOTE.

THE *menus* have been revised and corrected. They are all susceptible of being doubled for larger parties than those they have been designed for. Though each *menu* is given in French, the English names of the dishes it contains will be found in the margin of the detail of instructions. I have not attempted to treat of *sweet dishes* in this work, but here and there an *entremet sucré* of a simple kind will be discovered amongst my recipes. For *hors d'œuvres,* please consult the chapter I have devoted to them.

WYVERN.

MENU No. I.

For a party of eight.

Consommé aux quenelles.
Seer aux concombres.
Aspic de purée de volaille à la reine.
Grenadins de bœuf à la Béarnaise.
Selle de mouton aux haricots verts.
Galantines de cailles, sauce tartare.
Epinards à la crème.
Pain de fraises.
Boudin glacé aux abricots.
Cream cheese, dry biscuits, fancy butter.
Dessert.

Clear soup with quenelles.

1.—Let us have prawn *quenelles* for our clear well-flavoured *consommé*, to flavour which don't forget a bundle of dried basil, and a table-spoonful of Madeira. Make the *quenelles* thus:—Pound a dozen and a half well-cleaned prawns with half their bulk of crumb of bread, soaked in stock; work in with the paste two whole raw eggs, and season with a pinch of salt, a dusting of white, or Nepaul pepper, a pinch of grated nutmeg, and a tea-spoonful of anchovy sauce: when thoroughly blended, and of the right consistency, form your tiny olive-shaped *quenelles* between

two tea-spoons, poach them for about five minutes in boiling water, drain them, and add them to the soup at the last moment.

Seer with cucumbers.

2.—This is a dish of fish plainly stewed in brown gravy, (q. v. page 76) enriched with dried sweet herbs, spice, and a glass of claret: when done, drain the fish, and strain the gravy. Thicken the gravy with butter and flour, and add to it some pieces of cucumber (previously boiled) about an inch long, and half an inch thick, and the pieces of fish: heat altogether, till the stew steams freely, and serve.

Mould of chicken in jelly.

3.—Here we have a mould of *crème de volaille*, nicely truffled, enveloped in a larger mould of aspic jelly, and served with a sauce made in this manner:—Make as strong a broth (with the bones of the fowl, and all parts not used in your *purée*) as you can; work this when cold, strained, and freed from fat, with melted butter, flour, and the yolks of two eggs; when as thick as a rich *mayonnaise* sauce, strain it through a fine sieve, and set it in the ice-box. You must treat your *purée* thus:—pick the meat from a slightly roasted fowl, carefully excluding all burnt parts: melt some fat bacon in a *sauté* pan, throw in some pepper, salt, a little dried sweet herbs, and the meat of the fowl; work them together for five minutes over a bright fire, then empty the pan into a mortar, and pound the meat to a paste; add half its bulk of crumb of bread soaked in stock, and when thoroughly incorporated, pass the paste through a hair sieve. Moisten the *purée* with the cold sauce, slightly flavour it with sweet almonds, and add three or four eggs. Now introduce a good allowance of truffles cut into dice. Butter a plain mould, fill it with your *purée*, and steam it in your Warren's pot, or in a large empty sauce-pan plunged into a larger vessel full of water. When done, let it get cold, turn it out, and set it in a larger mould; pour some aspic round it, and set it in the ice-box.

Fillets of beef Béarnaise fashion.

4.—Choose a nice fillet of beef, or the tender meat of a piece of the ribs. Trim this into heart-shaped fillets of a size large enough for one person each; lard them with fat bacon, and set them to *marinade* all day, as described in Chapter XII, page 55: when ready, drain them, and stew them gently in as rich a stock as you can make from the meat and bones you had over after shaping them: when done, strain the gravy, add one tea-spoonful of tarragon vinegar, and the yolks of four eggs, *slightly* thickened in a sauce-pan with the lump of melted butter; incorporate these quickly,—the sauce should be thickish, and creamy,—pour it round your grenadins, and serve. Madeira should be added to the gravy during the stewing process, a couple of table-spoonsful ought to be enough for eight *grenadins*. Dish them round a mould, of carefully mashed potato, and introduce a slice of crisply fried bread between each of them.

Saddle of mutton with french beans.

5.—Speaks for itself: don't forget to follow my advice about trimming your French beans, (page 107) and dish them with a good ladleful of rich cream, boiling hot, added at the very last moment.

Quails boned and rolled, with tartare sauce.

6.—Buy eight quails, four sheeps' tongues, a little lamb's liver, and a couple of pounds of gravy meat. Make gravy at once with the last, boil the tongues, and bone the quails: throw the bones into the gravy, and all scraps you may have of bacon, &c. Now place your boned-birds, breast downwards, on a board, and dust them over with spiced pepper. Proceed to make a forcemeat thus:—Melt a couple of thick slices of fat bacon in a frying-pan; when melted, throw in three table-spoonsful of the lamb's liver, and those of the birds too, cut into dice, and one onion shredded finely; cook the liver in this, and when done, empty the contents of your pan into a mortar, throw in a pinch of salt, pepper, and grated nutmeg, work this to a paste, pass it through the sieve, add some finely minced parsley, garden-cress, a salt-spoonful of powdered dried thyme, a little grated lime peel, and

a table-spoonful of chopped truffles; work this again thoroughly, and spread a layer of it over the flattened quails: next trim your cold sheeps' tongues, and cut eight nice fillets, the size of a walnut, from the centre of them; place one of these in the centre of each quail, and spread another layer of your forcemeat over it: now gather the birds into shape neatly, and sew the skin together securely: now stew the little *galantines* in the gravy, with a little red currant jelly, and a glass of port, with half a wine glass of vinegar: when done, lift them out, drain off the gravy, thicken, and reduce it to a glaze: paint your *galantines* over with the glaze when cold, set them in the ice, and garnish your dish with parsley, and slices of lime. *Sauce tartare*, also iced, should accompany.

Spinach with cream.

7.—As a change, I highly recommend you to try little short-bread biscuits with this, in which some finely grated mild cheese has been mixed; quite crisply baked like cheese-fingers.

Mould of strawberries.

8.—A simple, and refined cold sweet *entremet*. Make some strawberry syrup by diluting a pot of strawberry jam with water, as though you were going to make a water ice: melt some isinglass, and strain it, when cold, into the syrup, stirring well:—decorate a plain mould with almonds, put it on ice, and pour your strawberry syrup into it; cover it over, and set it in ice for two hours; turn it out, and serve it with cold custard in glasses.

Iced Apricot cream pudding.

9.—An ordinary apricot cream ice, with pieces of crystallized apricots introduced here and there.

MENU No. II.

For a dinner of four friends.

Potage à la tortue clair
Seer, aux champignons.
Poulette à la St. Lambert.
Filet de bœuf aux haricots verts, sauce à la Wyvern
Petits pois au lard.
Fruits à la crème.
Boudin glacé
Fromage, hors d'œuvres.
Dessert.

Clear mock-turtle.

1.—This soup which is simply the ordinary mock-turtle not thickened, is to my mind the nicer form of the two; tastes vary however, so I shall describe both methods. First, for the clear :—Procure the stock meat as usual, and either half an ox-head unskinned, or a sheep's head (a calf's head is the proper thing, but we must deal with fact, not fiction, knowing that we cannot get veal here), well,—clean the head thoroughly, keeping the skin on, and scalding it to get rid of the hair or wool : remove every atom of brain, and wash the meat in several waters, set it to soak awhile in cold water, and then place it in your soup kettle ; cover it with water and let it boil slowly for half an hour, skimming all fat, and scum that rises : take it up (it will be about half done) and set it with a weight

upon it on a dish to flatten and get cold. Now throw your shin, &c., into the soup kettle adding to the liquor already there, sufficient cold water to cover the meat completely: proceed now as for *consommé* skimming very carefully, and retarding the boiling point as much as you can by periodical additions of water: when boiling takes place, ease off the fire, and add two Bombay onions in quarters, a head of celery, a couple of carrots, the rind of two limes, a large bunch of parsley, quarter ounce of dried basil, (sold in bottles) a tea-spoonful of dried thyme, and of marjoram, (the herbs in a muslin bag) a dozen pepper corns, two anchovies cut up, half a wine glass of mushroom ketchup, a tea-spoonful of *caramel* and salt. Simmer slowly now for about three hours, skimming the surface occasionally, and on no account permitting the vessel to boil. Now strain very carefully, and set the soup in a bowl to cool, and throw up all grease. Cut the cold head into one-and-half inch squares, skim the cool soup well, and pour it into a large sauce-pan, adding the pieces of head. Let the pieces cook gently in the *consommé* for half an hour, then drain them, and again strain the soup; clarify it if necessary, adding a glass of Madeira and a few drops of lime juice: let this heat up finally and pour the soup into the tureen, over a dozen or so carefully selected pieces of the head arranged therein. Serve, with limes cut into quarters which should be handed round, and Madeira should follow. The basil is most necessary, and the whole success of the soup depends upon a strict attention to the flavouring herbs, and ingredients.

For the thick:—Go back to the period when you strained the soup, and set it to get cool. Take a large sauce-pan, and melt at the bottom of it quarter pound of butter, mix into it three ounces of flour, when it looks nice and velvety, gently add your soup, (stirring it in by cupsful) and the pieces of head. A glass of Madeira should now go in, with a few drops of lime juice; let the soup come up to the boil to thicken properly, and let it simmer slowly immediately afterwards, constantly stirring to prevent the meat sticking to the bot-

Thick mock-turtle.

tom of the pan. When ready (which you will decide by testing the meat), you can add a little more Madeira if you find it needed, and serve. Some people make forcemeat balls of hard boiled eggs, or of chicken, with a little ham or tongue, some savoury herbs, and eggs (which should be formed the size of pigeon's eggs, and poached in gravy) and add them to the soup when serving. I think that the soup costs trouble enough without them, and so many people misunderstand what they are, that making forcemeat balls is often lost labour.

Seer with mushrooms.

2.—Choose a good deep cut of seer fish, and boil it in salt and water. When done, divide it into pieces, a nice size for each guest, and place them on one side, covered up. Make about a pint of thin brown sauce, with some gravy, a little onion, flour and butter, as described in Chapter XIII, using the flour sparingly, flavour with a little white wine, a very little red currant jelly, and a few drops of lime juice; when you have worked it well, add a dozen "black Leicestershire" mushrooms, and the pieces of fish; heat up without boiling, and serve.

Chicken, S'Lambert fashion.

3.—Take two nice chickens, cut them up as if for fricassee, steep the pieces in cold water for half an hour, then drain them, and select the following pieces, viz.:—the four wings, the four legs, two breasts, and four thighs, and place them aside covered up. Take all that remains, viz.:—the backs, pinions, necks, livers, gizzards, and trimmings, and, with an onion cut up, some pepper corns, a few spoonsful of meat gravy, a bit of lime peel, a tea-spoonful of ketchup, and salt, make as good a pint of broth as you can; when ready, fish out the livers, and strain the broth. Now put into the stew-pan the selected joints of the chickens, cover them with the strained broth, and stew them gently till done, with one carrot, and a handful of French beans. Now pick out the chicken, strain the broth, and put the vegetables aside. Proceed with the broth to make a nice velouté (rich white sauce) flavoured with a dozen sweet almonds pounded,

and thickened in the *bain marie* pan with the yolk of an egg: when satisfactory, put in the pieces of chicken, and heat them without boiling: cut the carrot, and French beans, with the livers you saved, into dice, and when you dish the chicken, garnish your entrée with them. A mould of mashed potatoes, shaped like the pastry case of a *vol au vent*, and nicely ornamented, can hold the chicken, and the garnish should be sprinkled over the surface.

Fillet of beef with French beans. Wyvern sauce.

4.—Order the undercut of a sirloin, or two, if the beef happen to be small, and have them neatly trimmed, tied to the spit, and roasted over the brightest fire possible. Serve them with "mock new potatoes" as given at page 104, and *haricots verts au beurre*, also given in that chapter. The sauce I recommend should be made in this simple way:—Make your ordinary *tartare* sauce, and mix with it four tea-spoonsful of "*horse-radish zest*," a sauce now procurable in Madras.

Green peas with fried bacon.

5.—Cook the peas as recommended in page 105, cut a thick slice of bacon into small dice, fry them till they are dry and crisp, mix them with the peas, and serve.

6.—Mixed fruits such as apricots, strawberries, cherries, &c., in syrup, with whipped cream.

MENU No. III.

For a party of eight.

Potage à la Julienne.
Darnes de seer á la Pèrigueux.
Filets de bœuf au crème d'anchois.
Cassolettes à la financière.
Selle de mouton aux petits pois.
Quenelles de perdrix en aspic.
Œufs à la niege.
Crème de pistache glacé.
Fromage, hors d'œuvres.
Dessert.

Julienne soup.

1.—A consignment of the French preserved *Julienne* has been received by a well known firm at Madras. Armed with one of these tablets, you can achieve a *Julienne* soup which will at once show you what a lamentable parody of the true *potage* you have hitherto accepted without a murmur from your Ramasámy. Having made a good, strong, and clear *consommé* sufficient for your party, all you have to do is to add a portion of your *Julienne* tablet, which should be simply broken off carefully, placed in a sauce-pan with a large allowance of boiling water, or weak stock, and allowed to cook until the pieces of vegetable detach themselves, and appear nice and tender: drain them when thus ready, and add them to your *consommé* with a pinch of sugar, and a table-spoonful of Madeira. Each tablet is marked for five portions. Remember that a *portion* is enough for *two* persons: I have found a table-

spoonful of crumbled *Julienne* enough for three basins of soup. To preserve the tablet in this climate, I recommend you to break it up carefully, and cork it down in a dry bottle. For the benefit of those who cannot avail themselves of this excellent preparation, the following directions may be given:—Take equal parts of carrots, turnips, leeks, onions, and celery; cut them all into thin strips not more than the eighth of an inch across, and an inch long. Put them into a sauce-pan with a lump of fresh butter, a pinch of powdered sugar, a little pepper, and a pinch of salt. Toss them lightly on the fire until they take colour slightly, then add a head of lettuce shredded finely, a little sorrel also shredded, and, after tossing the whole over the fire for five minutes or so, moisten them with a little gravy from the *consommé*; let the vegetables thus cooked remain in the gravy near the fire, nice and hot, until the time of serving, when they should be added to the rest of the *consommé*, brought to the boil, and sent up.

Seer with truffle sauce.

2.—Stew a couple of handsome slices of seer fish in a good broth made from bones and trimmings, assisted by an onion, a carrot, a bunch of parsley, a table-spoonful of preserved thyme and marjoram, a minced anchovy, a dozen pepper corns, a table-spoonful of mushroom ketchup, a table-spoonful of Harvey sauce, a table-spoonful of vinegar, a table-spoonful of chablis or sauterne. Let the fish slices cook slowly in this broth, and when done, drain and place them in a very hot dish, carefully covered up. Strain the broth in which they were cooked, thicken it, add a little stock if necessary, and a little more wine; throw into it a couple of table-spoonsful of chopped truffles (previously heated in a little butter) and let the sauce simmer for ten minutes to extract the flavour of the truffles. When ready, pour it over the slices and serve.

Fillets of beef with anchovy cream.

3.—Broil the fillets (cut from the undercut of a sirloin) over a bright fire, and serve them round a chaplet of mashed potato, in the centre of which you may place a *purée*

of spinach, or a bunch of water-cress. For the sauce (which should go round in a boat) take six anchovies from the tin, wipe them dry, free them from the oil, and pass them through the sieve; add the pulp to about a pint of good *velouté* (page 79) heat it up, and as you serve, enrich the sauce with a ladleful of good cream.

Potato cases with ragout, Financière fashion.

4.—Make your *cassolettes* as follows: peel two pounds of potatoes, cook them as usual; when done, stir into them the yolks of five eggs, add a little grated nutmeg, a little salt, and stir them over the fire for five minutes. Now pass them through the sieve: pat them to a paste, and flatten that out on your slab about one-and-half inch thick. Let it get cold: then with your cutter, cut it into cylinders (or little drums) two inches in diameter. Egg and bread-crumb each cylinder, and fry these potato drums till they are a bright golden brown. Now carefully slice off the top of each drum (say) a quarter inch thick; place the caps so obtained on one side, and scoop out the interior of your drums very carefully. Fill up each *cassolette* thus formed, with a portion of *ragout à la financière*, (q. v.) place the caps on the top of each, and a few minutes in the oven will bring them to perfection. This *entrée* can, of course, be prepared early in the day, and heated up just when required.

Saddle of mutton with green peas.

5.—Order your saddle some days beforehand and you will get a good one. Roast it, and serve it with red currant jelly, potatoes, and green peas dressed as you may like best.

Quenelles of partridge in jelly.

6.—Simply *quenelles* of partridge meat, *truffées*, set in aspic jelly, iced, and served with sauce tartare.

Egg snow.

7.—"Beat up" (says the G. C.) "a quantity of white of egg into a froth with a little sugar. Have some milk previously sweetened in a sauce-pan on the fire, and when it boils, throw in your egg froth in separate table-spoonsful. A few seconds will

cook each spoonful of froth on one side, then turn it over, and when cooked on the other side, place it in a glass dish. When all the egg-froth is thus cooked, strain the milk free from the bits of eggs that may be in it and make a custard with it, and the *yolks* of the eggs; flavour this as you like best: when cold, pour the custard gently into the glass dish (not over the boiled whites) and the snow will rise, and float on the surface of the custard. Sprinkle over the snow balls, and surface generally, a few of those tiny sugar plums called "*non pareil*," and serve."

8. An iced pudding flavoured with pounded pistachio

Pistachio cream ice. nuts. A pale green colour. Highly delicious.

MENU No. IV.

For a party of eight.

Consommé de bécassines.
Darnes de seer à la Peg Woffington.
Côtelettes de mouton en aspic sauce Tartare.
Kramouskys aux huîtres.
Chapon à la Française.
Canards sauvages sauce bigarade.
Petits pois au beurre.
Gelée au marasquin.
Boudin glacé aux fraises.
Green butter, Cheese, oat biscuit.
Dessert.

Clear snipe soup.

1.—Prepare a bright clear *consommé* for six covers. Slightly roast six snipes; let them get cold, divide them into convenient pieces, mash them in a mortar and throw the whole, with the exception of the *livers* of the birds, into your stock pot; let it come to the boil skimming carefully, and then remain simmering all the afternoon: towards evening, strain the liquor from the bones, and set it to cool; pick from the remnants of the snipe sufficient meat to form a dozen tiny *quenelles* the size of an olive: pound this meat in a mortar with the saved livers, a pinch of salt, some chopped parsley, and a little thyme, with a dust of cayenne, or spiced pepper; stir in a very little red currant jelly and

a few drops of port wine; stiffen this with a little bread-crumb soaked in stock, and bind the whole with two eggs, roll it out, and divide it into little portions, form them between two tea-spoons, and *poach* till done just before serving the soup into which they should be put at the last minute: the *consommé* itself having been meanwhile clarified, and again heated *almost* to boiling point.

Seer with Peg Woffington sauce.

2.—Divide a cut of seer fish into six nice slices about half an inch thick; flatten them on a board, butter a pie dish, and lay them therein; pepper and salt them, sprinkle them with some minced parsley, and a *little shallot*, and spread a sheet of buttered paper over them: bake for ten minutes in a quick oven, and when done, arrange the slices neatly in a hot dish pouring the liquor from the pie-dish over them. For the sauce: a quarter of a pint of cream, a table-spoonful of walnut catsup, and *half* one of anchovy sauce; boil these together, and just before you remove the sauce-pan from the fire, stir in well a bit of butter the size of a walnut rolled in flour, with a thought of red pepper.

Mutton cutlets in jelly with tartare sauce.

3.—For this dish select the nicest choplets you can from either a neck, or loin of mutton; trim them very neatly, lard them with fat bacon, and introduce some pieces of truffle judiciously here and there by making incisions with a sharp, pointed, root knife: stew these very tenderly in gravy made from bones, flap, and trimmings; take them out, and set them to get cold with a weight above them; when cold, place them in a plain mould, garnish with slices of truffle, sliced cornichons, and white of egg; fill up the mould with aspic jelly, ice it, and serve with cold plates, and "Tartare sauce," iced, in a sauce boat (a metal one if possible).

This *entrée* can be made early in the day, and is consequently so much off the cook's hands as the dinner hour arrives. It will be found vastly better than the everlasting *pâté de foie gras en aspic*.

4.—The difficulty in this dish is the *batter* which should be most carefully considered.

Oyster Kramouskys.

Beat up the yolks only of three eggs, with a table-spoonful of brandy, one of olive oil, and three or four of cold water: mix into this three table-spoonsful of flour and a salt spoonful of salt; beat this to a paste for ten minutes preparing a *rather* thicker batter than you would for ordinary fritters: at the time of using, stir in the whites of the two eggs whipped to a stiff froth. Wash your oysters (about a dozen good ones) early in the day, (parboil them if fresh ones, beard them,) and put them to *marinade* for two hours in the juice of three or four limes, a sliced onion, some whole pepper and a few cloves. Lift them out of this when wanted, cut them up, bind together with *liaison* of yolks of eggs and thick white sauce, and lay them on six slices of previously boiled bacon; roll up your bacon fillets, and fix them into shape with a tiny skewer; dip them now into the batter, and lay them, ever so gently, in your frying basket, dip this into a seething bath of fat, and fry a golden brown. Serve prettily garnished with curly parsley. If your cook be hopelessly clumsy in handling *Kramouskys*—try putting your six rolled fillets on one silver skewer (like larks) dip that in batter, and fry;—this will require delicate helping, and each portion must be handed round.

Capon in the French way.

4.—The capon in this receipt should be braised, with a pint of good stock round it, an onion sliced, half a glass of sherry, and pepper and salt to taste: a few slices of fat bacon should be pinned over the breast, and the larding needle may be used also. Braise gently till done. Lift the capon out of the pan, strain and reduce the gravy in which it was cooked, add a couple of table-spoonsful of minced truffle, and pour this over the bird before serving; sippets of dry fried bacon, and slices of lime may garnish the dish.

Roast wild ducks with Bigarade sauce.

5.—*Wild duck sauce* :—Pare as thin as possible the rind of two oranges (sweet limes), cut them into thin shreds and boil them in water for five minutes; melt a piece of butter in a sauce-pan, stir into it a table-spoonful of flour, and a

breakfast-cupful of common stock (made with scraps, and the *giblets of the ducks,*) pepper, salt, and the juice of the oranges, with a pinch of sifted sugar, and a tea-spoonful of chilli vinegar; now add the boiled rinds, stir till the sauce boils, and serve in a boat.

6.—Wash the contents of a tin of *petits pois* in cold water, by emptying the tin into your strainer and pouring a jug of water over them. Put them into a jar, (or small sauce-pan with a close fitting cover) with a large spoonful of fresh butter, a tea-spoonful of sifted sugar, and a tea spoonful of salt with a little bundle of mint leaves: secure the top of your jar and immerse it within a large sauce-pan—(the water should *half* cover the jar,) steaming the peas until thoroughly hot. Stir in a little more butter, pick out the mint, and serve on a very hot silver dish. Minced ham fried in butter and mingled with the peas is nice, if you happen to have ham in the house.

Green peas in butter.

MENU No. V.

For a party of eight.

Consommé de poisson.
Filets de pomfret à la poulette.
Croquettes de canard à la Bordelaise.
Côtelettes de mouton au crème de fromage.
Chapon au chou-fleur.
Topinambours à la Chetput.
Gelée au curaçoa.
Boudin glacé.
Fromage, hors d'œuvres.
Dessert.

Clear fish soup.

1.—This is a clear soup flavoured with fish. A crab for instance answers the purpose admirably, but any fish will do. Let us take the crab. Make ordinary clear gravy soup for the number you expect. One large crab or two small ones will suffice for eight basins. Boil the crab: drain it: pick out the flesh, saving that of the claws for garnishing. Pound the rest of the meat *and shells* in a mortar, put the whole of it into the gravy you have made with a little bag of basil, and boil gently for half an hour, strain through a fine sieve, or *tamis* cloth,—it should now be bright and clear,—and pour it into your soup tureen over some little *quenelles* made of the claw meat you saved. A table-

spoonful of Madeira, and the juice of half a lime constitute the finishing touches of this soup.

Pomfret fillets with poulette sauce.

2.—Divide one large, or two small pomfrets into fillets as neatly as you can, season them on one side with finely minced (*cooked*) onion, parsley, and the trimmings of the mushrooms you use for the sauce. Roll them up enveloping the seasoning within each fillet. Now set them to simmer gently till done in a *court bouillon*, or broth made from their own bones and trimmings, assisted by a breakfast cupful of stock, and a spoonful of vinegar. Lift them out when done, strain off the broth, thicken it as carefully as you can with flour and butter, add a dozen button mushrooms cut into quarters, a little black pepper and salt, and as you take it off the fire, stir in the strained yolks of two eggs. Pour this over your fillets which have, of course, been kept hot in the *bain marie* whilst the sauce was being made.

N. B.—If black Leicestershire mushrooms be used, it will be advisable to colour the broth with your *suc colorant*, and serve the dish brown; but true "*poulette*" is white, and, to achieve that, the white button mushroom is necessary.

Duck croquettes with Bordelaise sauce.

3.—These are croquettes made of duck and are exceedingly nice. Roast the bird lightly, let it get cold, then cut off all the meat from the bones, saving every atom of skin, bone, liver, &c. Put the meat away for a while, giving it a good dusting with black pepper and salt. Now for the sauce :—Mince an onion, and one clove of garlic (*a sine quâ non*) and stir the mince into a table-spoonful of melted butter at the bottom of a small sauce-pan, lightly fry a pale brown, now throw in all your fragments of duck, having mashed the bones in a mortar, a breakfast-cupful of gravy, a sherry glassful of claret (or Burgundy if possible) two tomatoes cut into quarters, the rind of a lime, a dozen pepper corns, a pinch of sugar, and salt to taste : add water enough to cover the bones well, and let the contents of the sauce-

pan simmer, skimming off the scum that rises. In an hour you will have a well flavoured broth in which the taste of the tomato is easily recognised. When quite satisfied with the broth, strain it off, let it cool, skim it, and thicken it plainly with flour and butter. Place the sauce-pan in the *bain marie* pan, and let it keep hot there. In making the *croquettes* of the duck meat you saved, use some minced bacon, lean and fat in equal shares, one tea-spoonful to each croquette, the bird's liver, any truffle or mushroom parings there may be to spare, and put *one olive farcie whole in the centre of each:* season the pounded meat with pepper and salt, don't use any spice, but dry some sage leaves in the oven, and make a powder of them, giving about half a salt-spoonful of the powder to each croquette. Form the croquettes with egg, bread-crumb them in the usual way, and fry them a *pale golden* brown in abundance of fat, serve, with the *Bordelaise* sauce, piping hot, and a centre of *petits pois verts.*

Mutton cutlets with cheese sauce.

4.—A nice dish of neck cutlets trimmed neatly and *grilled* over a very fast fire. Each cutlet ought to be dipped into melted butter, or brushed over with salad oil before it is placed on the grid-iron. The sauce should be made thus:—Parboil two, or three, fair sized Bombay onions, cut them up roughly and put them into a sauce-pan with a ladleful of butter, a *pinch of sugar*, and pepper and salt to fancy; let them cook slowly so that they do not take colour, add a table-spoonful of boiled rice, or pearl barley, and a cup-ful of broth and let the simmering go on till the lumps of onion are quite soft; then add a heaped up table-spoonful of finely grated cheese, stir this in well for a minute or two, then lift it up, and work the mixture through the sieve as you would a *purée.* Heat it up gently in the *bain marie* pan, and at the last stir in a table-spoonful of rich cream. Serve the cutlets round a wall of mashed potato, and fill in the centre with French beans *à la maître d'hôtel.* Let the sauce go round in a boat with the *entrée:* it ought to be a thick creamy looking sauce of the consistency of *tartare.*

Capon with cauliflower.

5.—Lard your capon, roast him with the utmost care, basting with melted butter; let a Bombay onion be put inside the carcass, and sew up the vent; be particular with your stuffing; and let a curl of crisply fried streaky bacon accompany each plate. The bread sauce must be carefully composed, and the cauliflower and potatoes freshly turned out, that is to say, not ruined by being hawked about with your *entrées.*

Mould of Jerusalem artichokes, Chetput fashion.

6.—This excellent *entremet de legume* is described at the end of Chapter XXI, page 115,—As you have already used *crème de fromage* in this *menu*, serve the mould (if hot) with a garnish of tomato conserve (q. v. page 175.)

MENU No. VI.

For a party of eight.

Potage Brunoise.
Seer à la Napolitain.
Côtelettes de mouton en aspic à la ravigotte.
Croustades de lapin à la reine.
Entrecôte de bœuf au crème d'anchois.
Salpicon de gibier en caisses.
Tomates au gratin.
Beignets de pêches.
Boudin glacé aux cerises.
Prawn butter, Cheese straws, pulled bread.
Dessert.

Brunoise soup.

1.—This is a soup something like Julienne, but of a distinct character on account of the manner in which the vegetables are prepared for it. Make *consommé* enough for your party. Cut some carrots, turnips and celery into dice: melt a piece of butter in a sauce-pan, add pepper, salt, and a tea-spoonful of powdered loaf-sugar. First put in the dice of carrots and toss them on the fire till they begin to brown, next the celery, and lastly, the turnips with a little chopped onion. Work them all together, and after a few minutes, add your *consommé*: set the sauce-pan by the side of the fire, and let it simmer; during this process the butter will be thrown up to the surface in the form of scum, skim

this off very carefully, and the soup will be ready to serve. A dessert-spoonful of Madeira is enough wine for the whole tureen.

Seer, Neopolitan fashion.

2.—This is a dish of fish *au gratin*. Divide a good cut of seer fish into slices, parboil them, and cut them into portions about large enough for each guest. Boil some maccaroni till tender: slice up some nice ripe tomatoes, have your bottle of Parmesan cheese by your side, and a plate upon which you should turn out the mushrooms only (not the gravy) of a tin of black Leicestershire mushrooms. Now butter a nice sized pie-dish (not too deep in the sides) and arrange the maccaroni on the bottom of it: dust over the maccaroni a little of the Parmesan: now put a layer of the sliced tomatoes, and arrange your portions of fish upon it with a piece of mushroom between each of them, and a slice of tomato in the centre of each: give a light surface dressing of Parmesan; pour a little melted butter over it, and bake the dish for about a quarter of an hour. A little pepper and salt should be shaken gently over each layer as you pack the dish. There is so much moisture in the tomatoes, that no wine or gravy should be added. The oven should be quite hot.

Mutton cutlets in jelly with ravigotte sauce.

3.—This I gave in *menu* No. IV; choose some nice neck chops of the best mutton, lard them and introduce some pieces of truffle with the point of a sharp knife: make a gravy of the trimmings, and stew the chops gently till tender. Set them to get cold, and place a weight over them. When ready, pack them in a mould of aspic jelly, and serve with *sauce ravigotte* (page 74) for a change.

Bread cases filled with rabbit.

4.—Take eight stale dinner rolls, tinned, of about two inches in diameter; cut them so as to leave a case a little more than an inch deep: scoop out every atom of crumb and trim the tops that you cut off neatly, so as to fit the top of the hollowed rolls. Boil a small rabbit, boil two sheeps' tongues, grate some ham or lean bacon, boil a few sweet-breads if you can get them, have

ready some cocks' combs, sliced mushrooms, a little grated lime peel, and a slice of truffle for the top of each *croustade.* Now reduce the broth the rabbit was boiled in, and make a rich white sauce; pick off all the meat from the rabbit, and pass it through the mincing machine and through the sieve,—the bones of course being thrown into the broth to help your *velouté.* Now pack your *croustades* exactly like miniature *vols au vent,* with pounded rabbit, slices, or dice of tongue, the rabbit's kidney, and the other ingredients, cut to fit the cases, moistening the whole with your creamy *velouté:* put a slice of truffle on the top of each, and cover it with the cap you cut to fit it. A few minutes in the oven will bring the *croustades* to perfection, when they should be quickly served. Send round dry toast with this dish.

Ribs of beef with anchovy cream.

5.—Trim a good joint of the ribs of beef by cutting the tender meat boldly in one long piece from the bones; the tough flap, can either go into the stock pot, or be set with the bones to produce a good gravy for the joint, the latter for choice. Shape the long piece of meat as best you can (it will look rather like "roly-poly pudding") and preserve all the fat you can find which should be fixed with skewers: lard it with fat bacon, and tie it to your spit with string. Let it be roasted over a clear fire. Serve this in slices, with a sauce (q. v. page 205) made with melted butter and flour, to which a judicious proportion of pounded anchovies, and lastly, a spoonful of good cream have been added. Potatoes, French beans,and salad should be sent round with the sauce.

Minced game in cases.

6.—This is an economical dish, for you can use in it the gravy of the mushrooms saved in No. 2, the liver of the rabbit which composed part of No. 4, and the gravy (skimmed and strained) that remained after cooking the chops for No. 3. Take four snipes and four pigeons, or three partridges and three pigeons, or any game you can get. Roast the birds, pick the meat from their breasts, take the bones, and scraps, and with them assisted by the gravy of No. 3 and the mushroom sauce

of No. 2, melted butter, chopped onion, some spice, pepper, sweet herbs, and grated lime peel, make the very thickest and richest glaze you can: give it assistance with red currant jelly, a glass of Madeira, and a little vinegar. Save the livers of the birds, and add that of the rabbit; pound these together, and mix with them some fat bacon, truffle shavings, and red pepper, cut the meat into dice (all scraps, skin, etc., should go to help the gravy) and pack your well buttered paper cases with a mixture of glaze, meat and the liver paste—place in the oven till quite hot and then serve.

Tomatoes au gratin.

7.—Empty a dozen large tomatoes preserving the cases as well as you can; stuff them with the following composition: to the pulp of the vegetable (q. v. page 175) add sufficient bread-crumb to thicken it somewhat, and beat up some eggs in the proportion of one egg to two cases, mix the whole thoroughly, flavour with a couple of pounded anchovies, a tea-spoonful of minced olives, and one of capers, stuff the cases, dust them over with grated Parmesan, and bake for ten minutes just before they are wanted.

Peach fritters.

8.—Be very careful with your preparation of the batter for these fritters; cut the peaches (American ones in tin are excellent) into neat pieces; let them lie in a little maraschino, or any nice liqueur till wanted, then dip them in your batter, and fry them in abundance of boiling fat; drain them on blotting paper, and serve them dusted over with *pounded loaf sugar*, finely sifted.

Green butter.

Make a quarter of a pound of fresh butter from cream that you have set at home and put it in ice: boil a handful of spinach till tender, and then pass it through the sieve: save the pulp carefully and give it a dust of pepper. Take two sardines from the tin, wipe them carefully to get rid of the oil, skin them and then pound them, bones and all, in a mortar, and pass them through the *wire* sieve. Mince very finely a large bunch of curly parsley, so as to have at least a heaped up table-spoonful of it when minced; mince a dozen capers, and

then mix the whole of the ingredients together with a wooden butter bat, and shape it as you like, setting it again in ice till wanted. There are numerous varieties of "green butter," this recipe has, however, been proved a nice one.

MENU No. VII.

For a party of eight.

Consommé au maccaroni.
Filet de Pomfret aux fines herbes.
Epigrammes de mouton aux épinards.
Quenelles de volaille au macédoine de legumes.
Filet de bœuf à la Tartare.
Chaud-froid de bécassines.
Choux-fleurs au gratin.
Reine claudes à la crème.
Boudin glacé à la Nesselrode
Caviare, cheese, oat biscuit.
Dessert.

Clear soup with maccaroni.

1.—Proceed to make a bright clear *consommé* in the usual way: boil till tender in any weak stock some pieces of maccaroni: when done, drain them, let them get cold, and cut them into pieces half an inch long, add them to your *consommé* just before serving with a dessert-spoonful of sherry to which a few drops of chilli vinegar have been added, let a plate of grated Parmesan be handed round with the soup.

Fillets of pomfret with herbs.

2.—Divide a good sized pomfret into six nice fillets:—put the bones and trimmings with a sprig of parsley and a pinch of salt into some water, and boil them at once; meanwhile spread your fillets on a board, brush them over on one

side only with a beaten egg, now dust over them some finely minced parsley, a little cooked onion chopped fine, a very little grated lime peel, and a little white pepper: roll up your fillets and pin them into shape with a small skewer: now strain off your liquor from the bones and trimmings, and set your fillets in it to boil gently till done (they should take about 12, or 14 minutes) take them out, draw out the skewers, set them on a very hot dish, and cover them up. Now melt a lump of butter quickly in a sauce-pan, work a spoonful of flour into it: throw in a little salt and moisten with as much of the fish broth as will make a nice white sauce to cover your fillets; add, as you take the sauce-pan off the fire, a dessert-spoonful of tarragon vinegar and a table-spoonful of chopped parsley. Pour it over your fillets and serve.

Epigrams of mutton with spinach.

3.—Braise a breast of mutton in a stew-pan with some water, onion, two tomatoes, carrots, celery, whole pepper, salt, a clove or two, some parsley, and a tea-spoonful of dried thyme: when sufficiently done to enable the to remove the bones, draw the pan from the fire, take out the breast, and pick out the bones; then place it flat on a dish with a heavy weight upon it: strain the water and vegetables in which the meat was cooked, putting the vegetables aside, and setting the gravy to cool. These operations should be performed early in the day. When the breast has become thoroughly cold, remove the weight, and divide the meat into six nice collops. Brush them over with egg, and bread-crumb them with some very finely sifted stale bread-cumbs crisped in the oven. Let them stand for an hour, and repeat the process,—re-crumbing them again. Now fry them in boiling fat a nice golden brown, take them out, drain them dry, and arrange them round a tiny mould of spinach. For the sauce:—skim every atom of fat from the gravy you set to get cold, put a lump of butter in a sauce-pan, work a little flour into it when melted, gradually add your gravy, and the pulp of all the vegetables worked through a wire sieve; stir well, and let the sauce thicken, add a tea-spoonful of

sherry and a tea-spoonful of red currant jelly, and pour this round your ring of *epigrammes* and serve. The sauce should be as thick as ordinary rich cream. A few dice of sliced *cornichons* (gherkins) may be mingled with the sauce, or minced mushrooms if you have them.

Chicken *quenelles*, with mixed vegetables cut into dice, and heated up in nicely flavoured white sauce.

4.—Choose a nice pullet not quite full grown; slightly roast it; let it get cold; cut it up, saving all the meat from the breast, wings, back, and thighs and the liver: throw the skin, fragments, bones and giblets into a sauce-pan to make broth for the sauce. Now make a coffee cupful of stiff paste with a little butter, flour, water, and a pinch of salt; when ready, take half the quantity of butter that you have, chicken meat, and half the amount of paste that you have of butter: mince the chicken in the machine, and pound it in a mortar with the paste and butter; bind the mixture with three eggs, flavour it with a little spiced pepper, and form the *quenelles* between two table-spoons. For a dinner party, you would, no doubt, put a nice piece of truffle inside each *quenelle*. For the sauce, take equal portions of carrot, peas, turnip, French beans, and cucumber, all previously boiled; cut them into dice and heat them up in a white sauce enriched with chicken broth flavoured with almond. In this case make your *socle* of *savoury rice* instead of the usual mashed potato: that is, boiled rice, flavoured with salt, a little spice, the pulp of a tomato, and a little finely grated cheese, stirred well with melted butter, and made firm by the addition of the yolks of two or three eggs, according to the quantity required. This may be set in the silver dish, brushed with egg, bread-crumbed, and slightly browned in the oven; the *quenelles* carefully poached, should then be arranged round it, and the *macédoine* poured into the centre.

Fillet of beef with tartare sauce.

5.—Trim the undercut of a sirloin nicely, lard it with strips of bacon with your larding needle, roast it over a nice brisk fire, and serve plainly sliced with potato chips: water-cress should be the garnish, and *sauce tartare* should be

handed round in a boat: potatoes in another way and a vegetable may accompany.

Fillets of snipes dressed with cold sauce.

6.—The *chaud froid* will require one snipe a head :—take your six birds, and roast them over a bright fire, let them get cold, remove the breasts, forming two fillets of the breast of each bird: Fill a border mould with aspic jelly and set it in the ice box. Arrange your fillets in the well in the centre, placing slices of truffle between each layer of fillets. Meanwhile make the richest sauce you can by boiling and simmering all the bones, remnants of meat, and the trails of the snipe in as much common stock as will cover them well; dried thyme, lime peel, a pinch of spice, a tomato, one onion sliced, and some bacon should accompany the bones; after you have simmered this for an hour, strain the liquor clear, and thicken it with butter and flour as previously described; flavour it with red currant jelly, Madeira, and lime juice, and pour it, cold, over the packed fillets—when it has settled well amongst and over them, let the whole remain as long as you can in ice, remove the mould from the jelly, and serve, with crisp dry toast "in waiting."

Baked cauliflowers.

7.—Choose a nice cauliflower or two small ones, and boil them carefully; they must be under rather than over-done. Place them in a neat dish that will stand the fire, well buttered,—the flowers in the centre, and the tender leaves, and stalks neatly arranged round them,—give them a dust of white pepper and a dream of salt, then pour round, so that all the crevices may be filled, a coffee cupful of good white sauce. Let a layer of grated Parmesan repose on the surface, and bake the dish in a quick oven for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour,—lastly, by passing a red hot iron just over the top, you can brown the surface of the cheese.

Greengages in cream.

8.—Turn the greengages out into a glass dish, stir a liqueur glass of maraschino into the syrup, and set the dish in the ice-box to get nice and cold. Serve with either moulded, or whipped cream.

MENU No. VIII.

For a party of six.

Consommé à la Royale.
Pomfret à la maître d'hôtel.
Filets de pigeon à la Bordelaise.
Côtelettes de mouton à la Maintenon.
Filet de bœuf aux haricots verts.
Canapés de bécassines.
Œufs aux topinambours.
Tourte de cerises.
Boudin glacé aux confitures.
Fromage, hors d'œuvres.
Dessert.

Clear soup with custard tablets.

1.—This is a bright clear soup into which pieces of custard are cunningly introduced. Proceed therefore to make *consommé* for six covers, and make your custard thus:—mix the yolks of four eggs with a little water and a pinch of salt, strain the mixture and divide it into three equal portions; colour one with cochineal, one with spinach greening, and leave the third plain: pour them into three little moulds previously buttered, and dip them into a pan of hot water: boil just long enough to set the custards: take them off the fire, and when cold, turn the moulds out on a napkin: cut them up into dice as gently as possible, and add them to the soup just before serving. The colouring of

the custard is obviously optional. I have found a slight deviation from this receipt very nice, viz.:—simply make a small omelette flavoured with parsley and shallot, a slight degree more *firm* than you have it for breakfast: let it get cold, and cut it up for the soup with the vegetable cutter into various pretty shapes. Grated Parmesan should be handed round.

Pomfret, maître d'hôtel fashion.

2.—Divide your pomfret into nice fillets, egg them on one side, and shake over the egg some finely minced curled parsley only. Boil the fillets,—neatly rolled up and skewered, in gravy made from their own bones and trimmings, and dish them on a hot dish as soon as they are done. Now melt an ounce of butter in a small sauce-pan, throw in a table-spoonful of chopped curled parsley, and finish the sauce, off the fire, with the yolk of an egg beaten up with the juice of a lime: pour over the fillets and serve.

Fillets of pigeon with Bordelaise sauce.

3.—Lightly roast six young pigeons: slice the breasts of the birds off whole, and place the six fillets so obtained *en marinade* in oil, vinegar, minced parsley, and shallot. Take the bones, trimmings, livers, &c., and put them into a sauce-pan with a good breakfast cupful of gravy; simmer this until you have extracted all the goodness from your pigeon scraps, and then strain it. Now chop up an onion, and one clove of garlic *(a sine quâ non)* very small: stir a piece of butter the size of an hen's egg at the bottom of a sauce-pan over the fire, and throw in your chopped onion, &c., let it slightly brown, and then add the gravy you previously made, with two or three *tomatoes* chopped into dice, pepper and salt to taste, and the juice of a lime, with one glass of claret. Bring this sauce to boiling point, let it simmer awhile, and then strain it. Replace it in the sauce-pan, thicken it with a little flour, and place your six fillets in it to gently heat up without coming to the boil; when quite hot, place the fillets in their dish, pouring the sauce round them and serve, with a crisply fried curl of bacon, between each of them.

Mutton cutlets à la Maintenon.

4.—Put six or eight nicely trimmed choplets of mutton into a stew-pan with some scraps of bacon, onion, carrot, dried herbs, pepper, salt, and a pinch of grated nutmeg, moisten with a little good gravy, and gently stew the little chops till done. Now lay them out on a large dish, covered by another with a weight upon it; when quite cold, trim finally into shape if necessary. Meanwhile strain the gravy in which they were stewed, remove all fat, and set it on one side. Now mince an onion very fine, and a few capers, with two or three truffles also. Fry the onions a golden brown, add the minced capers and truffles with pepper, salt, and a spoonful of chopped parsley, moisten with a little of the gravy, and then put the mince away to get cold: cut some papers for your cutlets and oil them: now spread your cold thick mince over your cutlets liberally, roll them, or rather fold them in their papers most carefully, and broil them on the grid-iron sufficiently long to heat them thoroughly;—or if preferred, they can be just as well heated in the oven,. Serve your cutlets in their papers, and let a rich sauce be handed round (in a boat) made of the remains of the gravy originally got from the cooking of the cutlets, flavoured with red currant jelly, anchovy vinegar, and a spoonful of sherry, all judiciously applied—the sauce should be slightly thickened with flour.

N. B.—*Petit pois verts* should accompany *entrée* No. 1, and the "Maintenon cutlets" may be placed round a little well of mashed potatoes filled with celery *purée.*

Fillet of beef with French beans.

5.—Lard the fillet carefully, and tie it up into a convenient shape for roasting. Roast it over a brisk fire, and when sufficiently done, serve with some minced anchovies and olives tossed in melted butter poured over it at the last moment. For the *haricots verts*:—Remember not to allow your cook to cut the beans into the vermicelli-like strips you see everywhere. All that is necessary is to peel off the external fibre which runs round the outside edge of the pod; leave the pods so peeled intact, and boil them with an onion for

their companion which you can remove when serving: a spoonful of melted butter, or, better still, of boiling cream is an improvement just before serving.

Baked fillets of snipe.

6.—Slightly roast your snipes; fillet them as you did the pigeons, saving the trails; make the richest sauce you can of the bones, moistened with stock and helped up with vinegar, red currant jelly, and a little sherry. Now prepare as many pieces of fried bread as you have fillets, (vide page 141) butter them, and spread the trails over them; pepper and salt them; place a fillet of snipe upon each trail toast, and pour your thick rich sauce (almost a glaze) over them: bake till quite hot, and let crisply fried bread-crumbs surround your toasts.

Eggs with Jerusalem artichokes.

7.—For this *entremet*, turn to page 174. The eggs may be *farcis* if you like, for which, consult page 172.

Cherry tart.

8.—I need say very little concerning the cherry tart, except that puff paste frosted over with finely sifted loaf-sugar, is far nicer than the inevitable short-bread paste which custom has decreed for all fruit tarts made in Madras. Ramasámy is of opinion that short-bread paste is the only correct one for sweet things, and puff paste alone for savoury pies. Drive this barbarous notion out of his head as soon as you can. Custards, or cold cream, should go round with the tart.

MENU NO. IX.

For a party of six.

Pot au feu.
Filets de pomfret sauce aux câpres.
Pigeon en aspic, sauce ravigotte.
Côtelettes de mouton, sauce soubise.
Poularde braisée à la jardinière.
Aubergines à l'Espagnole.
Beignets d' abricots.
Purée de fraises glacé.
Cheese straws, green butter, dry biscuits.
Dessert.

Plain gravy soup.

1.—I described this capital soup in Chapter VI: its chief features may be summed up as follows:—take three or four pounds of shin, and gravy beef; cut up the bone and tie the meat into a shape with string; place the meat first in the stew-pan, and arrange the bones round it; cover these with water, and proceed to heat the whole over the fire slowly, until finally boiling point is attained, skimming off, as it rises during this process, all scum and grease. Now add to the soup two Bellary onions cut into quarters, two carrots sliced, one turnip sliced, one plant of small celery, leaves and all, a dozen pepper corns, a table-spoonful of salt, a tea-spoonful of sugar, one of *caramel* and a tea-spoonful of dried sweet herbs, with a

clove of garlic, in a bag,—add cold water to the extent of a breakfast cupful, and replace the pan on the fire. There should be, including the water first put in, about two and a half quarts of water, altogether. Let the soup boil gently till the vegetables are done, and then remove the pan from the extreme heat of the fire so that the contents of it may simmer very slowly for three hours. The *pot au feu* is then complete; you have merely to strain it from the meat, and bones, and a clear well flavoured *consommé* will be the result. The vegetables may be cut into small dice, and added as you serve. I have repeated this recipe in a concise form, for it is a most valuable one.

Pomfret fillets with caper sauce.

2.—Fillet the pomfret, and make a fish gravy with the bones and trimmings, flavoured with an onion and a little celery: boil your fillets, nicely rolled in little curls, in this gravy; drain them, and dish them on a hot dish. For the sauce, make a *sauce blanche* with butter, and flour, moistened with the liquor from the fish; when smooth, add a table-spoonful of finely minced capers, and the yolks of two eggs, well mixed with some melted butter, off the fire, just as you serve. Pour the sauce over the fillets. A few drops of aromatic vinegar improve this sauce.

Pigeons in jelly with ravigotte sauce.

3.—Gently stew the pigeons in a rich *espagnole* gravy, divide them into halves, and pack them, with the gravy thickened to a glaze, inside a border mould filled with aspic jelly. The sauce *ravigotte* is a change after perpetual *tartare*: remember my description in Chapter XV, viz.:—a *mayonnaise* sauce with chopped capers, anchovies, olives, celery, and parsley added.

Mutton cutlets with soubise sauce.

4.—There is nothing very remarkable to describe in this dish. Follow recipe No. IV, Menu No. V, as far as the cooking of the cutlets is concerned. For the sauce, vide page 67.

Braised fowl with vegetables.

5.—Braise a fowl in gravy, and a little white wine, with a Bellary onion, a carrot, a turnip, a handful of French beans, a head of celery, a cucumber cut up, and two fair sized tomatoes; when done, dish the fowl: strain the gravy, and cut up the vegetables into dice; add them to the gravy again, heat this in a sauce-pan quickly, and pour it over the fowl.

Brinjals with brown sauce.

6.—Parboil eight young brinjals, the size of a small hen's egg, cut them in halves length-ways, pick out the seeds with the point of a vegetable knife, butter them, and spread over the surface of each a layer of grated mild cheese, now pile them neatly on a silver dish, well buttered, or any dish that will stand the oven, and bake for ten minutes; pour round them a cupful of well made *Espagnole sauce*, and serve in the dish they were cooked in, placed on a napkin.

The remainder of this *menu* is familiar to you all: be careful with the batter for the fritters, cut the apricots into halves, and soak them during the afternoon in noyeau, or any good liqueur. The *purée* of strawberries is obviously a strawberry cream ice under a more ostentatious name.

MENU No. X.

For a party of six.

Potage à la reine.
Pomfret à la Venitienne.
Kramouskys aux grandes-crevettes.
Boudins de pigeon aux olives.
Gigot braisé à la jardinière.
Aspic de perdreaux.
Tourte d'abricots au crème.
Boudin glacé aux confitures.
Cream-cheese, dry toast, caviare.
Dessert.

Purée of chicken.

1.—Prepare your stock as usual. Remove the flesh from a cold roast fowl, excluding all skin, and browned parts: add to the meat so obtained, half its bulk of bread-crumbs soaked in stock, and pound both together in a mortar, with twelve sweet, and three bitter almonds, and the hard boiled yolks of four eggs. Cast all the bones into as much stock as you think you will require, and let them simmer for two or three hours. Pass your pounded fowl and crumbs through the sieve to get rid of lumps, gristle, &c., moistening it with a spoonful or so of stock to assist the operation. When near the dinner hour, strain off your stock from the bones, and place it to get cool, removing all the fat that may rise to the surface. Now take a sauce-pan and melt a pat of butter

at the bottom of it, stirring in a table-spoonful of flour; add a little stock, and work the paste so obtained without ceasing, gradually pouring in stock, and adding pounded fowl, until you have exhausted your supply. Let the *purée* now come to the boil; remove the sauce-pan from the fire, and as you pour it into the tureen, stir into it a wine-glassful of cream, (or that quantity of milk with which the yolk and egg has been mixed, and strained,) and serve.

Pomfret, Venetian fashion.

2.—Dress your fish in fillets, and bake them in a buttered dish with a slice of tomato laid upon each of them, and a little chopped parsley and shallot, sprinkled over them. When done, arrange them upon a hot silver dish, and serve with the following *green* sauce:—Boil a little spinach, and when done, squeeze it through a piece of muslin: save the pulp you obtain for colouring. Now make a little melted butter, or *velouté* assisted by a little stock; throw into it some finely minced parsley, a very littleshallot, some chopped capers, and gherkins, and colour the whole with the spinach greening. The white fish, the brilliant green sauce, and the scarlet slice of tomato with each portion, present a tasteful combination of colours, which might almost "tempt the dying anchoret to eat."

Prown kramouskys.

3.—Be careful in in the mixing of your batter, and use a prodigal amount of frying medium: for the *salpicon* use prawns, boiled, minced, and thickened in rich *velouté* sauce. Proceed as laid down for "oyster kramouskys," page 209.

Pigeon boudins with olives.

4.—Roast six pigeons early in the day; pick the meat from them, save the livers, and throw all the bones into a small sauce-pan with some lean bacon, as much stock as you can spare (to the extent of half filling the sauce-pan) some whole pepper, spice, a sliced carrot, a bunch of parsley, and a clove of garlic, a muslin bag containing some mixed sweet herbs, and any scraps of meat you have lying idle. With this make a strong gravy, by simmering it slowly until almost half wasted: now strain the liquor from

the various ingredients, and set it to get cool. Meanwhile, stone a couple of dozen French olives, and parboil them, skim the fat that may have risen on the top of your sauce, and then add the olives chopped into dice; let the sauce rest awhile. The meat of the pigeons should be thoroughly pounded, assisted by bread-crumb, to a paste, the livers thoroughly incorporated with it, and some fat bacon; when you have worked this quite smooth, pass it through the sieve, and then fill six little buttered moulds with it, here and there, slipping in a slice of truffle, and some pieces of mushroom; having your moulds thus packed, you can set them in the *bain-marie*, and steam them gently till they are done; turn them out, and serve with olive sauce previously described, thickened, and brought to the boil at the last moment.

Braised leg of mutton with vegetables.

5.—Remove the bone from a leg of mutton, and tie the meat into shape, set it in a stewing-pan with as much broth (made from the bone you cut out) as will half cover it: throw in sliced onions, vegetables of all kinds, peppers, a bunch of parsley, a clove of garlic, a little spice, &c., one glass of Madeira, and set the pan on the fire, with some live coals on the lid as well: let this stew till done, slowly, keeping it from absolutely boiling point, and when it is ready, strain off the sauce in which it has been cooked, thicken it, chop the vegetables into small dice (there should be as good a variety as you can command) and serve the mutton garnished with vegetable dice, and rich brown gravy.

Partridges in jelly.

6.—Gently stew four partridges in stock with condiments, spices, sweet herbs, and a glass of Madeira. When done, set the birds to get cold and strain the gravy in which they were done. Now take the fillets of the partridges, and pick all the other meat from the bones as well. The fillets should be put aside. Simmer skin, bones (pounded) and scraps in the gravy again with a little red currant jelly and lime peel, strain, and reduce it to a glaze. Now pound the meat you picked from backs, thighs, with the livers, &c., and with your glaze make a rich

savoury paste of it. Prepare your aspic jelly flavoured with tarragon, and pack your mould with the fillets of partridge between layers of the paste and slices of truffle. Ice this, and present it with *sauce ravigotte* (also iced) in a boat, and dry toast.

"*Aspic Jelly.*"—This requires attention; the common flavourless jelly, consolidated with isinglass, should be avoided if possible. In order to turn out an *aspic*, fit to present at a dinner party, you must proceed in this way:—Put into a stew pan an ox-foot cut up, with a bacon bone, or a slice or two of ham or bacon, any scraps of *raw* meat, such as cutlet trimmings you may have, or, better far, a young fowl cut up as for fricassee, with a few mixed vegetables, &c., as for soup. Add a cup of cold water, cover the pan, set it on the fire, shaking it occasionally: when the pieces of meat begin to take colour, add a little more water, and in about half an hour, pour in enough water to cover the contents of the pan completely; put in a tea-spoonful of *caramel*, and then let the vessel simmer for three hours very gently. When ready, strain the liquor off into a bowl, let it get cool, skim it carefully, add a table-spoonful of *tarragon vinegar*, clarify it, (q. v. page 27) and strain it finally through a clean cloth, producing a clear, amber-coloured liquid, which will set of its own accord without isinglass, if put in the ice box.

MENU No. XI.

For a party of six.

Potage à la crème d'orge.
Beignets de seer à la Hollandaise.
Chau-froid dc volaille en aspic.
Petits pâtés de lapin à la financière.
Filet de bœuf à la Napolitain.
Sarcelles en caisses.
Gelée aux fraises.
Boudin glacé à la Nesselrode.
Cheese sandwiches, oat biscuits.
Mâitre d'hôtel butter.
Dessert.

Pearl barley soup.

1.—Boil half a pint of pearl barley in a quart of clear stock till it is reduced to a pulp; pass it through a hair sieve, and add sufficient additional stock, very well flavoured, to bring the *purée* to the consistency of cream; put it now in a sauce-pan on the fire till it comes to the boil, then stir into it off the fire the yolk of an egg thoroughly beaten up with a gill of milk (or cream if you can spare it) serve with dice of bread, dipped in stock, and crisped in the oven.

Seer fritters with Hollandaise sauce.

2.—Divide a cut of seer-fish into six nice collops about two inches long, half an inch thick, and an inch wide. Prepare some batter as follows:—Beat up together the

yolks of two eggs (save the whites) with one table-spoonfuf of brandy, one of salad oil, and four or five table-spoonsful of water. Amalgamate with this three table-spoonsful of imported flour, and a pinch of salt. Beat the mixture well for a minute or two, and bring it to the right consistency by adding water, or flour, as the case may require. When ready, add, at the last moment, the whites you saved, whipped to a froth: dip your collops into this, and drop them one by one into a deep *sauté-pan*, filled with boiling fat; as soon as they turn a nice yellow brown, lift them out, drain them on a sheet of blotting paper, and serve them, crisp and dry, with *sauce hollandaise* in a boat. (q. v. page 68.)

Chaud-froid of fowl in jelly.

3.—Roast a fair sized fowl, protecting the breast from burning by a buttered paper; when cold, carve the bird carefully, removing the fillets, and trimming each joint as neatly as you can; remove the skin from these pieces and put them aside. Break up the carcass, and throw it, with all fragments of skin and bone, and the giblets of the fowl previously saved, into a sauce-pan, with as much stock as will cover the whole: add two onions, a clove of garlic, some cloves, sweet herbs, pepper, salt, and simmer the contents of your pan as long as you can, finally adding a glass of sherry, and bringing the broth to the boil. Now strain, and remove all fat that may rise, and reduce the sauce a little; take it off the fire, and stir in the yolks of two eggs beaten up with the juice of a lime. Let the sauce get cold, and then dip each piece you laid aside into it, richly coating every one of them: now pack them in the centre of a border-mould filled with aspic jelly, and pour the rich sauce over them: set the mould in the ice box, and serve with iced *sauce tartare*. Slices of truffle may, of course, be introduced in the packing of your *chaud-froid* with marked effect.

Rabbit patties, financière fashion.

4.—This is an effective *entrée*:—line a number of patty pans with good paste, and fill each with a share of thoughtfully composed rabbit *ragout à la financière*: (the

same that you would prepare for a *vol au vent,* only a little more minced) and bake in a quick oven.

Fillet of beef in the Nepolitan manner.

5.—Tie the fillet *whole* to your spit, and roast it over a brisk fire; dish it up upon a cradle of maccaroni, with a dust of Parmesan cheese, and pour some rich tomato *purée* round the maccaroni.

Teal in cases.

6.—Roast the teals, and proceed as you did to compose the *chaud-froid,* only add port or Madeira to your sauce, fill your buttered cases with pieces of the teal, and pour round, and over them your thick glaze. Bake for five or ten minutes, and serve.

N. B.—Touching *ragouts à la financière, and à la reine:* the former is brown, the latter white. For *financière* you must therefore use *Espagnole;* for *à la reine, béchamel.* Oysters, chicken, rabbit, tongue, sweet-breads, liver, cocks-combs, truffles, mushrooms, and game, form the chief component parts of the *plat.* Select your ingredients; trim the pieces of meat into small collops, and gently stew them; that is, heat them up *salmi* fashion, in either the rich brown, or delicate white sauce I have named; the meat having been previously dressed, of course, requires no cooking. Bearing these general rules in mind, the *ragouts* will not be found very difficult.

MENU No. XII.

For a dinner of four friends, (during the hot weather.)

Purée de grandes-crevettes.
Matelotte d'anguilles.
Côtelettes de mouton au purée d'oseille.
Galantine de chapon au salade.
Haricots verts à la crème.
Canapés de sardines.
Boudin glacé.
Cheese, etc.
Dessert.

Prawn purée.

1.—Make a strong clear *consommé*, with shin and vegetables as usual, as soon as you can: when ready, strain it into a bowl to be ready when wanted. Pick enough cold boiled prawns* to fill a half-pint pot to the brim: pound these in a mortar with a good allowance of butter till you get them to a pulp: flavour this with a little spiced pepper to taste: now melt a lump of butter in a sauce-pan, and incorporate therewith a table-spoonful of flour; mix this with the prawn pulp. Now take about the same quantity of bread-crumb soaked in stock (the *consommé*) that you have of prawn, and add it to the prawn pulp also, off the fire, mixing the two together by degrees thoroughly, and gradually adding the *consommé* till you find you have a soup a little *less thick* than that you want eventually to get. You now set the

* Let my up-country friends follow this recipe, using a tin of lobster, well drained, and washed: their efforts will result in "*bisque de homard.*"

sauce-pan on the fire, and stir vigorously till it boils, and thickens; take it off the fire then, and let it get cool, to enable you to remove any fat that may rise, after which the *purée* can be re-heated, and served with dice of fried bread. This soup is well worth the little trouble it requires: it is, of course, a relation of the *bisque* family. A spoonful of boiling cream, or milk in which the yolk of an egg has been whipped, may be added, but I think the *purée* is generally rich enough without that assistance.

Stewed eels.

2.—Skin a couple of eels, clean, parboil, and divide them into two inch fillets for stewing. Put into your stew-pan two ounces of butter, and an ounce and a half of flour; stir over the fire for five minutes, and add half a pint of claret, and half a pint of stock, with a clove of garlic, an onion, six cloves, and a bag of sweet herbs: boil this for ten minutes, stirring it well with your wooden spoon; now throw in a pinch of salt, a tea-spoonful of spiced pepper, the rind of a lime, and place the pieces of eel in the midst. Simmer this for a half of an hour. Place the pieces of the fish in the hot dish, strain the gravy rapidly, thicken it, re-heat it almost to the boiling point, add a table-spoonful of chopped parsley, and pour it round the fish.

Mutton cutlets with sorrel sauce.

3.—Choose a first rate neck of mutton, divide it into the neatest cutlets you can, give them a dust of pepper and salt, and place them *en marinade* for the rest of the day. For the sauce you want one Bombay onion, two handsful of sorrel, one lettuce, and two table-spoonsful of butter. Take a light sauce-pan, melt the butter at the bottom of it; throw into it the onion very finely shredded, toss this about till it turns a pale brown, and then add the whole of the sorrel and the lettuce also finely cut up. Stir the vegetables about in the melted butter till they begin to change colour, and then pour into the sauce-pan about half a pint of gravy *slightly* thickened with flour; stir this well, and put in a dessert-spoonful of white sugar, three salt-spoonsful of salt, and a good dusting of black pepper. Let the vegetables boil for about five

minutes, then, if you find the sauce too thick and, or as cooks say, "stodgy," dilute it with a little more gravy, till it assumes the consistency of a rich *purée*, ease the fire and let the sauce simmer for an hour. At the end of that time it will be ready to accompany your cutlets, which should be drained from their *marinade*, dipped in melted butter, and grilled over a bright clear fire. Prepare a circle of mashed potato, fill it with the sauce burning hot, and arrange the cutlets round the outside of the circle, with bunches of water-cress for garnish.

Galantine of capon.

4.—A really tasty cold dish, garnished with blocks of broken aspic jelly, the whole fresh from the ice box, and accompanied by a good salad is, to my mind, a worthy *pièce de résistance* for a little dinner party at Madras in the month of May. A galantine too, is a dish that is well adapted for a Neilgherry picnic, so let us discuss the following recipe:—Choose a fine fowl, capon, or hen-turkey; purchase one of Crosse and Blackwell's "picnic tongues" (in the round tins) and proceed as follows: Having cleaned the bird, and having carefully saved the liver, heart, and gizzard, lay it breast downwards on a board, and proceed to bone it (Ramasámy does this generally very cleverly) you may sever the pinions, legs, and neck, but draw the skin carefully over the places, and sew them up, so that the outer skin may be as whole as possible. Cut off all the meat from the pinions and legs (removing the sinew) and flatten the carcass before you with a cutlet bat. Make a forcemeat as follows:—five ounces bread-crumb stale, five ounces minced fat bacon, the rind of a lime minced fine, a dessert-spoonful each of thyme and marjoram, spiced pepper, salt, a table-spoonful of minced parsley, all bound with three eggs: mix this as previously described and keep it by your side in a basin. Now turn out the "picnic tongue," straighten it, and cut a solid piece of the best meaty part to form the centre of your *galantine:* it should be nearly as long as the carcass of the fowl (leaving room for folding up) and nearly the full thickness of the tongue after the skin has been peeled off. Slice up the remainder of the tongue, separating fat slices

from lean, and keep them on a dish handy; scraps may be minced fine, and mixed with the forcemeat. To make the foundation of your work as level as possible, you should trim nearly all the meat of the carcass of the fowl, with a very sharp knife, almost to the skin; the meat that is thus detached should be kept with that of the wings and legs. Lastly, mince together the liver, gizzard and heart, and "spice-pepper" the mince well.

First, spread a layer of the stuffing a quarter of an inch thick evenly over the fowl, upon that a layer of your slices of tongue (spice pepper freely) upon that a layer of the meat you cut from the fowl (dust of salt) over that a second spread of forcemeat, then your minced liver, &c., and lastly, the block of tongue: fold over this the flattened carcass, disturbing the layers as little as possible, and sew the *galantine* up securely with fine twine. Envelop this in a clean cloth, and tie it up carefully with cross strings to preserve the oval shape of the *galantine*. Set this in a deep stew-pan, cover it well with weak stock in which a glass of Madeira, has been introduced, and simmer gently for three or four hours. When done, lift it out, drain it, take off the cloth, wrap it in a fresh dry one, and place it on a dish with a heavy weight above it: when quite cold, take out your *galantine*, scrape off any fat that may be attached to the skin, glaze it, and set it in the ice box, finally serving garnished with broken lumps of aspic jelly.

A *galantine* to be *correct* should, of course, contain a goodly allowance of truffles: these should be introduced during the packing of the carcass, according to the artistic skill of the *chef*, in fairly large pieces; truffle trimmings should be minced fine and added to the forcemeat.

MENU No. XIII.

For a dinner of four friends.

Potage à la Gladstone.
Merlans aux fines herbes.
Poulet à l'Américaine,
sauce aux huîtres.
Rognons au surprise.
Beignets d'ananas.
Cheese, &c.
Dessert.

Oxtail soup, (clear).

1.—This, I need scarcely say, is "oxtail soup!" Buy a shin and a half of beef, and make the best gravy you can as usual: take an oxtail, and when the shin *consommé* is ready early in the afternoon, (you should commence boiling the shin as soon as you can) separate the tail at the joints, and throw the pieces into your stock pot with two Bombay onions, two carrots, a stick of celery, and a muslin bag containing sweet herbs, six cloves, a dozen pepper corns, and a clove of garlic; add a wine-glass of mushroom ketchup, and simmer the soup for a couple of hours, skimming it carefully. If wanted *clear*, all that is now needed is to strain and clarify the liquor, saving a few joints of the tail as a garnish, a table-spoonful of Madeira with a squeeze of a lime, and a pinch of sugar being added to finish with: but if you

desire to serve a *thick* oxtail, go on in the following manner:—Strain the soup, saving all the tail joints, and leave the soup in a bowl for a while. Pick all the meat from the tail, pound it in a mortar, pass the paste through the sieve, and then skim the fat off the bowl of soup. Take a roomy sauce-pan, melt a lump of butter at the bottom of it, stir in a table-spoonful of flour, and gradually add soup and paste till all has been expended, let the *purée* come to the boil (by which time it will be thick enough); add a dessert-spoonful of red currant jelly, a dessert-spoonful of anchovy vinegar, and a glass of port, stir vigorously for a minute and serve. The common way of making this soup is simply to thicken the gravy, and to throw in the joints of the tail whole. I have tried the *purée*, and consider the soup is vastly improved by the pounded meat, the flavour of the oxtail being far stronger.

Oxtail soup, (thick.)

2.—Bake the whitings very gently, and serve them with a sauce *blanche*, in which a bunch of parsley, minced fine a very little shallot, a little lime peel, and a little green chilli (if liked) have been mixed.

Whitings with herbs sauce.

3.—This is a capital method of cooking a fowl, the process is simply that of steaming, so you will want your fish kettle, and a pan, big enough to hold the fowl, with a close fitting lid. Truss the fowl: place a big Bombay onion inside the bird, with a couple of slices of bacon; sew up the vent, pin a strip of bacon over the breast, and set the bird in the pan (without any water or gravy round it) carefully securing the lid with paste if necessary. Immerse the vessel containing the fowl in the fish kettle or any larger pan full of cold water, and set it to boil. Cook it slowly for upwards of an hour without removing the lid which should be scrupulously kept closed. In about an hour and a quarter (after the water came to the boil), you can take the fowl out, and place it at once on a hot dish well

Fowl in the American manner.

covered up. Now strain off the gravy that you will find has been drawn from the fowl, and save it for the "oyster sauce," which make in this way as fast as you can :—Mix an ounce of butter with a dessert-spoonful of flour at the bottom of a sauce-pan, add the fowl gravy, the liquor from a tin of oysters, and the beards of the oysters cut off: (save the oysters themselves separately) throw in some pepper corns, the peel of a lime, salt to taste, and, as the mixture boils a table-spoonful of Harvey sauce: after it has come to the boil, strain the sauce carefully, add the oysters you saved, heat it up again : take it off the fire : pour in a coffee-cupful of boiling cream (or milk in which the yolk of an egg has been stirred, and heated up to the consistency of thin custard) and serve poured over the fowl. Whilst this sauce is being made, it would be wiser to leave the fowl in the vessel in which it was cooked, carefully covered up and kept in the hot-water bath. As soon as the sauce is ready, it can be dished up, upon a cradle of well boiled maccaroni.

Onion stuffed with kidneys.

4.—This dish is simply "Bombay onions stuffed with kidneys," a most capital savoury *entremet* if carefully done. Take four large Bombay onions : have ready eight sheep's kidneys, scalded, and skinned, but uncooked. Boil the onions till three parts done; take them out drain them ; slice off the top of each one (as you would treat an egg) and carefully remove the inside, leaving a hollow big enough to hold two small kidneys cut into eight pieces ; take two anchovies, pick out their spines and cut the fish into little squares : have some minced parsley handy, a lime, and some of the inside of the onion that you scooped out, minced and peppered ; put a lump of butter into the onion case first, then a little of the minced onion peppered, then your pieces of kidney, with little bits of anchovy here and there, and crown the top again with minced onion, and a pat of butter : a drop or so of lime juice should be given during the packing, and an occasional dust of spiced pepper. Now place the cap on again, and when the four onions are stuffed, lay them in a buttered baking dish, and bake in a

slow oven for an hour. When done, pour a brown sauce (separately made) over them and serve in their own dish.

Pine-apple fritters.

5.—When pine-apples are in season,* *pray* try these fritters; cut up the pine in slices a quarter of an inch thick: divide each slice into convenient lengths for frying (about two inches long, and one wide): place the pieces in a soup plate; pour a wine-glass of *rum* over them, and dust them well with sugar. Let them soak in this all the afternoon, turning them every now and then: mix, when the time is at hand for cooking them, a batter (which I will repeat) as follows:

Beat up the yolks of three eggs with two table-spoonsful of rum (in this case) one table-spoonful of salad oil, and four of cold water. Mix with this three table-spoonsful of flour and a pinch of sugar. Work this to a smooth paste; if too thick, add a little water, and lastly, add the whites of your three eggs whipped to a froth. Dip each slice of pine apple in this and fry (if possible) in a *deep bath of boiling* beef fat: as soon as they turn yellow, they are done; take them out, drain them on a sheet of blotting paper and serve, well dusted over with powdered loaf sugar.

* Excellent fritters can be made,—following this receipt exactly—with American canned pine-apple slices.

MENU No. XIV.

For a dinner of four friends.

Consommé de perdreaux.
Seer aux concombres.
Kramouskys de volaille.
Longe de mouton au purée à la soubise.
Topinambours au gratin.
Beignets soufflés.
Fromage, hors d'œuvres.
Dessert.

Clear partridge soup.

1.—Buy two partridges in addition to your customary soup meat: pluck the birds, draw them, and cut them up, breaking all bones of any size with a mallet. Set the soup meat for *consommé* as usual, and when you have obtained as strong a stock as possible therefrom, strain it, and let it get cool; remove all fat that may rise to the surface, and when quite clear, pour it into a large sauce-pan, adding all the pieces of partridge, including the livers of the birds, &c.; set this on the fire to come slowly to the boil, skimming it very carefully; after it has boiled, slack off the fire, and let the contents of your sauce-pan simmer slowly for an hour or more. Now strain the soup from the bones, clarify (it should be a nice, bright clear *consommé* remember) and give it half a glass of Madeira, a pinch of sugar, and a few drops of chilli vinegar to finish with.

2.—Any fish will do, divided into portions, or fillets. Boil the fish, and put it aside: boil the cucumber, cut it into lengths about two inches long and one inch wide, prepare a nice white sauce with chicken bones for the stock, flavour it with almonds and a little spice, gently warm up the pieces of fish, and cucumber, together therein, and serve. On no account let the heating up reach boiling point.

Seer fish with cucumbers.

3.—This dish is a variation of that given in Menu No. IV, page 209, being composed of a well devised *salpicon* or mince of chicken with tongue, minced mushrooms, and truffles, bound with a thick sauce, and divided into portions which are wrapped up in slices of bacon (previously boiled) dipped in batter, and fried a crisp golden tint. It is a dish that needs neither sauce, nor vegetable; all you want with it is your roll and your glass of wine.

Chicken kramouskys.

4.—Roast the loin to a turn, serve it with potatoes cooked in your favourite manner, red currant jelly, and a *purée* of Bombay onions which should go round in a boat. For the *purée*, you must boil the onions till tender, mash them, and pass them through the sieve; work into the pulp that you then get, a coffee-cupful of cream, or milk enriched with the yolk of an egg, with a little gravy; flavour with a little pepper, salt, and a very little lime peel, heat it up as hot as possible, and serve. Its consistency ought to be that of thick custard; no *flour* please.

Loin of mutton with onion sauce.

5.—The Jerusalem artichoke is one of the most useful vegetables we get. I choose a very simple, yet tasty dish of them; its correct name is *topinambours au gratin*:—boil the artichokes till quite tender: then mash them with a silver fork, moistening them with cream, (or milk with the yolk of an egg) season with salt and pepper, place the artichoke in a buttered pie-dish, give the surface a layer of grated cheese, and bake till it takes colour. Let the vegetable rest upon its own merits for

Jerusalem artichokes baked with cheese.

flavour: you do not want spices, or sauces: the cream is, of course, a grand adjunct, and the cheese harmonizes pleasantly with the general tone of the composition.

Sweet fritters.

6.—For this dish consult page 154; serve the fritters liberally dusted with sugar, and send round a glass of liqueur with them.

MENU No. XV.

For a dinner of four friends.

Potage de lièvre
Merlans au sauce piquante
Croquettes de volaille, aux points d'asperges.
Fricandeau de bœuf.
Ballotines de cailles.
Epinards à la 'Wyvern'.
Boudin glacé.
Fromage, hors d'œuvres.
Dessert.
café noir.

Hare soup.

1.—Skin, clean, and thoroughly wash the hare, saving all the blood you can in a cup: cut it up into small pieces, and put them into a stew-pan with half pound of butter, a sliced onion, a muslin bag full of herbs, season with pepper and salt, and fry the meat over a brisk fire for five minutes. Make a *roux* (brown thickening) in another stew-pan, with a pat of butter, and a table-spoonful of flour: moisten this with a quart and a half of beef gravy, made as usual from the shin, and add four glasses of portwine, or claret. When well incorporated, pour this into the pan containing the pieces of hare, and let them stew in it very slowly till thoroughly done. Now drain off the liquor from the bones, &c., put the neatest pieces of the hare on one side for eventual serving

with the soup, and set them in the *bain marie* pan to keep warm. Next return the liquor in which the hare was cooked to the stew-pan, set it on the fire, and let it throw up all grease, &c., in the form of scum, which skim off carefully. Now take a small sauce-pan, and mix therein the blood you saved, and some of the soup from the stew-pan: thoroughly amalgamate these (in the *bain marie* pan) and add the mixture, slowly by spoonsful, to the gradually re-heating soup. Let it come *nearly* to the boil, and then serve it over the pieces of hare you preserved. This is Gouffé's receipt simplified. There are other ways of making hare soup, especially that called *potage à la purée de lièvre*, which are always popular. The *purée* is of course assisted with pounded meat, red currant jelly, lime juice, and plenty of portwine.

Fried whitings, sharp sauce.

2. Get whitings if you possibly can: if not, cut a nice dish of fillets of pomfret, or slices of seer. Dip these in *batter* (according to, my old receipt) and fry them a crisp golden yellow in a bath of boiling fat. Drain them and serve with the following sauce in a boat:—Fry a Bombay onion finely minced, with one clove of garlic also minced, in butter at the bottom of a sauce-pan; when turning brown, put in a table-spoonful of chopped parsley, lime peel, and marjoram mixed together, a coffee-cupful of vinegar, and one of beef gravy. A tea-spoonful of red currant jelly may next be stirred in, and a table-spoonful of mushroom ketchup. As soon as the sauce becomes nicely flavoured, and the juices of the various ingredients appear to be extracted, strain off the sauce. Now fry in butter for five minutes a couple of table-spoonsful of minced truffles, add the mince to the strained gravy, heat it up to concert pitch, and send it round, with your fried fish in a boat.

Chicken croquettes with asparagus points.

3.—Proceed with a nice sized chicken or small fowl as though you were going to make *quenelles*. Lightly roast it. Save all bones, skin and scraps, and make a

nice clear white gravy with them. When you have thoroughly pounded the meat, and mixed it well with paste, and egg, form it into six egg-shaped cutlets; introduce in the centre of each a piece of truffle the size of a shilling (the trimmings of the truffles should be chopped, and mixed with the pounded meat) now bread-crumb them and fry them a very light gold colour. Prepare a circle of mashed potato, place it neatly in the dish you intend for your *entrée*, dispose the *croquettes* carefully round it and pour under them a rich white sauce, made with the chicken broth you drew from the scraps, slightly flavoured with almond, salt, and enriched with a goodly spoonful of cream. Between every *croquette*, you can introduce a crisply fried curl of bacon, and a slice of truffle may repose upon each of them.

For the "asparagus points," you must cut off the green ends of the stalks of a tin of asparagus. Heat them gently up in *velouté;* give them a few drops of anchovy vinegar, and pour them into the middle of your potato circle.

Fricandeau of beef.

4.—A *fricandeau* ought, I believe, to be reserved for a fillet of *veal* only, but I am bold enough to suggest your trying one with beef, thus:—Get *two* undercuts of the sirloin, if one be too small, trim them into a neat shape, and attach them together by two good skewers. Lard them freely with fat bacon. If you cannot lard, having no needle, you must introduce a slice of bacon into each fillet by making therein a longitudinal incision; slip into it your slice of bacon, and pin the lips of the incised meat together with a small skewer. Your *fricandeau* is now ready for the stew-pan, into which please put the trimmings of the meat, two ounces of carrot sliced, two ounces of onion sliced, a pinch of salt, a pinch of sugar, and a pinch of pepper:—place your fillets upon the vegetables, and pour into the pan half a pint of good gravy; let this cook up to boiling point, and keep it on the fire till the broth has somewhat reduced and thickened: then add a pint more gravy, and let it simmer for an hour with the pan half covered. Now close your pan: put some live charcoal on the lid which

lift every five minutes or so to admit of your basting the meat under it. Continue this until you have glazed the *fricandeau*, then take it out, and dish it on a very hot dish. Quickly, strain the gravy from the stew-pan, skim off any grease there may be, pour it over the meat, and serve. Let a *purée* of sorrel, vide page 239, Menu No. XII, accompany the *fricandeau*, potatoes *à l' Américaine*, and *petit pois verts*.

Quail Ballotines.

5.—A quail for each guest, boned, stuffed with a part of a small tin of *foie gras*, rolled up in a cloth, and boiled in broth. When done, let them cool, take off their cloths, let them get cold, and glaze them. Now set them in a mould, or dish, surrounded with aspic jelly, set that in ice, and serve—garnish with olives *farcies* and hand round iced *tartare*.

Spinach with tomato and egg.

6.—This is merely the usual *purée* of spinach, nicely worked up with cream, and delicately flavoured, formed in a circular shape in its dish, with "buttered-eggs," tinted red by an admixture of tomato pulp, filling the centre. Short-bread pastry in tablets accompanying.

MENU No. XVI.

For a dinner of four friends.

Potage à la purée de becassines.
Crêpes de poisson à la Woodstock.
Côtelettes de mouton à la Milanaise.
Dinde braisée, aux choux fleurs.
Pain de foie gras.
Asperges en branches.
Boudin glacé.
Fromage, hors d'œuvres.
Dessert.

Snipe purée.

1.—Make a good strong stock for four basins (at least a quart and a half) with a shin of beef, and one good sized chicken cut up into fragments; flavour it highly with sweet herbs, and mixed vegetables. Take four snipes, and lightly roast them: pick the whole of the meat from their breasts, and save it; mash the bones that remain, and put them in a bowl with the trails. When the stock is quite ready, strain it, return it to the pot, and throw into it the bowlful of mashed snipe bones, two glasses of portwine, a dessert-spoonful of red currant jelly, and a table-spoonful of crystal-vinegar. Let the contents of the pot simmer slowly for an hour and half, skimming off any scum that may rise, and when you have thus extracted the essence of the snipe fragments, strain the liquor from the bones, and set it in a bowl to cool. Now pass the snipe meat

through the mincing machine, and pound it thoroughly to a paste, using a little of the soup to help that operation. When the pounded meat is ready, skim any fat that may have risen on the surface of your soup, take a roomy sauce-pan, place it on the fire, put a couple of ounces of butter into it, stir into the butter a table-spoonful of flour, work it to a smooth paste, and then add, by degrees both soup and snipe paste, keeping the spoon at work the whole time. When all is expended, let the *purée* reach the boil in order to thicken properly. At the last, add a glass of port, a tea-spoonful of red currant jelly, and the juice of a good lime. Now get your tureen ready, break a raw egg into a cup, saving the yolk carefully; mix a little of the soup with the yolk, and when well mixed, pass it through a perforated strainer into the tureen. Lift the sauce-pan from the fire, and pour it over the strained egg. Serve. Additional richness would be obtained if you were to pour into the tureen with the soup, stirring as you did so, a coffee cupful of boiling cream.

Fish rolled in pancakes.

2.—Choose any nice fish, and about an equal amount of prawns—the whole being sufficient for four portions. Boil the fish and prawns, and when cold, make a nice *salpicon* or coarse mince of them, with some chopped mushrooms. Mix the mince in a sauce-pan with some rich *velouté*, and bind it with a couple of eggs, let it get cold again, and divide it into four nice portions, just as you would for "kramouskys." Now make a large pancake, or two small ones, and when not quite done, take them from the pan, spread them on a flat dish, and from them cut four pieces about four inches square. Place your *salpicon* portions in the centre of each, and wrap them up neatly, set the folded pancakes on a well buttered flat silver dish, egg them, bread-crumb them, pour some melted butter over them, and bake until a nice golden brown: serve in the same dish, laid upon a napkin. The pancakes should be nice and thin, and you should season your *salpicon* with "spiced pepper." "*Dutch* sauce" (not *Hollandaise* you know) should accompany.

3.—This is a dish of neck chops, nicely trimmed, which have been larded with bacon and set *en marinade* all day, and then bread-crumbed, *secundum artem*, with finely sifted crumbs, some minced parsley, a very little shallot, and a little grated cheese, all shaken together. When nicely crumbed with this mixture, the cutlets must be fried a golden brown in abundance of fat, and served round a hollow mould of "*savoury rice*" (given in Menu No. VII, page 222) with the following composition in the hollow in the centre:—"Buttered eggs" coloured with tomato pulp, and mixed with two heaped up table-spoonsful of boiled maccaroni cut into dice.

Mutton cutlets, Milanaise fashion.

4.—Truss the bird nicely, lard its breast, stuff it with very carefully made turkey stuffing as explained in Chapter XVII, and place it in a deep stew-pan upon a bed of sliced bacon. Put a couple of sheep's trotters, cut into small pieces, round it, with a sliced Bombay onion, two carrots, some chopped sweet herbs, whole pepper corns, lime peel, and a clove of garlic. Pour into the pan a good pint of gravy made from the giblets, trimmings, and any scraps you may have, with a wineglassful of Madeira, and cook the bird gently with live coals on the stew-pan lid, as well as under the vessel, for about three hours, brown the larding on the breast by passing a red hot iron close to it, and serve. Strain the gravy, thicken it, add some minced truffles, and send it round in a boat. Potatoes and cauliflower accompanying.

A hen turkey braised.

5.—A small tin of *Pâté de foie gras* will do for this little party. Cut a thick slice of fat bacon into dice, and fry it with a seasoning of spiced pepper, some minced shallot, parsley, and marjoram: when the bacon is melted, add some finely minced liver (that of the foregoing turkey could be spared) fry it in the hot bacon, and then turn the contents of your *sauté* pan into a bowl to cool. Now break up the *pâté*, pick out the truffles, and *foie gras*, and place them on one side; pound the *pâté* forcemeat, and the cooled liver

Mould of foie gras.

and bacon, together with the crumb of a roll, soaked in stock, say about a quarter the bulk of the meat, and pass this through the sieve: you have now three things:—the pounded forcemeat and roll, the *foie gras*, and the truffles: choose a nice sized mould, butter it, and pack it with alternate layers of forcemeat, and *foie gras*, dotting the truffles in according to fancy:—when packed, steam the mould in your *bain-marie* pan for three-quarters of an hour; let it get cold, turn it out, glaze, and ice it. Serve with dry toast.

Asparagus.

6. One remark only here:—*Please* do not *spoil* your asparagus by pouring an indifferent white sauce like thin "conjee" over it. All you have to do is this: gently warm the asparagus in its own tin in the *bain-marie* pan (immersed in a bath of hot water) drain it from its liquor as soon as it is *hot* (if you keep it longer it will be spoilt) and turn it carefully into a hot dish. Put a pat of fresh, or of the "Denmark" tinned butter) on the top of it, give it a squeeze of a lime, and serve. A pat of *maître d'hôtel*, or anchovy butter, may with advantage supply the place of plain butter.

N.B.—For heaven's sake, *no toast*.

MENU No. XVII.

For a little home dinner.

Potage au pauvre homme.
Darne de seer en papillote.
Côtelettes de mouton au macédoine de legumes.
Drumstick seeds au gratin.
Tartelettes d'amandes.
Cheese-fingers, and fancy butter.
Café noir.

Poor man's soup.

1.—Put an ounce of butter into a sauce-pan with three onions shredded finely, and fry them a pale golden colour; add half table-spoonful of flour, stir a few minutes, but do not let the *roux* turn brown, then add the usual allowance of beef *consommé* which you make daily. Stir till the soup boils, and add pepper and salt to taste. Cut up a couple of cold boiled potatoes into dice, throw them into the soup, and serve it, with *croûtons* of bread crisped in the oven. The yolk of an egg beaten up in a little milk may be passed through a strainer into the soup just as it goes to table.

Slice of seer in paper.

2.—Cut a boiled carrot and one boiled onion into thin slices, add some powdered dried thyme and marjoram and some chopped parsley; mix this up with three table-spoonsful of salad oil and cover your slice of seer with the mixture. Now

wrap the fish carefully in a sheet of buttered paper and bake it for half an hour. When done, remove the paper very carefully and place the slice upon a dish made hot to receive it. Melt a piece of butter, add a pinch of flour, a cupful of broth and the vegetables, &c., in which the slice was cooked; boil this for three or four minutes, strain, and pour it over the fish.

Mutton cutlets with mixed vegetables.

3.—Take the eight cutlets (small chops) which you can get from a neck of mutton, trim these neatly, and grill them over a brisk, clear fire: when done, arrange them round a circle of nicely mashed potato, in the centre of which must be placed a *sauce au macédoine de legumes*, which I have already explained; some French beans, a carrot, a turnip, and a piece of cucumber, previously boiled, cut into small dice, and heated up in some well made *sauce blonde*, a few green peas, and some pieces of boiled celery may be added if you can get them.

Baked drumstick seeds with cheese.

4.—If you summon up courage to try this homely dish, you will often order it again. Buy enough young *moringa* pods to yield seeds enough to fill a little pie-dish. Boil them, and scrape out the seeds, and the tender flesh inside the pods, into a basin: stir into this a table-spoonful of cream, or a coffee-cupful of milk in which the yolks of two eggs have been well beaten; season with salt and pepper, and add a few drops of anchovy essence; pass this into a well buttered pie-dish, and grate over the surface a good layer of Parmesan or any nice mild dry cheese. Bake for a quarter of an hour, and serve.

Almond cheese cakes.

5.—Line four patty pans with nice pastry, and fill them with the same preparation you would make for an ordinary baked almond cheese cake pudding—(a liqueur glass of maraschino, or noyeau, is a great improvement) bake for a quarter of an hour and serve.

MENU No. XVIII.

For a little home dinner.

Consommé de grandes crevettes.
Filets de pomfret sauce au persil.
Poularde à la Wyvern.
Pommes de terre à la maître d'hôtel.
Bandecai à la belle alliance.
Beignets de pommes.
Cheese, green butter, plain biscuit.
Café noir.

Clear prawn soup.

1.—Prepare your ordinary beef *consommé* from your daily allowance of soup meat. Boil a dozen good sized prawns, save the liquor in which you have cooked them, reduce that a little, and throw into it the meat which you pick from the shells; add the beef *consommé*, some pepper corns, a dessert-spoonful of dried *basil* tied up in a muslin bag, a bunch of parsley, and some celery leaves: let this simmer gently, strain after three hours' simmering, clarify it, and add half a glass of Madeira.

Fillets of pomfret with parsley sauce.

2.—Cook the fillets in milk as I have described (page 67): or, if you cannot spare the milk, trim your fillets, tie them in little knots, and boil them in a liquor made from the bones and trimmings of the fish they were cut from. Make a melted butter sauce diluted with the broth in which your fillets were boiled, and add to it a table-spoonful of finely minced parsley, and a tea-spoonful of tarragon vinegar:

an onion should be boiled in the water with the fillets, and pressed into the sauce through the sieve.

Fowl in Wyvern's way.

3.—Prepare an ordinary fowl as if for roasting, cutting off all superfluous bones, the pinions, neck, and legs below the joint, which, with the heart, gizzard, and liver (the giblets), throw into as much water as will cover them: an onion sliced, and some whole peppers. Whilst this is producing a broth, lard your fowl with strips of fat bacon, and stuff the cavity of its carcass with plain *mashed* potatoes, and boiled onion—two-thirds of the former, to one of the latter. When your broth is ready, put it into a deep stew-pan, and place the fowl therein, with a carrot cut into slices, celery leaves, and stalks, pepper corns, a bunch of parsley, and some dried thyme in a muslin bag, and a glass of sherry. Braise the bird in this till done:—Meanwhile pound the liver you boiled in the broth, and get ready some tomato pulp (say) a tea-cupful. Lift out the fowl, and dish it upon some previously boiled maccaroni: strain off the gravy in which it was braised, thicken it, add the liver, and tomato pulp, give it a rapid boil up, and pour it over the fowl. The stuffing of the fowl helps to preserve its juiciness, and lends a nice flavour to it.

Bandecai with maccaroni and tomatoes.

4.—Place some boiled maccaroni at the bottom of a small well buttered pie-dish; dust over it some grated cheese; upon this place a layer of previously boiled bandecais, dust them with white pepper, and some grated cheese: on the top arrange a number of slices of tomato also dusted with cheese; pour a little milk in which the yolk of an egg has been beaten (or cream if you can allow it) in amongst your layers, not nearly to cover them though, just to moisten the bottom of the dish, and bake for ten or twelve minutes; serve with cold *tartare* or *mayonnaise* sauce in a boat.

Apple fritters.

5.—I have often spoken of the batter for fritters, so will not repeat the recipe. Soak the apple slices in brandy or rum, and dish them with powdered loaf-sugar dusted over them.

MENU No. XIX.

For a little home dinner.

Potage à la Crècy.
Pomfret au sauce piquante.
Poitrine de mouton à la Wyvern.
Purée de pommes de terre.
Aubergines au gratin.
Blancmange à la vanille.
Potted prawns, cheese.
Dessert.
Café noir.

Carrot soup.

1.—For the soup, read the receipt already given, (page 39.)

Pomfret & sharp sauce.

2.—Boil a little pomfret, and serve it with sauce piquante, (page 68.)

Breast of mutton à la Wyvern.

3.—Choose a nice breast of mutton, bone it, and put it *en marinade* all day in oil, vinegar, chopped parsley and shallot. When wanted, take it up, dry it in a clean cloth. Parboil, and when cold again, bread-crumb it for ordinary baking, and slip a good slice of boiled bacon under the flap, or outer strip of meat. Meanwhile make a little broth with the bones, and any scraps obtained from trimming the breast into shape, set it to cool, and skim off the fat. Boil sufficient maccaroni for two people, and when done, drain off the

water, and leave the maccaroni in the hot sauce-pan till wanted. Cut up a dozen tomatoes into quarters, and put them into a sauce-pan with *a clove* of garlic, and a very little water: stew gently till done: turn them out upon a hair-sieve, drain off the water, throw away the garlic, and when the water has drained off, work the tomatoes through the sieve; put the pulp which comes through into a sauce-pan, with a little melted butter and flour previously prepared to receive it, and moisten the pulp with the broth you made from the scraps, till you have a nice creamy *purée*, season with a little salt and black pepper, and keep the sauce thoroughly hot after it has boiled up.

Dish up as follows:—place the maccaroni first upon a very hot dish, put the baked breast of mutton upon it, and and pour your hot tomato *purée* over the whole.

Mashed potatoes.

4.—Mash the potatoes thoroughly, and work them through a wire sieve to get them smooth, add a little milk, as much butter as you can spare, and a little salt: form with the wooden spoon, and brown the outside in the oven. Don't let your cook waste an egg in endeavouring to *glaze* the outside of the mould!

Brinjals au gratin.

5.—Now this is well worthy of a trial:—Boil a couple of nice brinjals till tender, cut them in halves, and scoop out the inside with a silver spoon and put it into a bowl: butter the now empty cases, or pods, stir into the inside part that you scooped out a good spoonful of cream, and season with white pepper, salt, and few drops of anchovy sauce. Mix thoroughly, and then refill your cases. Shake over the surface a layer of grated Parmesan from the bottle, or any dry mild cheese that will grate. Bake for seven or eight minutes, and serve. Under the more ostentatious name of "*Les aubergines au gratin*," your lowly dish might find favour even at the dainty meal of an epicure.

Blancmange with vanilla.

6.—You all know how to make this as well if not better than I do. Only see that the milk is fresh, not charmingly *smoked*, you know, and don't over-do the flavouring.

7.—Potted prawns, home-made, Madras, ought to be oftener seen than they are. Whether eaten with cheese, spread on toast, or at office in the form of a sandwich, this preparation is most acceptable. Select some nice sized prawns, boil them, pick out very carefully all the grit, and that *black line* which runs straight down the back and underneath every prawn: wash them afterwards in cold water, and pour a lot of water over them as they lie on the top of your sieve: when satisfied that you have thoroughly cleaned them, dry them, and toss them in a little melted butter in a frying pan until they have absorbed the butter; next pass them through the mincing machine; pound them thoroughly in the mortar, and lastly press them through the wire sieve. Season the paste so obtained with salt, white and red pepper, a few drops of anchovy sauce, a little pounded mixed spice, and work the whole together with some nice freshly made butter till thoroughly incorporated: set it in an earthenware jar, and pour a spoonful of melted butter over the surface.

Potted prawns.

N. B.—Here is a wrinkle worth noting:—If you want to send round at dessert a dish that is generally speaking popular, buy a glass jar of the best French plums, (prunes) and a bottle of good cherry brandy, take out a few plums, and pour as much cherry brandy into the jar as the plums will admit: the next day you can add more, for the plums will absorb the brandy; and so on for a day or two. Finally cork it down for a fortnight or so, then serve at dessert. Never let the jar be empty, but refill it as the plums are eaten.

Prunes in cherry brandy.

MENU No. XX

For a little home dinner.

Potage à la Palestine.
Croustades de grandes crevettes.
Perdreaux à la soubise.
Petits pois au lard.
Œufs à la crème.
Dessert.

Jerusalem artichoke soup.

1.—This is a soup which is to those who are fond of the flavour of the Jerusalem artichoke, an especially favorite one. I may commence by pointing out that the word "Palestine" is a misnomer: it has been applied to the soup, no doubt, owing to some connection being desired with the "*Jerusalem*" artichoke. But as the term "*Jerusalem*" is only an Anglicised corruption of the Italian *girasole* (artichoke) there is really no analogy between the soup and the Holy Land. There are two methods of composing this *purée*, to wit, *au maigre* (with milk) and *au gras* (with stock): I take the latter as the commoner form. Having washed, peeled, and boiled a nice dish of artichokes, pass them through the sieve; save the pulp so obtained, until your daily allowance of soup meat has yielded sufficient nice clear stock for the *purée*. Now proceed to amalgamate the two in the proper way, by melting a couple of ounces of butter at the bottom of a sauce-pan first, incorporating therewith a dessert-spoonful of flour, and after that has been done, stock, and

pulp of artichoke by degrees until you have used all you have. The spoon must be kept going all the while, and when the *purée* comes to the boil, it will be ready to serve. On its way to the table, like all *purées*, it may be enriched by a table-spoonful of cream, or a little fresh milk into which the yolk of an egg has been stirred, but the addition is not essential. An old fowl makes a good stock for this soup, if assisted by a slice or two, or a bone, of bacon, or ham. Fried sippets of bread should be handed round with it. Let those who rejoice in a dairy try the recipe *au maigre* thus:—Take as much milk as you want soup, and boil in it twenty pepper corns, some mace, cloves, nutmeg, parsley, and a small onion. When thoroughly flavoured, strain the milk, mingle the pulp of the artichoke with it, as described for stock, and finish it off in the same manner: the cream *must* be added in this case.

Prawn croustades.

2.—Choose two or three small dinner rolls which have been baked in tins, and will stand upright. Scoop outall the crumb, and fry the cases so obtained a golden yellow colour in melted butter. Drain them. Now pound enough prawn meat to fill them, with melted butter, a little spice, pepper and salt; fill your cases, shake a little bread-crumb over the surface of each, place them on a buttered baking tin, and heat them for five minutes in the oven, serve as soon as the tops take colour.

Partridges with soubise sauce.

3.—This is a capital dish for Darby when it pleases him to dine cosily with his Joan. Prepare the partridges as for roasting: fill them with some chopped Bombay onion (which has been boiled in milk) seasoned with spiced pepper, salt, and a little chopped lime peel. Make a broth with the giblets of the birds, any scraps you may have, a slice of bacon, an onion cut into quarters, a few pepper corns, and a seasoning of salt and pepper: when you have got a broth to your mind, simmer the partridges therein until prefectly tender. When done, (they will take three-quarters of an hour) take them out, and drain them, replacing them in the hot pan in which they were done, with the cover on. Now strain the

liquor in which the birds have been cooked, and with it make a rich *soubise* sauce as follows:—Boil four large Bombay onions till tender, drain them, chop them up very fine (in *this* instance, I would not pass them through the sieve) and proceed with melted butter, and the stock aforesaid, to make a rich *purée;* when boiling hot, dish the birds, pour the onion *purée* over them, and serve, garnished with curls of fried bacon. The onions should, of course, be prepared beforehand to prevent delay: the *purée* ought not to occupy more than ten minutes in preparation.

Peas with bacon.

4.—For this nice *entremet de legume*, consult page 107.

Eggs with cream.

5.—Butter a little pie dish well, strew a good layer of mild grated cheese at the bottom of it, pour over the cheese a coffee-cupful of cream, break four fresh eggs very carefully, and pass them into the cream without breaking them: dust a light layer of cheese over the surface, bake for about seven minutes (till the surface lightly colours) and serve: the eggs ought not to be done hard, the dish is not a *pudding*, but eggs, just set, in a creamy sauce with a little cheese flavouring.

MENU No. XXI.

For a little home dinner for the hot weather.

Purée de rognons.
Ecrevisse de mer au gratin.
Biff-tek à la jardinière.
Pommes de terre à la duchesse.
Beignets d'aubergines.
Crème de vanille glacé.
Dessert.

Kidney purée.

1.—Take your daily allowance of soup meat as usual and make a strong *consommé* with it. Buy six mutton kidneys and treat them as follows:—Wash them, dry them, slit them in halves, and plunge them immediately into *boiling* water well salted; let them remain in this bath for one minute only, take them out, and dry them in a napkin. This is an infallible recipe for the removal of that peculiar taste which many people dislike in kidneys; it should be followed always, no matter how you intend to cook them. Well, having thus blanched the kidneys, proceed to boil them gently with some dried thyme, marjoram, and a bag containing spice, &c., till they are very tender. Take them out, and pound them in the mortar, with one well washed *anchovy:* when sufficiently pounded, pass the paste through a wire sieve to get rid of fibre, gristle, &c. When ready, place the *consommé* in a bowl handy, and keep the kidney paste ready in a soup plate. Take a roomy sauce-pan, melt a pat of butter at the bottom of it over the fire, stir in a table-spoonful of flour; when nice

and creamy, add a cupful of *consommé*, stirring vigorously, and continue to add *consommé* and kidney paste by degrees, working them well together, till you have used them up; now let the *purée* come to the boil; add a glass of port, a tea-spoonful of red currant jelly, and a tea-spoonful of good vinegar, stir well for a minute over the fire, and serve with *croûtons* of fried bread.

Like all *purées*, a coffee cupful of boiling cream, or a coffee cupful of milk in which the yolk of an egg has been stirred, may be added to this soup *off the fire* for additional richness. This *purée* will be found so like a game soup that many will doubt its having any connection with kidneys. In hot trying weather, a rich sustaining soup of this kind is very acceptable.

Baked crab.

2.—Choose a nice crab, have it boiled, cleaned, and picked: place the meat in a soup plate, and give it a dust of black pepper. Boil till tender, sufficient maccaroni to line the bottom of a small pie-dish, and grate a tea-cupful of mild cheese. Now rub the bottom of the pie-dish with butter, place the maccaroni thereon, and pour some melted butter over the maccaroni. Shake a dust of grated cheese over its surface. Next place the crab meat, well worked with melted butter, over the maccaroni, and, as you arrange it, dust it with spiced pepper. Over the crab, dredge a nice dressing of the grated cheese, about one-eighth of an inch deep, and pour a little melted butter over the surface. Bake till the top takes colour, and serve. No sauce is necessary with this, but if you like, you can send round a *sauce piquante*, or any plain sharp relish of that class.

Beefsteak stewed with vegetables.

3.—Vegetables are sometimes scarce at Madras, and our variety for this dish somewhat meagre; but we can always get delicious Bombay onions, fair French beans, and carrots. Turnips seem too strong late in the season, so I would not advise your using them. Choose a nice steak, fry it, to begin with till it takes a nice brown colour on both sides, then put it into your stew-pan, with half a pint of

water, (or broth) one Bombay onion in quarters, a good handful of French beans, a plant of celery and two carrots sliced; a table-spoonful of walnut ketchup, a salt-spoonful of sugar, pepper, and salt. Cover the pan, and stew the steak ever so gently till the meat parts easily when tested by the fork. Then lift it out, strain the gravy, place the steak on a hot silver dish, arrange the vegetables cut up into very small dice tastefully over it, thicken the gravy with a little butter and flour, add a dessert-spoonful of Madeira, and pour it boiling hot over the steak.

Potato duchesses.

4.—With the above, try your potatoes in this way:—mash them up with a little good milk, and the yolks of two eggs; add pepper, salt, some grated *nutmeg*, and some parsley, or celery leaves chopped fine (a few marjoram leaves are an improvement.) Roll the mixture into balls the size of a pippin, brush them over with a beaten egg, set them on a buttered tin, and bake for a few minutes till a golden yellow colour.* They look pretty, and taste nice.

Brinjal fritters.

5.—This is the American method of serving egg-plant, and is a very good dish for a change. Par-boil the brinjals in salt and water, let them get cold, and slice them in longitudinal pieces of a convenient size and thickness for fritters; two inches long, and a quarter of an inch thick. Prepare the batter I have previously described, dipping the pieces of brinjal in it, and frying them a crisp golden brown in abundance of fat. Drain them quite dry, dust a little salt over them, and serve with Dutch sauce (q. v. page 72).

Vanilla custard iced.

6.—This is a simple recipe for a delicious iced pudding, not expensive. Mix the yolks of three eggs well with a pint of *fresh* milk, strain it, sweeten it to taste, flavour it with vanilla, and ice it in a small mould. It turns out rich and creamy, not a bit like the milk-and-water ices one so often mourns over.

---

* They may also be formed somewhat smaller, the size of racquet balls, and fried a golden brown in melted butter.

MENU No. XXII.

For a little home dinner for the hot weather.

Consommé de laitue.
Pomfret à la Normande.
Filet de bœuf en aspic.
Courge à la moelle au gratin.
Pain de groseilles.
Fromage, hors d'œuvres.
Dessert.

Clear soup with lettuce.

1.—Make a clear *consommé* as usual, and treat the lettuce in this way:—Pick and wash one large, or two small cabbage lettuces, dip them into boiling water for a few minutes, take them out, cut them into quarters: tie them together again: butter a stew-pan, place a couple of slices of bacon at the bottom of the pan, lay the lettuces on them, and cover them with stock: add two cloves, an onion, a tea-spoonful of sugar, and one of salt, and a tea-spoonful of dried herbs. Simmer the lettuces until done, take them out, drain them, and when dry, cut them into shreds with a dessert knife: put the shredded pieces at the bottom of your tureen, and pour the *consommé* boiling hot over them. Serve. One average lettuce will be found enough for four basins. The broth in which it is cooked can be strained, and added to the soup: see, however, that it is clear.

Pomfret in the Normandy manner.

2.—Clean and trim a fine pomfret; detach the flesh from the bone with a sharp knife: take the two sides so obtained, and season them on their respective inner sides (which were near the bone) with pepper, salt, a little finely chopped parsley, and some minced mushroom, lay them together again: the fish resuming its former appearance. Now butter a flat silver dish, or one that will stand the fire, strew over the butter some minced *boiled* onion, place the fish thereon, moisten it with a little chablis, or light white wine of that class, and bake it in the oven. Whilst baking, make a good *velouté,* in which you should pour the liquor of a tin of oysters, and use the broth made from the bones and trimmings of the pomfret. When the fish is *nearly* done, take it out of the oven; pour the liquor from its dish into your *velouté*: garnish the fish with the oysters of the tin previously mentioned, and some black Leicestershire mushrooms, over all pour your *velouté,*—which should be nice and thick, —set the dish in the oven again for five minutes, and serve with croûtons of bread, buttered on each side, and coloured a pale brown in the oven. This will be found an excellent dish—far from difficult: *velouté* remember, is merely a rich creamy white sauce.

Fillet of beef in jelly, (cold).

3.—Tie a whole fillet of beef into a compact shape and lard it with plenty of fat bacon: braise it in stock, and vegetables: when done, take it out, remove the string, and place the meat in an oblong shape with a heavy weight upon it; when thoroughly cold, and set, trim it all round with a sharp knife, glaze it with its own gravy reduced, and set it in aspic in the ice box. A plain oblong mould should be selected. When you turn it out, garnish with hard-boiled eggs, and parsley, and serve with the best salad you can devise, and a good *mayonnaise* sauce.*

---

* This recipe may be followed with a home cured ox tongue: *boil* the tongue, of course, you cannot braise it.

Vegetable marrow au gratin.

4.—Slice up a cold boiled (not over-boiled) vegetable marrow. Butter the bottom of a pie-dish, place a layer of slices thereon, grate a good lot of mild cheese over them, place another layer of slices above the first and strew grated cheese over that also. Now melt some butter in a small sauce-pan, and add a little gravy to it, together with some finely powdered cheese, when you have enough to half cover your layers of marrow, pour the liquid round them, and bake for ten minntes or so in a fast oven. Salt and pepper should be dusted over each layer, before the cheese gratings are added.

Mould of gooseberries.

5.—This is a simple yet effective sweet *entremet* suggested to me by a Madras Gouffé. Turn out a bottle of gooseberries, sweeten them to taste in their own syrup. Melt an ounce of gelatine in water, and stir this into the basin containing the fruit; now place this in a mould, and set it to get firm in the ice box. The best creamy custards (also set in the ice box) should go round in glasses; this is cooling, and inexpensive. You may perhaps nibble a cheese biscuit, and take an atom of fancy butter with it to finish with, but I fancy that this little *menu* will be found quite as much as people want with the thermometer at a "level" 90° all the day long.

MENU No. XXIII.

For a little home dinner.

Crème de riz aux haricots verts.
Ragout de pomfret (or any fish.)
Caneton aux petits pois.
Pommes de terre nouvelles.*
Podolong-cai au jus.
Maccaroni au gratin.

Rice purée with French beans.

1.—Make your gravy for soup as usual. Boil a tea-cupful of rice till tender, work it through the sieve: amalgamate the pulp so obtained with the soup gravy, by butter and flour as described for *purées.* Cut into dice a handful of boiled French beans, stir the dice into the soup as it thickens, and add a coffee cupful of milk, with which the yolk of an egg has been mixed, off the fire, just before serving. A few pounded sweet almonds may be mixed with the rice pulp if the flavour is liked.

Ragout of pomfret.

2.—This is a very useful recipe, practicable with all fish, which I specially commend to notice. Take a cold boiled pomfret (in this case) remove the skin and cut the fish into fillets of a nice length, dust them with pepper and salt, and put them aside. Slice finely half a Bombay onion, and fry the slices, till just colouring, in an ounce of butter, now add a pint of milk and

* "Mock new potatoes."

water, two-thirds milk to one-third water, all the fish bones and trimmings, a few pepper corns, an anchovy, a pinch of grated nutmeg, and the peel of a lime, boil this up and simmer it afterwards till you have extracted the flavour of your ingredients: now strain the liquor, and thicken it as for a *sauce blanche*, gently heating your fillets of fish in the same: garnish with little bits of red chilli, cut into dice, and sprinkled over the fillets, and serve. The *onus* here lies in flavouring your white sauce in which you warm your fish: so do not omit anything I have mentioned.

Duckling and green peas.

3.—"First catch your duckling" eh? well I know they are hard to get just now, but let those who have them try one before the breast-bone forms hard. The bone should be scarcely stronger than gristle if the bird be young enough. Roast, do not *stuff* the duckling, let the basting be frequent, and froth the breast up nicely to finish with: serve, accompanied by the vegetables, receipts for dressing which have been given in Chapter XXI.

N. B.—If your cook has a habit, as some have, of serving the giblets of the duck in the gravy round the bird, put an end to it forthwith;—it is one of those quaint relics of barbarism which still cling to the Indian cookroom.

Podolong-cai in gravy.

4.—This vegetable, known as the "snake vegetable," cut into convenient lengths, boiled, drained, its seeds removed, and the pieces finally heated up in a good brown gravy, is well worth trying when vegetables are as scarce as they always are in the hot weather. A dust of grated cheese over each piece may be given without fear.

5.—Many fail to achieve this homely dish as nicely as they could wish. The following is a simple recipe:—

Maccaroni with cheese baked.

Take two ounces of maccaroni, boil, and drain it well; put into a sauce-pan one ounce of butter, mix it well with one table-spoonful of flour, moisten with four table-spoonsful of gravy (saved from the soup gravy) and a coffee cupful of

cream, or milk enriched with the yolk of an egg; add two ounces of grated cheese, one table-spoonful of mustard, salt and pepper to taste: place the maccaroni in a shallow well buttered piedish, by degrees pouring your mixture, made as above, amongst it; dust a layer of grated cheese over the surface and as soon as it browns nicely in the oven, send it to table.

MENU No. XXIV

For a little home dinner.

Potage à la purée de legumes.
Darne de seer au gratin.
Longe de mouton braisée.
Pommes de terre à la j'aidit.
Beignets de bananes au rhum.
Cheese, oat biscuit.
Dessert.
Café noir.

Vegetable purée.

1.—Prepare early in the day the usual gravy soup, or stock, that you order daily,—take it off the fire in the afternoon, and add two carrots, a turnip, an onion, a stick of celery, and a little pepper and salt. Boil together: when thoroughly done, drain off the soup and pass the boiled vegetables through the wire sieve. Now mix in a sauce-pan a little bit of butter, and a dessert-spoonful of flour, gradually adding vegetable pulp and stock, and stirring well, until you have exhausted the whole. As you take the soup off the fire, stir in the yolk of an egg beaten up in a little milk: fried dice of bread should accompany this soup.

Slice of seer au gratin.

2.—Flatten out on a board a nice slice of seer fish, having previously prepared a small cupful of maccaroni boiled till tender. Now butter a small pie-dish, place a layer of maccaroni on it, and

dust over the maccaroni a couple of table-spoonful of grated cheese; now put the slice of seer on the top of the maccaroni, put a little butter on the fish, spread a piece of paper over it, and bake for 12 minutes: remove the paper and serve.

Loin of mutton braised with potatoes à la j'aidit.

3.—In this dish the loin may, of course, be roasted if preferred. For the potatoes:—mash one boiled Bellary onion with three or four times its bulk of potato previously boiled and hot, a little salt, a little butter, and some black pepper, form this into a little mould, and brown it in the oven.

Plantain fritters.

4.—Here are our old friends "plantain fritters"—mix with your batter (which should be made exactly like that I have given for *kramouskys,* with sugar instead of salt) a goodly spoonful of rum, or any *liqueur* you may have in the house open. The addition of a little *liqueur* is a great improvement. All who have tried pineapple fritters with rum will not hesitate to apply the same test to plantains. Dust over your fritters before serving them a nice coating of finely sifted white sugar. The rum or liqueur should be poured round the sliced plantains, like a *marinade,* an hour before they are cooked, and used in mixing the batter afterwards.

24

MENU No. XXV.

For a little home dinner.

Croûte au pot.
Merlans à la remoulade.
Poulet grillé, "bread sauce."
Pommes de terre santées.
Sarcelles rôties, sauce à la bigarade.
Victoria pudding.
Cheese, &c.
Dessert.
Café noir.

Clear soup with crusts.

1.—This is an ordinary *consommé* with pieces of toast and vegetable introduced at the last moment. The preparation of the toast, however, demands attention. Cut off the bottom crust of a tinned loaf, with the same thickness of crumb as of crust: cut this out into squares the size of dice, soak them in some stock (from the soup) and put them in a buttered tin into the oven where they should remain until crisp and dry, slices of carrot, turnip, and pieces of celery should be added with the crusts before serving.

Fried whitings with remoulade (hot.)

2.—Fry the whitings and serve them with the following sauce in a boat:—Toss in butter a couple of shallots, finely minced; add a dessert spoonful of flour and half a pint of common stock; then take a table-spoonful of mixed marjoram, garden cress, parsley, and capers, all very finely minced, and add them to the sauce, with a little French mustard, pepper, and salt to taste, and a little grated nutmeg; lastly, add a dessert spoonful of salad oil, and when the sauce has boiled a minute or two, it is ready.

3.—Bone your fowl, and make a nice strong broth with the bones, which will, of course, form the basis of the gravy to be served round the bird. Flatten out the fowl and grill it smartly over a bright fire, serve with bread sauce, and fried potatoes.

Grilled fowl.

Don't forget the bread sauce receipt I gave in chapter XIV: —boil a Bellary onion in a cupful of milk with a dozen pepper corns, a pinch of nutmeg, and four cloves; strain when the onion is quite pulpy, pour the strained milk over the grated bread-crumbs, and heat it up again adding a spoonful of cream before serving.

Bread sauce.

4.—Bone the teal, and make a game-gravy from the bones and the giblets of the birds, proceeding as directed (page 209) to make bigarade sauce;—I think, however, that as the oranges which compose this sauce in Europe are the sour Seville, a little lime juice should be added to the sauce to give it piquancy. Roast the boned teal without stuffing, merely folded into shape, skewered, and tied with a string to the spit.

Teal with bigarade sauce.

5.—Quarter of a pound of bread-crumbs, three ounces of shredded suet, quarter of a pound of any jam, the juice of a lime, with the peel grated also, two ounces of sifted sugar, two eggs and a pinch of salt—mixed thoroughly, place it in a buttered mould, and boil for three hours.

Victoria pudding.

Sauce:—mixed two tea-spoonsful of flour in cold water and add a cupful of boiling water. Stir in a table-spoonful of the jam you used for your pudding, the juice of a lime and a spoonful of brandy: simmer for five minutes, mix with it a little pat of butter, strain, and pour it both over, and round the pudding.

Or this:—*Sauce Royale à la Chetput*:—two ounces of sifted sugar, two ounces of butter beaten to a cream, a small wine glass of Madeira, or sherry, and one of brandy; keep it quite cold, and serve in a boat. This is a *spécialité* for plum pudding.

The last, most worthy, recipe of all.

"IT is not generally known, my dear Wyvern," writes my learned, and very kind friend C. S., "that the fumes of sulphur prevent the rapid decomposition of animal matter, and that a fine tender mutton chop can be had, even in the hottest weather, by exposing the joint from which it is cut to the fumes of burning pastiles, placed in an air tight box, for two or three hours after the meat is brought home from market. A joint thus treated will keep perfectly for thirty-six hours, even in Madras, and be found deliciously tender the day after it was purchased. The pastiles should be composed as follows :—

Eight parts powdered sulphur.

One and half part powdered charcoal.

A quarter part powdered saltpetre.

Mix all together, and make them into pastiles, adding just enough gum water for the purpose; shape them like pyramids, and dry them in the sun. A roomy box,—say a three-dozen case,—furnished with hooks to suspend the meat by, with a closely fitting door, and all crevices filled with putty, and pasted over with strips of strong paper, is the sort of receptacle you require for the fumigation. Suspend the meat, place two or three pastiles below it, light them, close the door securely, and leave well alone."

INDEX.

	Page.
Acmé stove the	181
Do. do. working of	182
Allemande sauce	79
Almond cheese cakes	258
Apple fritters	260
Artichoke Jerusalem	114
Do. globe (with leaves)	116
Do. to trim	ib.
Do. fritters	117
Do. bottoms au sauce blanche	ib.
Do. Jerusalem au gratin	115
Do. do. petits pâtés of	118
Do. petits pâtés of	ib.
Asparagus	121
Do. (tinned)	122
Do. points	ib.
Do. peas	ib.
Do. en branches	256
Aspic de purée de volaille à la reine	196
Do. jelly to make	234
Bacon value of in réchauffés	129
Bain-marie pan	77
Baking stove a...	181
Do. concerning	183
Ballotines of quails	252
Bandecai with maccaroni	260
Do. in salad	160
Batter for frying	151
Do. in réchauffés	130
Beans (country)	122
Béchamel sauce...	78

Page.

Beetroot leaves... 114
Beef and mutton 82
Beef-steak and vegetables 268
Beef grenadins à la Béarnaise 197
Beignets soufflés 154
Do. do. au Parmesan ... ... ib.
Do. d'artichaut 117
Do. de topinambours 115
Do. de pêches 218
Do. d'ananas 245
Do. de bananes 277
Bigarade sauce for wild duck ... ...209 & 279
Bisque de grandes-crevettes 238
Do. de homard ... ... ib.
Boiling 91
Do. common errors in 92
Do. to improve flavour of ... ... ib.
Do. a ham... 94
Do. fish 45
Boiled turkey... 96
Bombay onions 120
Do. do. au gratin... 121
Bordelaise sauce 212
Bouilli... 32
Bouillon 26
Braised neck of mutton... 145
Braising 83
Bread-making... 184
Do. do. things required for ... ... ib.
Do. (plain loaf) 185
Do. sauce ... ... 70 & 279
Breads fancy 185
Bread-making, hints on 186
Bread-crumbing 56
Breakfasts à la Française 139
Breast of mutton à la Wyvern 261
Brinjals à l'Espagnole 230
Do. au gratin 262
Do. fritters 269
Broiled seer en papillotes 48
Brunoise soup... 215
Brussels sprouts 111
Do. à la crème ... ... ib.
Do. à la Lyonnaise ... ... ib.
Do. au jus ... ... ib.

Page

Brussels au beurre ... 111
Do. à la maître d'hôtel ... ib.
Butter necessity of in cookery ... 60
Do. home made expense of ... ib.
Do. maître d'hôtel ... 67
Do. fancy ... 164
Buttered eggs ... 170

Cabbage stewed ... 109
Do. au sauce blanche ... 110
Do. with rice and gravy ... ib.
Do. leaves with forcemeat ... ib.
Camp soups au maigre ... 186
Do. do. tinned ... 187
Do. do. fowl stock for ... ib.
Do. do. consommé au Julienne ... 188
Do. do. miscellaneous stock for ... ib.
Canapés ... 141
Caper sauce ... 66
Capon stuffing ... 88
Do. à la Française ... 209
Do. with cauliflower ... 214
Caramel ... 28
Carrots ... 118
Do. to trim ... ib.
Do. soup ... 39 & 261
Do. (tinned) ... 122
Cassolettes à la financière ... 205
Cauliflower boiled ... 112
Do. different ways serving of ... ib.
Do. au gratin with cheese ... 112 & 223
Do. and cabbages to prepare for cooking ... 108
Do. plain boiling of ... ib.
Do. au gratin (Italian) without cheese ... 112
Chapelure ... 58
Chaud-froid of snipes ... 222
Do. of fowl in jelly ... 236
Cheese fingers ... 168
Do. fondue... ... 177
Do. soufflé ... ib.
Chicken à la St. Lambert ... 201
Chives equivalent of ... 74
Clear soup with quenelles ... 195
Do. fish soup ... 211

Page.

Clear à la Royale ... 224
Do. prawn soup ... 259
Do. with crusts ... 278
Do. with lettuce ... 270
Clarifying soup ... 27
Colouring soup ... 28
Consommé ... 26
Do. aux quenelles ... 195
Do. au maccaroni ... 220
Do. de becassines ... 207
Do. de poisson ... 211
Do. à la Royale ... 224
Do. de laitue ... 270
Do. de grandes-crevettes ... 259
Cold meat slices like cutlets ... 130
Do. vegetables ... 131
Conserve of tomato ... 175
Cooked vegetables as salads ... 160
Country vegetables ... 122
Court bouillon ... 46
Crab coral butter ... 165
Do. au gratin ... 268
Crème de riz aux haricots verts ... 273
Cream (in soups) ... 136
Do. in salad ... 161
Croquettes to crumb ... 53
Croustades of rabbit ... 216
Croûte au pot ... 278
Croûtons ... 40
Cucumber (to cook) ... 119
Curé's omelette the ... 132

Déjeûner à la fourchette ... 140
Devilled ham ... 168
Dil pussund (young) ... 123
Dinde braisée ... 253
Dinner rolls ... 184
Drumstick seeds au gratin ... 258
Duck stuffing ... 86
Duckling and peas ... 274
Duck croquettes à la Bordelaise ... 212
Dutch sauce ... 72

Page.

Eels to cook ... 189
Do. stewed ... 239
Eggs (in soups) ... 36
Do. with cream ... 266
Do. snow ... 205
Endive ... 114
Entrées classification of.. ... 50
Do. selection of ... 51
Do. of pastry ... 59
Do. garnishing of ... 62
Do. iced helping of... ... 63
Epigrams of mutton ... 221
Espagnole sauce ... 76
Do. do. descendants of... ... 77
Essence of fowl ... 78
Do. of game ... 80

Fancy butter ... 164
Do. do. green ... ib.
Do. do. prawn ... 165
Do. do. crab coral ... ib.
Do. do. lobster ... 166
Do. do. hard boiled eggs in ... ib.
Do. do. fish in ... ib.
Fennel sauce ... 66
Fillet of beef ... 53
Do. with Wyvern sauce ... 202
Do. with Anchovy cream ... 205
Do. with Tartare sauce ... 222
Do. à l'Italienne ... 143
Do. in jelly ... 271
Do. à la Napolitaine ... 237
Fillets of mutton ... 53
Do. of fowls and game ... ib.
Do. of rabbits ... ib.
Do. of hare ... ib.
Fines herbes vinegar ... 157
Financière sauce ... 78
Fish au gratin.. ... 47
Do. essence ... 80
Do. cold done up ... 125
Do. pâtés (réchauffé) ... 127

Page

Fish fritters (pounded) 130
Do. (fresh water) 189
Do. rolled in pancakes 254
Foie gras forcemeat 58
Do. do. pain de 255
(Fonds) d'artichaut à la maître d'hôtel 117
Do. do. au gratin ... ... ib.
Do. do. à l'Italienne ... ... ib.
Do. do. à l'Espagnole ... ... ib.
Do. do. à la Lyonnaise ... ... ib.
Do. do. (cold) treatment of ... ... ib.
Forcemeats 88
Forcemeat of liver à la foie gras.. 58
Fowl or chicken essence 78
Fowl braised with vegetables 230
Do. à l'Américaine 243
Do. à la Wyvern 260
Do. grilled 279
Do. boiled with soup stock 93
French beans... 107
Do. do. wrong trimming of ... ... ib.
Do. do. au fines herbes ... ... ib.
Do. do. au sauce blanche ... ... ib.
Do. do. au sauce au fromage 108
Do. do. au lard ... ... ib.
Do. do. à la crème. ... ... ib.
Do. do. (tinned) 122
Do. rolls 185
Fricandeau of beef 251
Fried bread sippets 129
Fritters to make 149
Do. batter for 151
Do. oyster. 152
Do. prawn. 153
Do. fruit ... ... ib.
Do. pancake ... ... ib.
Frying fish 49

G.

Galantine of capon or turkey 240
Do. of quails 197
Gherkin sauce... 66
Glazed turnips (navets glacés) 118
Gouffé's classification of sauces... 65
Do. fundamental sauces 76

Page.

Goose stuffing... 87
Gravy soup 228
Greens on toast 111
Do. purée of ... ... ib.
Grenadins de bœuf à la Béarnaise 197
Green peas in butter 210
Do. butter with sardines 218
Do. gages in cream 223

Ham to boil 94
Handing round dishes... 62
Hare roast 191
Do. soup 249
Haricots verts 107
Hashes 127
Hashed mutton 56
Hash gravy (at a pinch). 128
Hollandaise 68
Horse radish sauce 72
Hors d'œuvres, service of 162
Do. do. things composing 163
Do. do. to compose ... ... ib.
Do. do. serving the oyster as ... ... ib
Do. do. to choose ... ... ib
Do. do. combinations of. 164
Do. do. garnishing ... ... ib.

Indian corn, à l'Américaine 122
Isinglass in soups 34

Jambon au Madère 94
Jerusalem artichokes 114
Do. do. au gratin ... ...115 & 247
Do. do. fritters ... ... ib.
Do. do. with cream à la Chetput ... ... ib.
Do. purée (au gras) 264
Do. do. (au maigre) 265
Julienne soup... 203

	Page.
Kedgeree English way	127
Kidney soup	267
Killing poultry..	89
Kippered seer fish	138
Kitchen utensils	16
Knolkhol	118
Kramousky the	151
Lang spirit lamp, the	182
Leg of mutton braised...	233
Liver forcemeat	58
Loin of mutton en papillote	85
Do. do. with onions	247
Do. do. braised...	277
Luncheons	139
Luncheon party features of	140
Do. do. a menu for	141
Do. the lady's	144
Do. the traveller's	147
Do. the sportsman's	ib.
Maccaroni (in soup)	27
Do. cheese, and tomatoes, with meat	130
Do. à l'Italienne	143
Do. to treat	174
Do. en velouté	175
Do. a foreign dish of	176
Do. au gratin	176 & 274
Do. with tomato	175
Do. soup	220
Macédoine de légumes	67 & 222
Made dishes component parts of	57
Do. entrées	ib.
Madeira with ham	95
Maître d'hôtel sauce	67
Do. do. butter	ib.
Do. do. with vegetables	123
Marinade value of	54
Do. to make	55

Page.

Marinade for mock venison ... 55
Marinading joints ... 85
Marrows (young) ... 123
Matelotte ... 48
Do. d'anguilles ... 239
Mayonnaise à la Chetput ... 160
Do. sauce ... 73
Do. do. (W. H. H.) ... 144
Melted butter sauce ... 66
Do. do. do. for sweets ... 67
Menu for a luncheon party ... 141
Minces ... 127
Minced game in cases ... 217
Milk (in soups)... 36
Mince gravy at a pinch... 128
Do. ways of serving ... 129
Mirepoix ... 80
Mixed vegetable sauce ... 67
Mock venison marinade for ... 55
Do. new potatoes ... 104
Do. white bait ... 116
Do. crab ... 867
Do. turtle, clear ... 199
Do. do. thick ... 200
Mollay keeray (country vegetable) ... 123
Mould of chicken in jelly ... 196
Do. of foie gras ... 255
Do. of strawberries ... 198
Do. of gooseberries ... 272
Murrel to cook ... 189
Do. to stuffing for ... ib.
Mutton and beef ... 82
Do. cutlets ... 52
Do. do. trimming of ... 55
Do. do. to grill ... 56
Do. do. to stew ... ib.
Do. do. to bread-crumb ... ib.
Do. do. in aspic (tartare)... 108
Do. do. au crème de fromage ... 213
Do. do. in aspic (ravigotte) ... 216
Do. do. à la Milanaise ... 225
Do. do. au macédoine ... 258
Do. do. à la maintenon ... 226
Do. do. with sorrel ... 239

	Page.
Oat biscuit	168
Œufs sur le plat	170
Do. au beurre noir	ib.
Do. au fromage	ib.
Do. brouillés	ib.
Do. au jus	171
Do. à la crème	ib.
Do. à la niege	205
Do. au gratin	172
Do. farcis	ib.
Do. aux oignons	173
Do. à la maître d'hôtel	ib.
Do. au topinambours	174
Omelette materials for making	133
Do. the "Pennaconda"	134
Do. making rules of	135
Do. varieties of	136
Do. au Parmesan	137
Do. aux légumes	ib.
Do. the Curé's to make	ib.
Do. elaborate	138
Onion sauce	67 & 266
Do. stuffed with kidney	244
Our vegetables classified	98
Oxtail soup (clear)	242
Do. do. (thick)	243
Oyster fritters	152
Do. kramouskys	209
Do. sauce	244
Pain de foie gras	255
Do. de fraises	198
Do. de groseilles	272
Palestine soup	264
Pancake-fritters	153
Pancakes with fish	254
Parsley sauce	66
Parsnips	118
Partridges in jelly	233
Do. clear soup of	246
Do. à la Soubise	265
Pastry entrées of	59

Page.

Peach fritters... 218
Pearl barley soup 235
Peas—choosing of 105
Do. boiled ... ... ib.
Do. in the jar ... ... ib.
Do. old to stew 106
Do. purée green ... ... ib.
Périgueux sauce 78
Petits pois au beurre ... ... 107 & 210
Do. do. à la crème ... ... ib.
Do. do. au jambon ... ... ib.
Do. do. au lard ... ... ib.
Pigeon fillets with bordelaise sauce 225
Do. boudins with olive sauce. 232
Do. in jelly... 229
Pine-apple fritters 245
Pistachio nut cream ice. 206
Plain loaf, half pound 185
Plain gravy soup 228
Plantain fritters 277
Podolongcai iu gravy 274
Points d'asperges 122
Pomfret à la Normande. 271
Do. à la maître d'hotel 225
Do. with veuetian sauce (green) 232
Do. with caper sauce 229
Do. with parsley sauce 259
Do. à la poulette 212
Do. aux fines herbes 220
Do. ragout 273
Pot au feu (Bouillon) 26
Potage à la bonne femme 35
Do. à la Crècy ... ... 39 & 261
Do. à la tortue 199
Do. à la crème d'orge 235
Do. à la Gladstone... 242
Do. à la Palestiue 264
Do. à la purée de becassiues 253
Do. do. do. de légumes 276
Do. au pauvre homme 257
Do. de lièvre 249
Do. à la reine 231
Do. à la brunoise 215
Do. à la Julienne 203
Potato snow 100
Do. cases for entrées 205

	Page.
Potatoes concerning ...	
Do. selection of ...	99
Do. boiling ...	ib.
Do. new ...	ib.
Do. to vary service of	100
Do. mashed ...	ib.
Do. à la Duchesse	ib.
Do. à la j'aidit ...	101 & 269
Do. croquettes ...	ib.
Do. waxy to treat...	ib.
Do. à la maître d'hôtel	102
Do. santées ...	ib.
Do. à la Lyonnaise	ib.
Do. à l'Américaine	ib.
Do. chips ...	ib.
Do. cones, &c. ...	103
Do. mock new ...	104
Do. steamed ...	ib.
Do. time for boiling	ib.
Potted meat ...	105
Do. prawns ...	166
Do. tongue ...	ib.
Do. game ...	ib.
Pork stuffing...	167
Poultry to roast ...	87
Do. killing ...	85
Prawn fritters ...	89
Do. croustades ...	153
Do. soup clear ...	265
Do. potted... ...	259
Do. purée	263
Do. butter. ...	238
Do. kramouskys. ...	165
Pumpkins (young) ...	232
Pulled bread ...	123
Purée the ...	168
Do. de pommes de terre	38
Do. of chicken ...	101
Do. of prawns. ...	196 & 231
Do. of peas... ...	238
Do. of snipe. ...	106
Do. of tomatoes ...	253
Do. of sorrel. ...	175
Do. of spinach ...	239
Do. of kidneys ...	113
	267

Page.

Quails ballotines of 252
Do. galantines of 197
Quenelles of chicken 222

Rabbit patties à la financière 236
Ragout à la financière 237
Do. à la reine ... ... ib.
Do. of fish 273
Ramasámy's bread sauce 70
Do. cutlet 57
Do. cabbage cut up 109
Do. fish pudding 126
Do. fowl plucking 89
Do. hare paste 192
Do. ham garnish 94
Do. hash 125
Do. kitchen butter 60
Do. onion garnish 62
Do. objections to boiling the fowl with the soup meat 93
Do. omelette 133
Do. stuffings 86
Do. toast for garnishing 129
Do. tart pastry concerning 227
Do. habit of dishing ducks 274
Ravigotte sauce (cold) 74
Ramequins 178
Do. en caises 179
Réchauffé's laws of 125
Remoulade sauce (cold) 74
Ribs of beef with anchovy cream 217
Roasting 84
Roast hare 191
Root vegetables en purée, &c. 119
Rolls dinner 184
Do. French 185
Roux 37
Rules for soup-making 30

Saddle of mutton with French beans 197
Do. do. with peas 205
Salads vegetables for 155

	Page.
Salads dressing plain	156
Do. do. principles of	ib.
Do. do. with eggs	159
Do. service of	ib.
Do. tomato	158
Do. cooked vegetables in	160
Salpicon de gibier en caises	217
Salsify au gratin	121
Do. scallops	ib.
Do. sauce..	ib.
Do. soup	ib.
Sandwiches	146
Savoury rice	222
Sauce-making utensils	64
Do. do. materials.	65
Do. Gouffé's classification of...	ib.
Do. à la maître d'hôtel	67
Do. Allemande	79
Do. au fenouil	66
Do. au fromage	67
Do. au Parmesan	ib.
Do. au pauvre homme	72
Do. au persil	66
Do. aux capres	ib.
Do. aux cornichons...	ib.
Do. aux fines herbes..	ib.
Do. béchamel	78
Do. bigarade (Wild fowl)	209
Do. blanche..	66
Do. blonde	67
Do. bordelaise	212
Do. bread	70
Do. Dutch	72
Do. Espagnole	77
Do. do. descendants of...	ib.
Do. financière	78
Do. Hollandaise	68
Do. horse radish	72
Do. mayonnaise	73 & 144
Do. "Peg Woffington"	208
Do. périgueux	78
Do. piquante	68
Do. ravigotte (hot)	69
Do. do. (cold)	74
Do. remoulade (cold)..	ib.

	Page.
Sauce remoulade (hot)	69
Do. Royale à la Chetput	279
Do. Salad (plain)	156
Do. do. with eggs	159
Do. soubise	67
Do. tartare (hot)	69
Do. do. (cold)	74
Do. tomato	175
Do. velouté	79
Scraps of mutton trimmings to use	57
Scrambled eggs	170
Seakale	121
Seer with cucumbers	196
Do. en papillote	48 & 257
Do. kippered	138
Do. with mushrooms	201
Do. with truffle sauce	204
Do. with "Peg Woffington" sauce	208
Do. with cucumbers	247
Do. au gratin	276
Do. à la Napolitain	216
Do. fritters with Hollandaise sauce	235
Snake vegetable in gravy	274
Snipe canapés	227
Do. soup clear	207
Do. purée	253
Do. en caissés	217
Soup-meat, use of	33
Soups au maigre	186
Sorrel	114
Do. purée	239
Spinach greening	41
Do. on toast	113
Do. with anchovy toast	ib.
Sportsman's luncheon, the	147
Spitting meat, concerning	84
Spiced pepper	90
Do. salt	ib.
Spinach purée..	113
Do. plain...	ib.
Do. with eggs and tomatoes	252
Stewed eels	239
Stock	25
Stuffing for braised fowl	87
Suc colorant	28

	Page.
Tabasco ...	29
Tartare sauce (hot)	69
Do. do. (cold)	74
Teal in cases ...	237
Do. with Bigarade sauce	279
Thickening soups	37
Thick soups ...	35
Tinned butters	61
Do. fish treatment of	188
Do. do. (cold)	ib.
Do. do. (hot)	ib.
Do. meat (Australian)	189
Do. do. to treat ...	190
Do. do. soup from	ib.
Do. do. a mince of	ib.
Do. provisions generally	191
Time in boiling	94
Tomatoes ...	119
Do. au gratin	120 & 218
Do. à l'Italienne ...	ib.
Tomato salad ...	158
Do. purée	175
Do. conserve	ib.
Tongue in jelly	271
Topinambours à la Chetput	115
Traveller's luncheon, the	147
Turkey, boiled	96
Do. stuffing	88
Do. hen braised	255
Turnip tops ...	114
Turnips ...	118
Do. to trim	ib.
Twice-laid of meat	130
Vanilla custard ice	269
Vegetable marrow (to cook)	119
Do. do. au gratin	119 & 272
Do. do. fritters ("beignets") ...	ib.
Do. purée	276
Vegetables not to be handed round with entrées ...	61
Velouté sauce ...	79

	Page.
Velouté au fromage	175
Do. descendants of	79
Victoria pudding	279
Vinegar in salads	157
Do. aromatic	ib.
Do. do. fines herbes	ib.
Vol au vent, concerning the	59
Water-cress	114
White sauce, plain	66
Do. do. varieties of	ib.
White bait mock	119
Whitings aux fines herbes	243
Do. with sharp sauce	250
Wine in soups	29
Yeatman's baking powder	181

WELLCOME LIBRARY INSTITUTE